

\$2,000 FOR A TIP

July - 25 Cents

SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



HENRY
CLIVE

the
ter
gh-
ma
dal
na-
ion
eld
ty
1923

R

.J.

Free Tests of any—
See Coupon

Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

Edna Wallace Hopper



MISS HOPPER as she appears to-day

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop
Your friends will marvel at the change

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night

use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. My baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my products. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Facial Youth | <input type="checkbox"/> White Youth Clay |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hair Youth | <input type="checkbox"/> Youth Cream |

Name

Address

One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample.
88-S.S.

Fyr-Fyter's Amazing New Plan to Develop \$10,000 a Year Men

MEN in every walk of life will be interested in the details of an announcement now being made by the great Fyr-Fyter Company—world leaders in the manufacture of fire extinguishers. For with a background of growth without parallel in this field, this organization is now on the eve of an expansion that is making itself felt in the whole business world. Every man—whether he has ever sold anything or not—no matter where he lives or what his occupation—can cash in on the very peculiar and amazing new opportunity which is now made possible.



Frank DePries, Ohio
One of our highest-paid men, who was making \$85 a month before he joined our organization.

Our New Plan

Now, due to the fact that the whole nation is awakened to the necessity for fire prevention equipment—and because Fyr-Fyter has developed a line of this equipment to fit every need (approved by the Underwriters Laboratories)—because business men all over the country have become acquainted with the special fire prevention ser-

vice offered through Fyr-Fyter men—a great expansion in this business has been started.

National advertising of an extensive nature is one of the things that will be put behind this expansion.

How to Make \$10,000 a Year

Undoubtedly the surest way to make \$10,000 a year is to enter a field where plenty of other men are making \$10,000 a year. Everybody knows that \$10,000 a year is impossible without an extraordinary proposition. Once in a decade such a proposition comes along. Such an opportunity is now definitely open to men who connect with Fyr-Fyter.

We make this definite statement only because we have a definite new proposition to offer. It comes to you from a company which in six short years of selling direct from the factory to the buyer has built the largest business of its kind in the world—bar none. And what we say backed by the fact that FYR-FYTER Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world—by the fact that they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—by the fact that dozens of these men, whether they work one hour a day or eight hours a day—one day a week or six days a week—are now earning at the rate of \$10,000 a year—and many are earning more.



L. D. Payne, Iowa
One of the big-money men who have been with the Fyr-Fyter Co. for several years.

Free Training for \$10,000 a Year

Our greatest need in this movement is representatives who can devote all of their time to all classes of prospects, or at least part of their time to supplying large factories, new buildings and large institutions. We have developed a sure fire plan for selling this wonderful fire equipment—a plan that has already been successful in placing our apparatus in such institutions as the Packard Motor Plant, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, the Elks Memorial building, and thousands of factories, schools, department stores and homes throughout the country.

The surface has only been scratched. Countless thousands of buildings need this protection from fire. Everybody wants fire protection. The field is enormous. With a

tested plan for making these sales in homes and large institutions, we are now in a position to train men and start them in profit producing work immediately. We want men who will take this plan and use it to step into positions that increase from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year.

This plan has been fully developed. We will give you the details. On this page we show you some of those who have used it to step into \$10,000 a year jobs. When you write we will tell you the exact steps by which you may do the same thing.

Act At Once

We do not ask you to do an hour's work that will not pay you well. We give you an approved proposition plus a standardized procedure that cannot fail to bring results. We show you how to make sales ranging from a few dollars to \$1,000, applying the same principle that may bring only 50c or \$1 in other lines.

Now is your big opportunity to become affiliated with this big, powerful, successful institution. You know you should act at once to get details of this plan. Sending the coupon below is the first step towards one of these \$10,000 jobs. Fill it out and mail immediately to



M. C. Viles, Wis.
Another \$10,000 man whose earnings are still increasing steadily.



Louis George, Illinois
Another man in the \$10,000 class who expects to make \$15,000 this year.

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY

1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.

Dayton, Ohio

The Fyr-Fyter Company,
1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Free Tests of any—
See Coupon

Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

Edna Wallace Hopper



MISS HOPPER as she appears to-day

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop
Your friends will marvel at the change

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night

use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. My baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my products. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Facial Youth | <input type="checkbox"/> White Youth Clay |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hair Youth | <input type="checkbox"/> Youth Cream |

Name

Address

One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample.
88-S.S.

Fyr-Fyter's Amazing New Plan to Develop \$10,000 a Year Men

MEN in every walk of life will be interested in the details of an announcement now being made by the great Fyr-Fyter Company—world leaders in the manufacture of fire extinguishers. For with a background of growth without parallel in this field, this organization is now on the eve of an expansion that is making itself felt in the whole business world. Every man—whether he has ever sold anything or not—no matter where he lives or what his occupation—can cash in on the very peculiar and amazing new opportunity which is now made possible.



Frank DePries, Ohio
One of our highest-paid men, who was making \$85 a month before he joined our organization.

How to Make \$10,000 a Year

Undoubtedly the surest way to make \$10,000 a year is to enter a field where plenty of other men are making \$10,000 a year. Everybody knows that \$10,000 a year is impossible without an extraordinary proposition. Once in a decade such a proposition comes along. Such an opportunity is now definitely open to men who connect with Fyr-Fyter.

We make this definite statement only because we have a definite new proposition to offer. It comes to you from a company which in six short years of selling direct from the factory to the buyer has built the largest business of its kind in the world—bar none. And what we say backed by the fact that FYR-FYTER Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world—by the fact that they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—by the fact that dozens of these men, whether they work one hour a day or eight hours a day—one day a week or six days a week—are now earning at the rate of \$10,000 a year—and many are earning more.

Our New Plan

Now, due to the fact that the whole nation is awakened to the necessity for fire prevention equipment—and because Fyr-Fyter has developed a line of this equipment to fit every need (approved by the Underwriters Laboratories)—because business men all over the country have become acquainted with the special fire prevention ser-

vice offered through Fyr-Fyter men—a great expansion in this business has been started.

National advertising of an extensive nature is one of the things that will be put behind this expansion.



L. D. Payne, Iowa
One of the big-money men who have been with the Fyr-Fyter Co. for several years.

Free Training for \$10,000 a Year

Our greatest need in this movement is representatives who can devote all of their time to all classes of prospects, or at least part of their time to supplying large factor-

ies, new buildings and large institutions. We have developed a sure fire plan for selling this wonderful fire equipment—a plan that has already been successful in placing our apparatus in such institutions as the Packard Motor Plant, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, the Elks Memorial building, and thousands of factories, schools, department stores and homes throughout the country.

The surface has only been scratched. Countless thousands of buildings need this protection from fire. Everybody wants fire protection. The field is enormous. With a

tested plan for making these sales in homes and large institutions, we are now in a position to train men and start them in profit producing work immediately. We want men who will take this plan and use it to step into positions that increase from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year.

This plan has been fully developed. We will give you the details. On this page we show you some of those who have used it to step into \$10,000 a year jobs. When you write we will tell you the exact steps by which you may do the same thing.

Act At Once

We do not ask you to do an hour's work that will not pay you well. We give you an approved proposition plus a standardized procedure that cannot fail to bring results. We show you how to make sales ranging from a few dollars to \$1,000, applying the same principle that may bring only 50c or \$1 in other lines.

Now is your big opportunity to become affiliated with this big, powerful, successful institution. You know you should act at once to get details of this plan. Sending the coupon below is the first step towards one of these \$10,000 jobs. Fill it out and mail immediately to



M. C. Viles, Wis.
Another \$10,000 man whose earnings are still increasing steadily.



Louis George, Illinois
Another man in the \$10,000 class who expects to make \$15,000 this year.

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY

1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.

Dayton, Ohio

The Fyr-Fyter Company,
1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



"Tell me the truth"

SHE had been dismissed that very afternoon as a salesperson in one of the exclusive shops.

It was a terrific disappointment to her: she had wanted so much to make good.

As she received her final pay-check, she demanded of her employer: "Please tell me the truth—why am I let out?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," the other replied, leaving her even more mystified.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



NOT so long ago the majority of women were afflicted with a self-consciousness which prevented a frank discussion of personal subjects. Now this state of affairs has been replaced by a more fearless attitude. The motto of the younger married woman of today seems to be "Knowledge itself cannot harm me."

The barriers of ignorance have been broken down. To be up-to-date in the subject of feminine hygiene, for instance, is no longer a mark of worldliness. It is a mark of common sense.

In fact, the health of the race is so much a part of this question that it is not surprising to find doctors and nurses up in arms against the use of poisonous antiseptics so prevalent for this purpose in the past.

Perfect frankness desirable

The use of these poisons goes beyond the mere personal danger. It has become a family concern, almost a public menace. Every responsible married citizen, whether man or woman, owes it to his or her family welfare to investigate personally this matter of poisonous antiseptics. Between husband and wife perfect frankness and confidence should be established, be-



How many wives discuss these intimate matters with their husbands?

cause there are many facts bearing on this subject which a man can more easily check up. Any husband or brother who saw service in Europe will tell you about the Great War antiseptic which superseded the poisonous carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury in the hospitals of the Allied Armies. Now this same antiseptic under the name of *Zonite* is superseding these poisons in the practice of feminine hygiene in American homes.

New discovery banishes poisoning risk

As every doctor knows, most compounds of cresol and phenol (carbolic acid) contain soapy ingredients to reduce the caustic, burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Their use by women frequently results in areas of scar-tissue and eventual

hardening of delicate membranes.

Compare with this the benign action of *Zonite*. This new antiseptic and germicide is immensely powerful and yet absolutely *non-poisonous*. It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. The woman who uses *Zonite* for feminine hygiene is running no risk of permanent injury. She can be assured of hygienic cleanliness, surgical clean-

liness, without fear of the deadly "skull-and-crossbones."

Fatal as *Zonite* is to germ-life, it is so harmless to human beings that leading dentists from coast to coast are recommending its use as a mouth antiseptic. What other powerful germicide can be held in the mouth? *Zonite* is actually safe in the hands of a child.

Full directions in package Special booklet on request

Zonite has spread rapidly. Already it can be bought in nearly every drug store in the country. Full directions for its many uses come in every package.

However, the Women's Division has issued a special booklet for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains about modern feminine hygiene is concise and authentic. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter—a booklet every wife should have. It comes in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Send for it. Read it. Pass it along to others.



Zonite a medicine chest in itself

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

Remember that *Zonite*, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

Use *Zonite* Ointment for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy, burns, scratches and other surface infections. Also, as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.



Zonite

In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1.00
at drug stores



USE THE COUPON BELOW

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., Women's Division
Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the *Zonite* booklet or booklets checked below. 8-15

☐ *Feminine Hygiene*
☐ *Use of Antiseptics in the Home*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please PRINT Name

In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto

Contents

Page

Cover Portrait by Henry Clive

- What is a Fad? (Editorial) 6
June Lovers (Verse) 9

By HARRY LEE

- Easy Money (Story of the Night Clubs) 10
The Gilded Trap 13
The Cross-Tie (Prize Story). 16
Movie Limerick Contest 22
Playing with Matches 25
Dimpled Knees 28
The Man I Couldn't Marry 32
Footsteps in the Fog 36
I Wanted a Thrill so I Crashed the Gate! 40
"Let Them Go!" 44

By ELINOR GLYN

- "—And I Learned About Men From Him!" 46
How I Was Punished 48
My Vacation Boy-Friend 51
Hollywood Snapshots (Motion Picture Pictorial) 53
My Rich Fiancé (Part 2) 57
"How I Regained Her Love" (Prize-Winning Letter) 61
When Flapper Turns Mother 62

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

- For the Sake of Julie (Part I) 64
My Train Romance 68
The Trail of the Yellow Rose 69

Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable

Accusation

In the midst of the biggest tragedy of her life a girl is wrongfully accused. She faces the music like a soldier until suddenly she hears her sweetheart accused of wronging another girl.

For a moment she stands, pale, irresolute, and then

Read the outcome of this tense, gripping drama of real life in the

August SMART SET

Out July 1st

The contents of this issue are covered by copyright and may not be republished without permission.
Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
R. E. BERLIN, President and Treasurer; JOHN BRENNAN, Vice-President; R. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary.
Vol. 78, No. 5.

Copyright 1926, by Magus Magazine Corporation. 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50 Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

"Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"



S. A. Cash
Traffic Mgr.

L. D. Duncan
Credit Mgr.

Donald McDonald, Jr.
Vice-President and
General Mgr. of Sales

Plant—B. F. AVERY & SONS, Louisville, Kentucky



"LaSalle Makes Men More Valuable to Us"

"In our own organization one of our Vice-Presidents, our Traffic Manager, and several other important members of our sales and office force have taken various parts of the LaSalle curriculum with obvious benefits to themselves and the organization as a whole. As I see it, LaSalle training makes a man worth more not only to himself but to the firm he works for. Promotion is the logical result."

(Signed) WM. BLACK

President, B. F. Avery & Sons

"The Biggest Opportunity In Business"

"I consider that LaSalle Extension University and the principles of study on which it is founded constitute one of the greatest forward influences in modern business. Due to these courses of study it is possible for a young man to gather knowledge which it has hitherto been impossible to get except from actual experience."

"I believe a young man in business who fails to take advantage of the information offered by such institutions as LaSalle is neglecting probably the biggest opportunity he has."

(Signed)

DONALD McDONALD, Jr.

Vice-President

General Manager of Sales.

How LaSalle Helps a Great Corporation, 100 Years Old, Maintain Its Leadership

B. F. AVERY & SONS, Louisville, Ky.—largest manufacturer of agricultural machinery in the South—has just celebrated its one-hundredth birthday.

Unlike so many time-honored corporations, however, this company does not parade itself as an "old-established-institution." On the contrary, its entire point of view is that of a young and forward-looking business. The men who direct its policies are open-minded and aggressive. They are keeping that way thru the pursuit of LaSalle home-study business training.

For example, it was LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy that helped Donald McDonald advance from the position of Secretary and Assistant Manager to that of Vice-President and General Manager of Sales. It was LaSalle training in Traffic Management that helped S. A. Cash advance from clerk to Traffic Manager. It was LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Business Management that helped C. L. McClure advance from general bookkeeper to Office Manager. It was LaSalle training in Business Management that helped L. D. Duncan make good as Credit Manager, and LaSalle training in Personnel Management that prepared E. H. Bolton as Manager of Personnel.

All told, twenty-eight "Avery" men—in widely different departments—are furthering their progress thru LaSalle home-study training.

"I have seen such evidence of what LaSalle

training can do for a man, in so many different branches of business," writes William Black, president of the company, "that I am prepared to say that any man of average ability, in practically any business organization you can name, will find at least one course of LaSalle training that will greatly increase his worth to himself and to the company he works for."

"Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"

You have often wondered if LaSalle training could be of help to you—but perhaps you have concluded, as so many do, that your situation is "different."—"All right for some," you have said, "but not for me."

Read again the records of these executives with B. F. Avery & Sons—then ask yourself whether you can honestly accept that alibi.

The coupon will bring you, without obligation, full particulars of a clear and definite plan that has doubled and tripled the incomes of thousands and thousands of LaSalle-trained men.

These Books Free

With it you will receive a 64-page book setting forth the opportunities in the business field in which you most prefer to win success, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after years of wandering, found the path to responsibility and power.

This moment—while you read these words—your start toward greater earning power is as near you as the point of your pencil. Fill, clip, and mail the coupon—NOW!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 750-R

CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of your salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.

☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ Modern Salesmanship: Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

☐ Traffic Management: Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.

☐ Banking and Finance.

☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ Industrial Management: Training for position in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

☐ Commercial Law.

☐ Expert Bookkeeping.

☐ Business English.

☐ Commercial Spanish.

☐ Effective Speaking.

☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.



free!
mail
coupon
now

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

E. Barrington

who wrote

"GLORIOUS APOLLO"

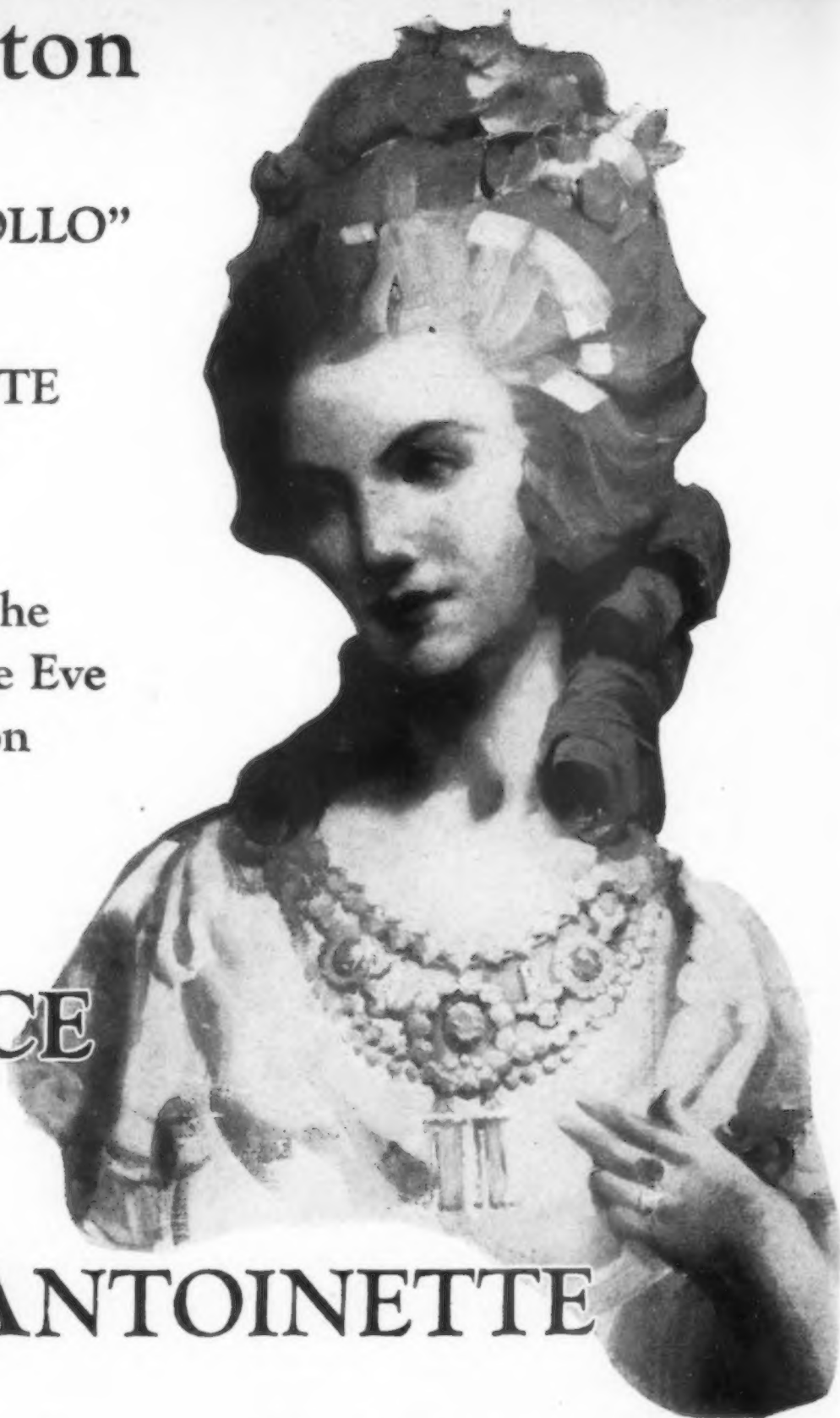
and

"THE EXQUISITE
PERDITA"

has written

A Romance of the
French Court on the Eve
of the Revolution

The
NECKLACE
of
MARIE ANTOINETTE



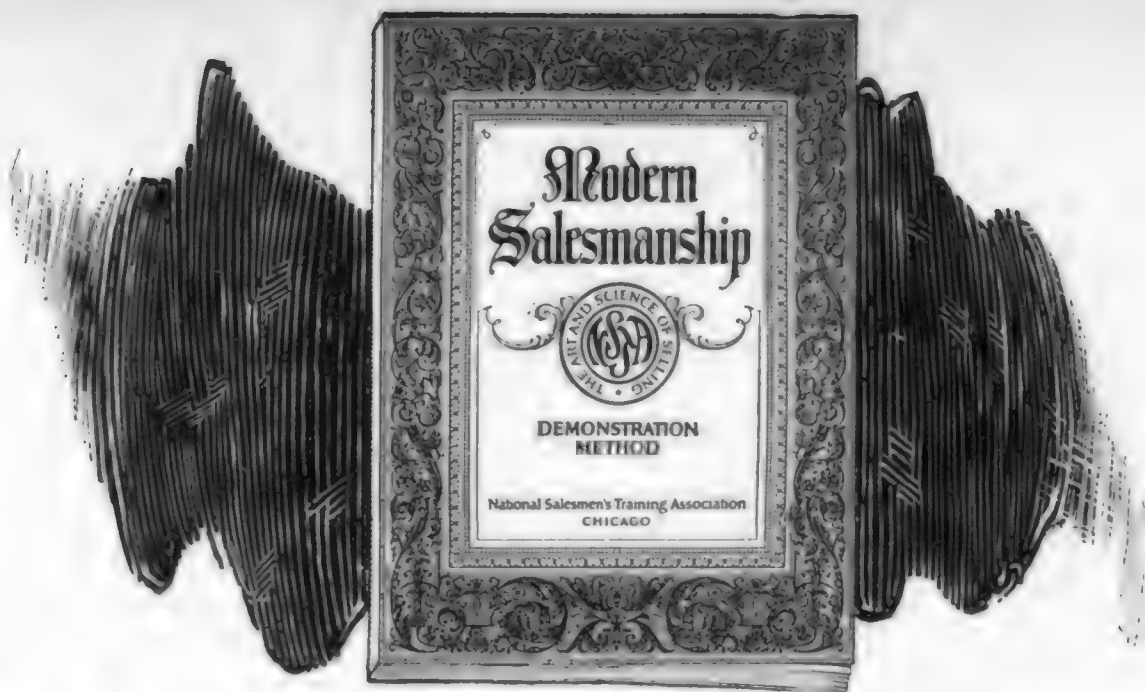
Among the brilliant contributors
to *July Cosmopolitan* are:

EDNA FERBER
MARTHA OSTENSO
Author of "Wild Geese"
PETER B. KYNE
IRVIN S. COBB
KATHLEEN NORRIS
HUGH WALPOLE
OWEN WISTER
H. C. WITWER
KERMIT ROOSEVELT
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
GEORGE ADE

Read this intimate new
novel in July

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

ON SALE JUNE 10th—ALL NEWS-STANDS



Where Shall We Mail Your Copy of this Book—FREE

Remarkable new book on Salesmanship just off the press will be mailed to you without cost or obligation

THE contents of this amazing new book—just published by the National Salesmen's Training Association—will prove a revelation to every man who is interested in making real money—and to those who realize the tremendous possibilities for high earnings in the selling field.

Thirty thousand copies of this book will be mailed free without cost or obligation to those who send for it while the supply lasts—and there is no time like the present for you to fill in the coupon below.

Fully Explains National Demonstration Method

Thousands have wondered why N. S. T. A. Members invariably make good, in a big way, right from the start, even though they have had no former selling experience, or why salesmen who have just plodded along with indifferent success quickly begin to strip

their brother salesmen after becoming members of the Association.

Among other things, this remarkable free book explains why success comes rapidly and surely to those who enroll for this amazing System of Salesmanship Training.

There are too many victims of that vicious superstition that "salesmen are born and not made," but after reading "Modern Salesmanship," you will realize the utter fallacy of that foolish notion.

Quick Success Through N. S. T. A. Training

Whether you have had selling experience or not, it makes no difference. The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will enable you to become a Master Salesman in an amazingly short period of time. It will teach you, in your spare time, at home, the fundamental rules and principles of selling—how to approach different types of prospects to get their undivided attention—certain ways to stimulate keen interest—ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition, and make the prospect act.

Step by step this Training takes you through every phase of Salesmanship. Every underlying principle of sales strategy is made as simple as A B C. Through the National Dem-

onstration Method, you get actual experience on practically every type of sales problem that may ever present itself. And through the instruction in Character Analysis, you will become an expert in reading character on sight—a valuable asset for any salesman.

Just Mail the Coupon The Book Is Free

To fill in and mail the coupon will not obligate you in any way, but it, undoubtedly, will show you the way to be a "star" salesman. No matter what you may think now, it can only be a thought and it will pay you to let us send you this valuable and interesting book.

While this is before you, fill in and mail the coupon and get it into the mail some time today.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST EXCLUSIVE SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept H-26, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, Dept. H-26, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship," and I promise to do as I read it through carefully.

Name

Address

City

Age

State

Occupation

EMPLOYERS

are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

Free Tests of any—
See Coupon

Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

Edna Wallace Hopper



MISS HOPPER as she appears to-day

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop
Your friends will marvel at the change

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night

use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. My baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my products. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

- ☐ Facial Youth ☐ White Youth Clay
☐ Hair Youth ☐ Youth Cream

Name

Address

One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample. 88-S.S.

Fyr-Fyter's Amazing New Plan to Develop \$10,000 a Year Men

MEN in every walk of life will be interested in the details of an announcement now being made by the great Fyr-Fyter Company—world leaders in the manufacture of fire extinguishers. For with a background of growth without parallel in this field, this organization is now on the eve of an expansion that is making itself felt in the whole business world. Every man—whether he has ever sold anything or not—no matter where he lives or what his occupation—can cash in on the very peculiar and amazing new opportunity which is now made possible.

How to Make \$10,000 a Year

Undoubtedly the surest way to make \$10,000 a year is to enter a field where plenty of other men are making \$10,000 a year. Everybody knows that \$10,000 a year is impossible without an extraordinary proposition. Once in a decade such a proposition comes along. Such an opportunity is now definitely open to men who connect with Fyr-Fyter.

We make this definite statement only because we have a definite new proposition to offer. It comes to you from a company which in six short years of selling direct from the factory to the buyer has built the largest business of its kind in the world—bar none. And what we say backed by the fact that FYR-FYTER Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world—by the fact that they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—by the fact that dozens of these men, whether they work one hour a day or eight hours a day—one day a week or six days a week—are now earning at the rate of \$10,000 a year—and many are earning more.



Frank DePries, Ohio
One of our highest paid men, who was making \$8,000 a month before he joined our organization.



L. D. Payne, Iowa
One of the top money men who have been with the Fyr-Fyter Co. for several years.

Our New Plan

Now, due to the fact that the whole nation is awakened to the necessity for fire prevention equipment—and because Fyr-Fyter has developed a line of this equipment to fit every need (approved by the Underwriters Laboratories)—because business men all over the country have become acquainted with the special fire prevention service offered through Fyr-Fyter men—a great expansion in this business has been started.

National advertising of an extensive nature is one of the things that will be put behind this expansion.

Free Training for \$10,000 a Year

Our greatest need in this movement is representatives who can devote all of their time to all classes of prospects, or at least part of their time to supplying large factories, new buildings and large institutions. We have developed a sure fire plan for selling this wonderful fire equipment—a plan that has already been successful in placing our apparatus in such institutions as the Packard Motor Plant, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, the Elks Memorial building, and thousands of factories, schools, department stores and homes throughout the country.

The surface has only been scratched. Countless thousands of buildings need this protection from fire. Everybody wants fire protection. The field is enormous. With a

tested plan for making these sales in homes and large institutions, we are now in a position to train men and start them in profit producing work immediately. We want men who will take this plan and use it to step into positions that increase from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year.

This plan has been fully developed. We will give you the details. On this page we show you some of those who have used it to step into \$10,000 a year jobs. When you write we will tell you the exact steps by which you may do the same thing.

Act At Once

We do not ask you to do an hour's work that will not pay you well. We give you an approved proposition plus a standardized procedure that cannot fail to bring results. We show you how

to make sales ranging from a few dollars to \$1,000, applying the same principle that may bring only 50c or \$1 in other lines.

Now is your big opportunity to become affiliated with this big, powerful, successful institution. You know you should act at once to get details of this plan. Sending the coupon below is the first step towards one of these \$10,000 jobs. Fill it out and mail immediately to



M. C. Viles, Wis.
Another \$10,000 man whose success is still increasing steadily.



Louis George, Illinois
Another man in the \$10,000 class who expects to make \$15,000 this year.

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY

1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.

Dayton, Ohio

The Fyr-Fyter Company,
1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name

Address

City

\$1000.00 6,000 to 12,000 MILES
Travel Accident Insurance **FREE!**

GUARANTEE!
Every tire guaranteed to give satisfaction. Will replace any tire failing to do so at one-half purchase price. Send only \$1.00 deposit for each tire ordered. Pay postman balance on delivery. 5 per cent discount allowed for all cash in advance. (Orders and promptly shipped.) You can order 2 tires or tube at above prices without policy. Send age, beneficiary's name and relation to ship to: **LE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY**, Dept. 1642, 111 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NET LOW PRICES

Tires Tubes	Size	Tires Tubes	Size
\$3.25	1.75	3.45	1.75
3.95	1.95	4.15	1.95
4.60	2.00	4.80	2.00
4.95	2.25	5.15	2.25
5.45	2.50	5.65	2.50
5.75	2.65	5.95	2.65
6.00	2.95	6.20	2.95

Buy Now! You take no chance. Our Guarantee Protects You!

Mystic Dream Book Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interpret dreams for your future. The most complete and authoritative in the 200-page book than any other. Regular \$1.00. Send only 50 cents, cash or stamps. That's all. Satisfaction guaranteed. **FREE** LUCKY CHINA MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick St., New York, Dept. 55

Learn Piano! This interesting free book shows how you can learn a short time of music at quarter time cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn, famous writer, has written the most important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to you the great advantages of contemporary study. For the beginner, the advanced player, the highly educated, successful graduate, the teacher, scientist, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **Music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for free book. **John Conservatory, Studio SA 26, 598 Columbia Rd., Boston, 25, Mass.**

Peel Off Your Skin if you don't, and have a beautiful new skin. **Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel** A Scientific Discovery. From the most perfect skin. Not a clay or cream but a liquid free from mercury. Booklet, "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in plain sealed envelope. **Ami Laboratories, Dept. 2A, 30 E. 20th St., New York**

Learn Photography at HOME \$3000 to \$10,000 a year. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free "Opportunities in Modern Photography" and particulars. Special offer open now. **INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS, Inc.**, 106-A 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.

VELVET HAIR GROWTH Box Free To You!

Would You Like Such a Result as This?

Do you want, FREE, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this ad. by post-card or letter, asking for **FREE BOX**. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of **BALDNESS**. In many cases a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? **FREE** It is used by men and women; it is perfectly safe and often starts hair growth in a few days. **KOSKOTT LABORATORY** C-217, Sta. F, New York

I tried to keep my voice from quavering when I said, "There isn't anything wrong with me at all, doctor?" He nodded his head and said, "Not a darn thing—you act sorry!" In a few more minutes I was out on the street. But I wasn't walking. I was floating along like some wild bird circling the clouds. The reds, the browns and golds in the trees were mine—a part of my world. I picked up a leaf and carried it in my hand and held it before my eyes—mine for so long as I lived... the beauty of nature... the wonder of life... Beatrice... a man came back from the dead. I found myself talking to the railroad agent. Then to the man who had taken me out to the cottage the day I arrived. He looked at me as strangely as he had that first day when I said I wanted him to drive out to the cottage with me and get my stuff so that I could get the seventy-four train that night. "Made up your mind quick, didn't you, Bud?" he asked, scratching his head with that same long finger. "Something came up suddenly," I explained, and then we were bumping down the little drive to my cottage.

IT WASN'T until I was on the train out of New York the next morning that I began to worry about what I would find when I got back. Oh, God, the torture of that ride, the uncertainty! It was raining when I stepped off the train in Sharon, and I remembered that wintry night I had come back from the war. The same sickly lights burned on the station platform. I pulled my coat collar up about my neck and my hat down over my eyes while I searched for a familiar face. Everyone hurried by me, calling greetings to some arrival on the train. Kisses, smiling faces, quick, eager words. I climbed into a taxi and told the driver to take me to my old address. At the door, I stepped out quickly and paid him. For an instant I hesitated and then picked up my bag and went down the sidewalk to the porch. Everything was the same, the lawn was covered with the leaves that had fallen from the maple trees. Our little roadster stood in the driveway, cold and lonesome-looking. I stepped on the porch, dropped my bag and stood looking out across the street. Suddenly I could feel eyes looking at my back. For an instant I was afraid to look around. As I swung about, the front door opened and Beatrice stood framed in the doorway. I tried to smile and make my feet move toward her, but I just stood staring at the terror in her eyes.

Then her lips moved and she put out a hand before her as though to push me away from her. I took a step and she gasped, her hand flying to her mouth as though to stifle a scream. Then she was moving toward me. Her hands touched my face, my clothes, pressed my arms, her eyes looking into mine, questioning, half afraid. With a sobbing little cry, she was in my arms. I picked her up and carried her into the house. After awhile, her sobs quieted down. She looked into my eyes and ran her fingers over my face and held my cheeks between her hands, touching, pressing to be sure. I put my hand under her chin and looked into her eyes, glistening eyes, specked with little spots of gold. I kissed her on lips that clung to mine, and my heart sang, for I knew that she was mine, had always been mine, would always be mine.

THE END

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers **LOFTIS** BROS. & CO. Est. 1858 Largest in the World

DIAMONDS WATCHES Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed CASH OR CREDIT

Our reputation is your safeguard. Get YOUR Diamond Now! Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

We import Diamonds direct from Europe and sell direct to you by mail—this way we can deliver to you much more value for your money. Every gem selected by experts for superior quality, color and brilliancy. Order your ring now from our big assortment of designs. **CREDIT TERMS**—Pay 1/3 down and balance in weekly payments. All goods delivered on first payment. **DIAMOND BOOK FREE**—Our big new Catalogue shows over 2000 amazing bargains. Write today for your FREE copy.

17-Jewel Elgin No. 15—Green gold, 25-year quality case, 12 jewels, dial \$3.95, down and \$1.00 a week.

Wedding Rings No. 824—The "Eternity" 14K white gold \$7.50.

All Platinum, \$25 up. With 8 Diamonds, \$50; 5 Diamonds, \$70; 3 Diamonds, \$90; 9 Diamonds, \$100; surrounded by Diamonds, \$200.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Established 1858—Stores in Leading Cities
Dept. A896 108 N. State St., Chicago

AGENTS Some Seller at **\$150** Looks Like \$5.00 Worth Gives You 75c Profit

YOU should see this "Super 8" Package. Also our 11 piece Assortment selling at \$2.00 with 2 piece Carving Set FREE to each customer. No fancy talk—Experience Unnecessary. Harris in W. Va. sold 500 in 6 weeks. Profit over \$100 a Week.

MAKE BIG PROFITS right from the start. What more could you ask while introducing line of Soaps, Toilet Articles, Food Specialties, Polishes, Remedies, etc., at **ATTRACTIVE PRICES!** 100% Profit. 250 Products—All Repetitors. 30 years on Market. Write today for illustrated Circulars and **UNIQUE SALES PLANS. ACT NOW.** **E. M. DAVIS COMPANY, Dept. 7642 CHICAGO, ILL.**

BE A MAGICIAN! Give birth date with your order and get a FREE horoscope. **CRYSTAL BALL CO.** 901 Broadway, Dept. 708, N. Y. C.

Play "YOUR FUTURE" This Hindu Horoscope Oracle and 32 Fortune Telling Cards in 7 languages is a wonderful game. Says all sorts of fascinating things about your future and your friends' futures. Everybody can play, instantly. Order the two sets today. Pay postman \$1 plus postage. **Oriental Import Co., 901 Broadway, New York City, Dept. 120**

Sheik-Lure New Imported Perfume Sensation For Both Sexes

All The Rage Solid—No Liquid to Spill No Bottle to Break—Convenient

Just a touch on the skin and the lasting fragrance thrills and inspires many days. The scent "lures." Everybody adores it. The finest, rarest imported oriental perfume. An aroma de luxe. Beautifully Transparent Case with two compartments for the decorative vial and the solid perfume. Lasts many months—yes, longer than a liquid \$10 value. Send dollar bill and coupon today—NOW. Money back if not delighted. **LURE PARFUMERIE, 1010 Hearst Bldg., Chicago**

FREE With 1st Order Miniature Sheik and Sheba in Glass Dome With 50c Refill

Send stamps, currency, money order or check. Remember, if not pleased your money refunded.

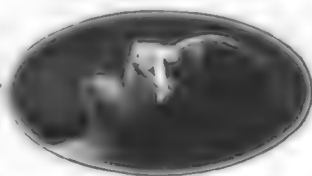
MAKE YOUR UNATTRACTIVE NOSE A THING OF BEAUTY—YOU CAN DO IT!

Why suffer ugliness and humiliation because of an unshapely nose? Why be laughed at, mocked or scorned when it can all be avoided and you can take your place alongside of men and women who command favor and attention? If your nose is too long, broad at the nostrils, drooping, turned-up, or bulbous; if it is flat, snub, or flabby; if it is irregular and unshapely in any way, don't stand for it any longer. You need not—you can make your nose a comely feature—becoming to you by using, in privacy, at night, the wonderfully efficacious, absolutely harmless



ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

THE MODERN SCIENTIFIC NOSE MOLD—SHAPES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Praise for Anita in These Letters

THE ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER has been a great help to me. I have been suffering from a very large nose for many years and have been told by many doctors that it was impossible to do anything about it. But after using the Anita Nose Adjuster for a few weeks, I have noticed a great improvement in the shape of my nose. It is now much smaller and more attractive. I am very grateful to you for this wonderful discovery.

W. A. H. New York City

M. H. N. New York City

R. F. New York City

N. H. New York City

J. W. New York City

**This Coupon May Be Your Key
To Happiness—Send It Now**

The Anita Co., Inc.
Dept. 695, Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.
Please send me free booklet "Nature's Way to Happiness."



BEFORE



AFTER

AVOID DANGEROUS METHODS

The ANITA ADJUSTER makes unnecessary the dangerous, painful and expensive operation so often resorted to by doctors to deal with the nose. No matter whether your nose is too large, too high, too flat, too snub, too bulbous, too turned-up, too drooping, too irregular, too unshapely, the ANITA ADJUSTER will permanently reshape it in comfort and safety.

The ANITA, made of pure ivory, is completely sterilized with heat and pressure, and is never used by more than one person. It is made of the finest material and is completely safe. It is made to your own measurements and is comfortable to your needs from day to day.

The ANITA is worn at night in the privacy of your home, except in surgical cases. It works while you sleep!

PHYSICIANS PRAISE ANITA

Because of its perfect, scientific, and safe construction, physicians, oculists, and nasal surgeons praise the ANITA great praise. The Surgeon General of the United States Army has been consulted by the President of the United States and the President of the United States has been consulted by the President of the United States.

Every ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER carries a Money-back Guarantee

You need not keep it if it doesn't satisfy.

Free Demonstration In Our Parlors—For Those Desiring it.



Gold Medal

The "Anita" is the only nose adjuster awarded the highly prized diploma and Gold Medal at the International Exposition of Inventors held in New York City, February, 1923.



AFTER

Send for Free Booklet "Nature's Way to Happiness."
It points the way to facial beauty. Don't fail to send for your copy.

The ANITA Co.
INC.

Department 695

Anita Building

Newark, N. J.

\$2,000 FOR A TIP

July - 25 Cents

SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



HENRY
CLIVE

Free Tests of any—
See Coupon

Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

Edna Wallace Hopper



MISS HOPPER as she appears to-day

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop
Your friends will marvel at the change

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—told cream and vanishing. One is for night

use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. My baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my products. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Facial Youth | <input type="checkbox"/> White Youth Clay |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hair Youth | <input type="checkbox"/> Youth Cream |

Name

Address

One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample.
88-S.S.



NOT so long ago the majority of women were afflicted with a self-consciousness which prevented a frank discussion of personal subjects. Now this state of affairs has been replaced by a more fearless attitude. The motto of the younger married woman of today seems to be "Knowledge itself cannot harm me."

The barriers of ignorance have been broken down. To be up-to-date in the subject of feminine hygiene, for instance, is no longer a mark of worldliness. It is a mark of common sense.

In fact, the health of the race is so much a part of this question that it is not surprising to find doctors and nurses up in arms against the use of poisonous antiseptics so prevalent for this purpose in the past.

Perfect frankness desirable

The use of these poisons goes beyond the mere personal danger. It has become a family concern, almost a public menace. Every responsible married citizen, whether man or woman, owes it to his or her family welfare to investigate personally this matter of poisonous antiseptics. Between husband and wife perfect frankness and confidence should be established, be-

How many wives discuss these intimate matters with their husbands?

cause there are many facts bearing on this subject which a man can more easily check up. Any husband or brother who saw service in Europe will tell you about the Great War antiseptic which superseded the poisonous carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury in the hospitals of the Allied Armies. Now this same antiseptic under the name of *Zonite* is superseding these poisons in the practice of feminine hygiene in American homes.

New discovery banishes poisoning risk

As every doctor knows, most compounds of cresol and phenol (carbolic acid) contain soapy ingredients to reduce the caustic, burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Their use by women frequently results in areas of scar-tissue and eventual

hardening of delicate membranes.

Compare with this the benign action of *Zonite*. This new antiseptic and germicide is immensely powerful and yet absolutely *non-poisonous*. It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. The woman who uses *Zonite* for feminine hygiene is running no risk of permanent injury. She can be assured of hygienic cleanliness, surgical cleanliness, without fear of the deadly "skull-and-crossbones."

Fatal as *Zonite* is to germ-life, it is so harmless to human beings that leading dentists from coast to coast are recommending its use as a mouth antiseptic. What other powerful germicide can be held in the mouth? *Zonite* is actually safe in the hands of a child.

Full directions in package Special booklet on request

Zonite has spread rapidly. Already it can be bought in nearly every drug store in the country. Full directions for its many uses come in every package.

However, the Women's Division has issued a special booklet for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains about modern feminine hygiene is concise and authentic. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter—a booklet every wife should have. It comes in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Send for it. Read it. Pass it along to others.

USE THE COUPON BELOW

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., Women's Division
Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the *Zonite* booklet or booklets checked below. 8-15

☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name

Address

City State

Please PRINT Name

In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto



Zonite a medicine chest in itself

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

Remember that *Zonite*, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

Use *Zonite* Ointment for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy, burns, scratches and other surface infections. Also, as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.



Zonite

In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1.00
at drug stores



Contents

	Page
Cover Portrail by Henry Clive	
What is a Fad? (Editorial)	6
June Lovers (Verse)	9
By HARRY LEE	
Easy Money (Story of the Night Clubs)	10
The Gilded Trap	13
The Cross-Tie (Prize Story)	16
Movie Limerick Contest	22
Playing with Matches	25
Dimpled Knees	28
The Man I Couldn't Marry	32
Footsteps in the Fog	36
I Wanted a Thrill so I Crashed the Gate!	40
"Let Them Go!"	44
By ELINOR GLYN	
"And I Learned About Men From Him!"	46
How I Was Punished	48
My Vacation Boy-Friend	51
Hollywood Snapshots (Motion Picture Pictorial)	53
My Rich Fiancé (Part 2)	57
"How I Regained Her Love" (Prize-Winning Letter)	61
When Flapper Turns Mother	62
By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON	
For the Sake of Julie (Part I)	64
My Train Romance	68
The Trail of the Yellow Rose	69

Authors must state the address to which the owners of the magazine should be made to return their found unavailable

Accusation

In the midst of the biggest tragedy of her life a girl is wrongfully accused. She faces the music like a soldier until suddenly she hears her sweetheart accused of wronging another girl.

For a moment she stands, pale, irresolute, and then

Read the outcome of this tense, gripping drama of real life in the

August SMART SET

Out July 1st

The contents of this issue are covered by copyright and may not be republished without permission.
Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
R. E. BERLIN, President and Treasurer; JOHN BRENNAN, Vice-President; R. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary.

Copyright 1926 by Magus Magazine Corporation. 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50 a year. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin with the current issue. When sending in your renewal please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

"Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"



"LaSalle Makes Men More Valuable to Us"

In our own organization one of our Vice-Presidents, our Traffic Manager, and several other important members of our sales and office staff have taken various parts of the LaSalle curriculum with obvious results to themselves and the organization as a whole. As I see it, LaSalle training makes a man more valuable not only to himself but to the firm he works for. Promotion is the logical result."

(Signed) WM. BLACK
President, B. F. Avery & Sons
"The Biggest Opportunity In Business"

"I consider that LaSalle Extension University and the principles of study on which it is founded constitute one of the greatest forward influences in modern business. Due to these courses of study it is possible for a young man to gather knowledge which it has hitherto been impossible to get except from actual experience."

I believe a young man in business who fails to take advantage of the information offered by such institutions as LaSalle is neglecting probably the biggest opportunity he has."

(Signed)
DONALD McDONALD, Jr.
Vice-President
General Manager of Sales.

How LaSalle Helps a Great Corporation, 100 Years Old, Maintain Its Leadership

B. F. AVERY & SONS, Louisville, Ky.—largest manufacturer of agricultural machinery in the South—has just celebrated its one-hundredth birthday.

Unlike so many time-honored corporations, however, this company does not parade itself as an "old-established-institution." On the contrary, its entire point of view is that of a young and forward-looking business. The men who direct its policies are open-minded and aggressive. They are keeping that way thru the pursuit of LaSalle home-study business training.

For example, it was LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy that helped Donald McDonald advance from the position of Secretary and Assistant Manager to that of Vice-President and General Manager of Sales. It was LaSalle training in Traffic Management that helped S. A. Cash advance from clerk to Traffic Manager. It was LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Business Management that helped C. L. McClure advance from general bookkeeper to Office Manager. It was LaSalle training in Business Management that helped L. D. Duncan make good as Credit Manager, and LaSalle training in Personnel Management that prepared E. H. Bolton as Manager of Personnel.

All told, twenty-eight "Avery" men—in widely different departments—are furthering their progress thru LaSalle home-study training.

"I have seen such evidence of what LaSalle

training can do for a man, in so many different branches of business," writes William Black, president of the company, "that I am prepared to say that any man of average ability, in practically any business organization you can name, will find at least one course of LaSalle training that will greatly increase his worth to himself and to the company he works for."

"Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"

You have often wondered if LaSalle training could be of help to you—but perhaps you have concluded, as so many do, that your situation is "different."—"All right for some," you have said, "but not for me."

Read again the records of these executives with B. F. Avery & Sons—then ask yourself whether you can honestly accept that alibi.

The coupon will bring you, without obligation, full particulars of a clear and definite plan that has doubled and tripled the incomes of thousands and thousands of LaSalle-trained men.

These Books Free

With it you will receive a 64-page book setting forth the opportunities in the business field in which you most prefer to win success, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after years of wandering, found the path to responsibility and power.

This moment—while you read these words—your start toward greater earning power is as near you as the point of your pencil. Fill, clip, and mail the coupon—NOW!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION
FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 750-R

CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of your salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

☐ **Traffic Management:** Foreign and Domestic Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.

☐ **Banking and Finance.**

☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ **Industrial Management:** Training for position in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

☐ **Commercial Law.**

☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**

☐ **Business English.**

☐ **Commercial Spanish.**

☐ **Effective Speaking.**

☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



free!
mail
coupon
now

Name _____ Present Position _____ Address _____

E. Barrington

who wrote

"GLORIOUS APOLLO"

and

"THE EXQUISITE
PERDITA"

has written

A Romance of the
French Court on the Eve
of the Revolution

The
NECKLACE
of
MARIE ANTOINETTE



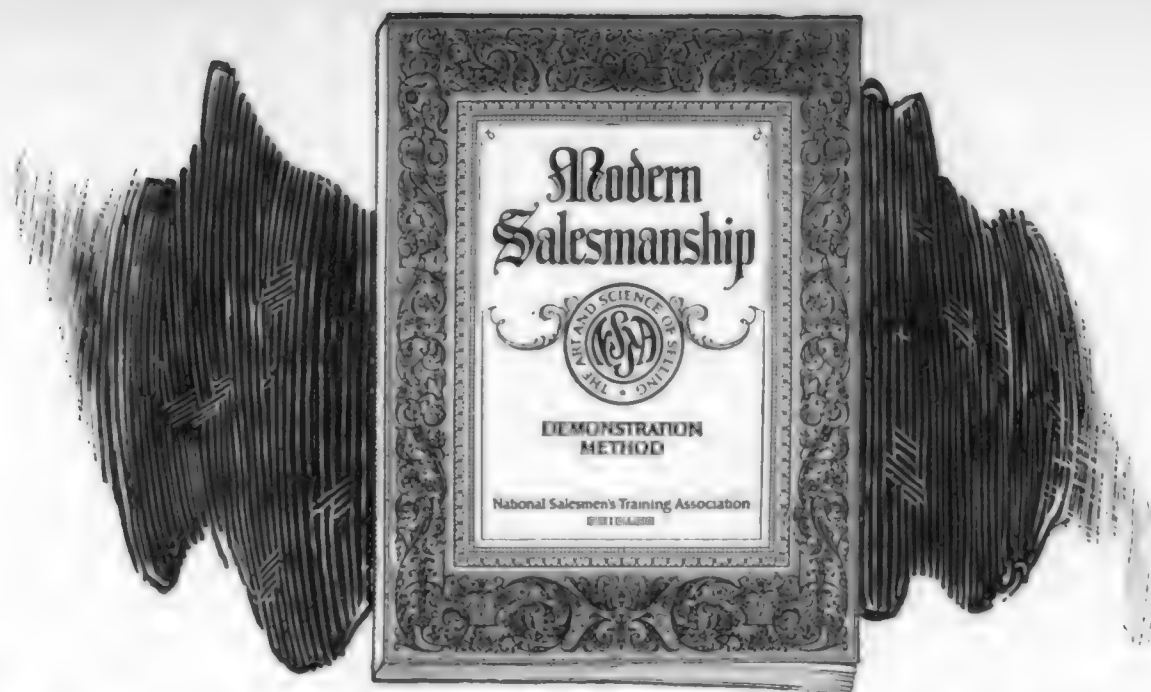
Among the brilliant contributors
to *July Cosmopolitan* are:

EDNA FERBER
MARTHA OSTENSO
Author of "Wild Geese"
PETER B. KYNE
IRVIN S. COBB
KATHLEEN NORRIS
HUGH WALPOLE
OWEN WISTER
H. C. WITWER
KERMIT ROOSEVELT
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
GEORGE ADE

Read this intimate new
novel in July

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

ON SALE JUNE 10th—ALL NEWS-STANDS



Where Shall We Mail Your Copy of this Book—FREE

Remarkable new book on Salesmanship just off the press will be mailed to you without cost or obligation

THE contents of this amazing new book—just published by the National Salesmen's Training Association—will prove a revelation to every man who is interested in making real money—and to those who realize the tremendous possibilities for high earnings in the selling field.

Thirty thousand copies of this book will be mailed free without cost or obligation to those who send for it while the supply lasts—and there is no time like the present for you to fill in the coupon below.

Fully Explains National Demonstration Method

Thousands have wondered why N. S. T. A. Members invariably make good, in a big way, right from the start, even though they have had no former selling experience, or why salesmen who

EMPLOYERS

are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

begin with success being stripped

their brother salesmen after becoming members of the Association.

Among other things, this remarkable free book explains why success comes rapidly and surely to those who enroll for this amazing System of Salesmanship Training.

There are too many victims of that vicious superstition that "salesmen are born and not made," but after reading "Modern Salesmanship," you will realize the utter fallacy of that foolish notion.

Quick Success Through N. S. T. A. Training

Whether you have had selling experience or not, it makes no difference. The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will enable you to become a Master Salesman in an amazingly short period of time. It will teach you, in your spare time, at home, the fundamental rules and principles of selling—how to approach different types of prospects to get their undivided attention—certain ways to stimulate keen interest—ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition, and make the prospect act.

Step by step this Training takes you through every phase of Salesmanship. Every underlying principle of sales strategy is made as simple as A B C. Through the National Dem-

onstration Method, you get actual experience on practically every type of sales problem that may ever present itself. And through the instruction in Character Analysis, you will become an expert in reading character on sight—a valuable asset for any salesman.

Just Mail the Coupon The Book Is Free

To fill in and mail the coupon will not obligate you in any way, but it, undoubtedly, will show you the way to be a "star" salesman. No matter what you may think now, it can only be a thought and it will pay you to let us send you this valuable and interesting book.

While this is before you, fill in and mail the coupon and get it into the mail some time today.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept H-26, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, Dept. H-26, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship," and all I promise to do is to read it through carefully.

Name

Address

City

Age

State

Occupation



What is a Fad?

EDITORIAL

THE beaches attract millions upon millions of people at this time of the year. Some go for the air; others to bathe in the surf; still others to look at the bathers. And, curiously enough, the bathers seem to go out of their way to attract the gaze of the passers-by.

A few years ago a one-piece bathing suit and a pretty girl would draw enough attention to meet every requirement of the publicity seeker. But the one-piece suit has ceased to be a fad and has become a fashion—and she has adopted it. A man couldn't look at her and think she ran on wheels but she didn't care, and in spite of the shock and horrors of the older generation she continued to wear it.

But her penchant for attention required a lure. When a thing becomes a more or less universally accepted fashion it no longer attracts attention to the individual and one must think up something new.

Such is the origin of fads. Attract attention! If knee skirts won't do it, roll your stockings. If everybody does that, get a fancy garter. When that becomes too commonplace, put a bell on it. If everybody wears bells, try a new

haircut, or wear your sweetheart's picture on your shoe-buckle. Get some fancy kind of slave bracelet, or wear an evening gown more daring than anyone else. Have a butterfly painted on your knee.

As long as you are the first and only exponent of a thing it is a fad. But as soon as it becomes universal it is a fashion and the insatiable passerby looks elsewhere for something new and shocking.

Garters have helped a lot. They have been decorated with rosettes, watches, brooches, tennis rackets and bells. Now, fancy stockings are coming into the picture—only fads as yet, but who knows how soon they may be fashions?

Fashion models have predicted that the clothes of the average girl would weigh less than a pound this summer—but everybody dresses more or less alike, so the fashions do not draw undue attention. One has to be more than daring to attract the eyes of the crowd.

So we go on. We are getting closer to the garden of Eden in the weight of our clothes each summer.

And the girls have not as yet run out of ideas for new fads!

Fyr-Fyter's Amazing New Plan to Develop \$10,000 a Year Men

MEN in every walk of life will be interested in the details of an announcement now being made by the great Fyr-Fyter Company—world leaders in the manufacture of fire extinguishers. For with a background of growth without parallel in this field, this organization is now on the eve of an expansion that is making itself felt in the whole business world. Every man—whether he has ever sold anything or not—no matter where he lives or what his occupation—can cash in on the very peculiar and amazing new opportunity which is now made possible.

How to Make \$10,000 a Year

Undoubtedly the surest way to make \$10,000 a year is to enter a field where plenty of other men are making \$10,000 a year. Everybody knows that \$10,000 a year is impossible without an extraordinary proposition. Once in a decade such a proposition comes along. Such an opportunity is now definitely open to men who connect with Fyr-Fyter.

We make this definite statement only because we have a definite new proposition to offer. It comes to you from a company which in six short years of selling direct from the factory to the buyer has built the largest business of its kind in the world—bar none. And what we say backed by the fact that FYR-FYTER Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world—by the fact that they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—by the fact that dozens of these men, whether they work one hour a day or eight hours a day—one day a week or six days a week—are now earning at the rate of \$10,000 a year—and many are earning more.

Our New Plan

Now, due to the fact that the whole nation is awakened to the necessity for fire prevention equipment—and because Fyr-Fyter has developed a line of this equipment to fit every need (approved by the Underwriters Laboratories)—because business men all over the country have become acquainted with the special fire prevention service offered through Fyr-Fyter men—a great expansion in this business has been started.

National advertising of an extensive nature is one of the things that will be put behind this expansion.

Free Training for \$10,000 a Year

Our greatest need in this movement is representatives who can devote all of their time to all classes of prospects, or at least part of their time to supplying large factories, new buildings and large institutions. We have developed a sure fire plan for selling this wonderful fire equipment—a plan that has already been successful in placing our apparatus in such institutions as the Packard Motor Plant, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, the Elks Memorial building, and thousands of factories, schools, department stores and homes throughout the country.

The surface has only been scratched. Countless thousands of buildings need this protection from fire. Everybody wants fire protection. The field is enormous. With a

tested plan for making these sales in homes and large institutions, we are now in a position to train men and start them in profit producing work immediately. We want men who will take this plan and use it to step into positions that increase from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year.

This plan has been fully developed. We will give you the details. On this page we show you some of those who have used it to step into \$10,000 a year jobs. When you write we will tell you the exact steps by which you may do the same thing.

Act At Once

We do not ask you to do an hour's work that will not pay you well. We give you an approved proposition plus a standardized procedure that cannot fail to bring results. We show you how to make sales ranging from a few dollars to \$1,000, applying the same principle that may bring only 50c or \$1 in other lines.

Now is your big opportunity to become affiliated with this big, powerful, successful institution. You know you should act at once to get details of this plan. Sending the coupon below is the first step towards one of these \$10,000 jobs. Fill it out and mail immediately to



Frank DePries, Ohio
One of our highest paid men, who has made \$10,000 a month before he joined our organization.



M. C. Viles, Wis.
Another \$10,000 a year whose earnings are still increasing steadily.



L. D. Payne, Iowa
One of the business men who has been with the Fyr-Fyter Co. for several years.



Louis George, Illinois
Another man in the \$10,000 class who expects to make \$15,000 this year.

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY

1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.

Dayton, Ohio

The Fyr-Fyter Company,
1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name

Address

City



"Tell me the truth"

SHE had been dismissed that very afternoon as a salesperson in one of the exclusive shops.

It was a terrific disappointment to her; she had wanted so much to make good.

As she received her final pay-check, she demanded of her employer: "Please tell me the truth—why am I let out?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," the other replied, leaving her even more mystified.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from a deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

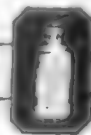
This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your drug store sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1 1/2 ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*L. J. Port Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

For
HALITOSIS



Use
LISTERINE

SMART SET

VOL. 78
NO. 5

JULY
1926

True Stories from Real Life

June Lovers

By HARRY LEE

*June had been set for the wedding, and so
They thought they must build 'em a bungalow;
Went crazy about a plan they'd seen,
Called The Music Box, in a magazine;
Sent for the blue-prints; you'd have tho't
'Twas specifications for heaven they'd got;
Studied 'em out by the big lamp there—
Both of 'em parked in the one arm-chair;
Prattled of red tile and hollyhocks,
And that blamed little house called
The Music Box!*

*And they ranted on, about rugs and floors
And chintz and roses and little green doors.
Ma sighed: "Don't it 'mind you of all the ways
We used to plan in our own young days?
The children might give us a lot worse shocks
Than by building a house called
The Music Box!"*

*June is here now! The wedding is past;
They're off honeymooning since Tuesday last;
The Music Box with the elm trees over,
Looks down on a valley nodding with clover;
The windows are open, the curtains blow,
The table is set with a cloth of snow;
Ma and I watch the clock, and wait
For the honk of a horn—the click of a gate;
The path is bordered with hollyhocks—
The path to a dream called
The Music Box!*

Easy Money



Left—Texas Guinan, hostess of the famous El Fey night club.

Right—Ruby Keeler, who received a \$500 tip.

“In the chorus I earned \$35 a week. In the Night Club, where I do a song and dance, I got a \$500 tip one night, and almost every week get tips of fifty or hundred-dollar bills!”

IN THE recent history of one of the night clubs of New York—those reckless, riotous resorts where the big butter and egg men get rid of their rolls—one girl received a royal tip one night of \$2,000. Actually \$2,000 cold for singing a single encore—just one little song. This established a record for high tipping in those cheaply tawdry, yet fabulously expensive, after-midnight rendezvous where highway robbery is practiced legally under the polite terms of “couvert charge” and “soft drinks,” and where the girls who do the entertaining—a great many in fact possessing less talent than the average chorus girl—get bigger hands than the most famous stars do in the theatre, and where we get bigger bonuses in cash than girls can in any other profession or place in the world. It’s amazing how people part with their money. When rumors of the two-thousand-dollar-tip passed along Broadway it was regarded as a fishy story. But I was working in the place where the girl got it. I was present when it all happened. I



Men who come to night clubs expecting to find the girls eagerly responsive have a surprise waiting.

The Story of "THE \$2,000-TIP-GIRL!"

Y didn't ever get a thousand dollar tip myself, but I got \$500 once for responding to an encore. I've received fifty and hundred-dollar bills several times, and twenty and twenty-five dollar tips are as free and common as the consumption of synthetic gin.

I've been working in night clubs ever since the visit of H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to the "El Fey" put a sort of official stamp of approval upon the latest spendthrift madness of Manhattan and made night clubbing the most popular pastime of the social idlers. How much money I've received in tips—for singing little encores at the request of the moneyed night rounders—I couldn't imagine. In some weeks I've made more money than stars of musical comedy, and at that I know I haven't the voice or looks to ever be a really big star. Indeed, profitable as it is to us, I must admit in all honesty that the line of entertainment handed out in most of the clubs wouldn't get across even in vaudeville.

THE girl who got \$2,000 in one night is, however, an exception, and far above the average of the fair entertainers employed to jazz up the late hours for millionaires, tired business men, and the gilded young bloods who are willing, in this age of prohibition, to pay high to kill time. Alice Boulden has a vivacious personality, and a captivating voice. After she became famed as the \$2,000-tip-girl, she got her first opening in a real musical comedy, and scored a hit in "Gay Paree." I remember the night when it all happened.

It was in Texas Guinan's night club, which became so furiously popular after the future king of England came there and let everybody call him "Eddie." Alice, who is a very fair blonde, and Ruby Keeler, a striking brunette famed for her buck-and-wing dance, were the star entertainers. Alice Boulden was singing the main song in her repertoire, "Hard-hearted Hannah," when a businesslike looking man—I should have judged him to be between forty-five and fifty—came in and parked himself at a table which the waiters hurriedly carried in and crowded near the small dance space. I was standing in line with some other girls, waiting to go on in the next number, and he was planted right near us. He didn't look particularly distinguished or wealthy, but, of course, we girls all know multi-millionaires don't carry dollar bills on their coat lapels and are generally almost seedy in their dress, compared to young bank clerks and ribbon counter salesmen. I shouldn't have paid any particular attention to the newcomer, for his face was strange, but I heard some one come up to Texas and tell her in a whisper, he was one of the biggest department store owners in the Middlewest.

As soon as she is tipped off, Texas generally announces notable newcomers to the people in a megaphone voice. Texas is a wonderful person, and she knows her business. By giving everybody the glad hand and a big send-off, it's no wonder she became the most popular hostess along Broadway. As soon as Alice had finished "Hard-hearted Hannah," Texas banged her clappers, called for a big hand for little Alice, and then announced



We may take their tips, but it is all in an evening's work.

the arrival of the big merchant prince from the west. He got a big hand, too. When Alice was getting her hand, he was enthusiastic.

It's part of our work in the night clubs to sit around with guests between our numbers and brighten up the conversation. We just hand out a lot of light patter, and try to make strangers feel at home. We sort of try, businesslike, to make them feel their presence there makes us feel gladder than seeing sunshine in the morning—which we seldom do! The department store man had a little talk with Texas, and then Texas asked Alice to go over and sit at his table for a few minutes. Which was not, of course, unusual. Alice told us all about it afterwards.

THE man seemed nice and kind and fatherly. "A little girl like you," he said to Alice, "ought to be in school."

Alice was one of the youngest looking girls there, and Texas made it a point to have the youngest girls whom she could find in town. Alice was pretty, and looked the high school part. She answered the gentleman demurely, saying she'd just love to be in school.

"You shouldn't be here working so late at night," went on the dispenser of dry goods. "You should be in a finishing school."

Alice admitted she'd just love to be in a finishing school. Night club work was hard, you had to stay up late every night, and she'd be glad to get out of it.

"Do you know I liked the way you sang that song," he said. "I wonder, if you'd mind singing it again? I'm one of your tired business men, you know, and to hear a little girl like you does me a lot of good. If you'll do that song over I'll make it worth your while."

Alice laughed. She was a willing kid, and told the man she'd be delighted. She sang "Hard-hearted Hannah" over again. Well, if Hannah was hard-hearted, maybe the song melted that dry-goods' heart. Toward closing time, and as we girls were making our exit, the man beckoned to Alice. "Now, remember, if you want to go to school and study, you shall. You'll hear from me a little later."

Running upstairs to our dressing room, Alice began kidding us. "I'm going to school, girls! I'm go-

ing to school to study! Girls, it's good night and good-bye." She told us all about it, and we thought it was a great joke. Imagine our surprise when Texas Guinan came up, waving a pink slip of paper. "That big butter and egg man has sure given Alice a nice big hand for her little encore," shouted Texas, handing Alice the check, which was for \$2,000. Well, little Alice almost lost her lamps staring at that slip of paper. Texas said the merchant had called her to his table when Alice disappeared. "I want you to give this to that little girl," said he, scribbling in his check book. "Tell her to buy herself some clothes. Two thousand dollars isn't too much for the pleasure her song gave me. Find a good school for her, and this is something to begin with. If she does want to go to school I'll stand the rest of her tuition. If not—" He gave Texas the check.

And little fair-haired, blue-eyed Alice Boulden exceeded the record in all the tips ever received. That tip put her into a distinguished class, and what it eventually did for her meant more than the actual cash itself. Thereafter in the club she was pointed out as the girl who got the \$2,000 tip. It must have considerably increased her weekly averages in bonuses. Certainly there must have been something unusual in the way she sang and behaved her eyes to draw down \$2,000 for a single song! Hearing of the big tip, others didn't want to be pikers themselves. So where they had given ten or

twenty dollars before, a lot of those hard-boiled, tight-fisted big-dollar men—who spent their days over stock tickers and bank balances, but who probably were refusing new Rolls Royces and gowns to their wives—warmed up enough to double and triple their gratuities. I think all the girls profited by it for a while. Of course, Alice got her clothes! You should have seen the glad duds she wore! None of us supposed the merchant ever intended that Alice should go to school—it was just a nice way to pass her the money. And it did mean the beginning of a real career for Alice.

Alice had been working hard in the club for a long time. We all knew she wanted to get into musical comedy. And you know you don't jump into leading rôles—even from the cabarets. I knew something of Alice's story, and I, for one, was glad of her big chance when it came.

[Turn to page 77]



Alice Boulden
who received the \$2,000 tip for a single song

The Gilded Trap

*"Dazzled by Sudden Fortune,
I Didn't Ask Who Paid
for Those Luxurious Rooms—"*

MY MIND was all confusion when I opened my eyes. I hurriedly sat up in bed and stared in perplexity at charming luxury. A silk-sheeted bed the color of apple green! Cool, creamy walls, fashionably panelled! Built into these walls at my left, was a wardrobe-closet and dressing-table whose triple mirrors gleamed like dustless silver. Beyond, a half-opened door revealed a spotless bath done in snowy tile.

Plum-colored chaise-lounge, and a small overstuffed reading chair were set at tête-a-tête angles between the two great windows whose draperies of brocaded black and gold rustled in the breeze. To my right, there were other pieces of beautiful furniture, especially the small table with its basket of grapes, peaches, and oranges flanked by a decanter of wine.

Little gasps of delighted surprise came to my lips as I sat there unable to decide whether I was awake or dreaming. Inwardly my mind fought with the confusion assailing it in a desperate effort to make memory function back to a last conscious moment. Vaguely I remembered the park . . . dizziness . . . then blankness!

Suddenly a door knob turned softly. I turned at the sound, sensing that it would explain all of the luxurious mystery around me. The door opened and a woman entered whose blonde beauty was an exquisite thing to look upon. She moved toward me like a gossamer vision in white clinging silk, her lips curving into a sweet smile:

"Do not be alarmed my dear," she said, standing above me like a white and gold picture. "Late last evening while driving through the park one of our tires had to be changed near where you were lying. I happened to see you and realized you had fainted—"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, finally understanding the blank spot in my memory of what had gone before.

"An Italian nearby said you had been lying that way just before we drove up. I knew you didn't belong out there in the park. I brought you home with me. That's all. Now you must have some breakfast. Marie is bringing a tray," she finished. The words had barely left her lips when a uniformed maid came in bearing a tray of breakfast.

"You are very, very kind," I said, trying to make my eyes



*I studied nightly at art school
—against overwhelming odds.*

express what an uncertain voice could not. "I am very glad that I came along," she answered, "I am Mrs. Raymond. What is your name?"

"Betty," I said. "Betty Morrison."

"Well, now, Betty, try some breakfast. I'm afraid you're pretty weak after last night. I will be back shortly," she smiled going out of the room.

Mrs. Raymond returned later bearing several silken garments over one arm. She held them up for my inspection saying I was to take my pick. I protested at first. But she had a gracious way that could not be denied.


"**Y**OU are not strong enough by any means to go away yet, and as we are about the same size, you might as well wear these fresh things," she said smiling.

In the bathroom, after a stimulating shower, the great full length mirror on the wall reflected a startlingly different image of me. Some magic, —the sight and sound of Mrs. Raymond, and her luxurious home I suppose, —had put lustre into my eyes. The cold shower had brought a pink glow to my skin. And now, at the soft touch of silken orchid things, the fire of dreams and ambition seemed to rekindle in my veins! In that moment I was almost re-born. I refused then to think that the city was still lurking just around the corner to claim me when I left Mrs. Raymond. You see, New York had drawn me to it as the flame lures the moth and I had become the city's victim.

"Here is a house-dress I'm sure you'll like Betty," said my benefactress, handing me a blue taffeta affair. I draped it eagerly against my body, impatient to watch the effect of pretty clothes once more. A happy little sound escaped



I ran up the wide stairs, thinking to gain the safety of a locked door.



I read a great deal about the fame of girl artists in the great city of New York. It was the old story of the distant glamor. My mother, left all alone, cried when I went away, strong and buoyant with youth, taking what little money she could spare.

Four months in the teeming city brought much heart-break and some disillusionment. I lost three jobs in rapid succession while I studied nightly at art school. I was not well trained enough to hold my own against the city's competition. My temperament was not fitted to business. But ambition and dreams do not die easily, even against overwhelming odds. I struggled on, determined to triumph although remaining in New York meant living in a cheapness that was like acid eating into my soul.

I went from place to place seeking work that would put a few dollars in my pocket book. At night I often fell asleep over my crayon sketches, and my poor attempts in oil.

One day a telegram came. I took the train South, dread apprehension in my heart. The shades of the parlor were all tightly drawn when I reached our house. Black crêpe fluttered from the old-fashioned brass knocker.

I did not cry until they led me into the candle-lighted parlor where mother slept in all of the white silence of death. Then I broke down, my heart knifed by the fact that I had gone away and left her to die without one last word or look.

Some of the eagerness for life was gone when I went back to the big city with two hundred dollars as my full share of everything after the house was sold and all debts paid. I could not put away the picture of a sad little mound of earth, flower-covered, that I had left in a village cemetery. I could not forget that I was all alone in the world. The city seemed to sense that I was weakening under its blows. Like a monster with the heart of a killer, it struck harder and harder!

Penniless; weak from lack of food; weary of being refused work, frightened at the glances men sometimes cast at me when I said I must have money; and on the verge of being put out of my hated room, I came in from the scorching streets only to realize I could not escape the city in such a stifling place. I went down again into the fiery streets where millions were desperate in the heat of summer's most torrid night.

The lower East Side driven out of its squalid furnace was advancing like a panic-stricken horde upon that one great open space in the heart of New York as I reached Central Park, only one small human unit of a coatless, hatless army of heat-laden men, women and children. From every other section of the [Turn to page 111]

my
lips.
The dress
was like a
thing of magic
against me. As I
got into the gown
with her help. Mrs. Ray-
mond asked me questions
about myself. She was the first
and only person who had shown real
interest in me since leaving home, and it
seemed quite natural that the things long sup-
pressed inside of me should now find a way to my
tongue. Sitting there on the overstuffed chair I told
her all about myself.

Down in the green valleys of Cumberland, I had harbored dreams and ambitions. Folks said I had talent with a brush and pencil. It seemed that way.

The Cross- Tie

Ken tied my slim wrists in a strange knot.

"No one can get you out of the cross-tie,"

*he said. "Can you keep me from
kissing you now?"*

YOU of the cities call us backwoodsmen, my people and I, because in our country the pines still stand a dozen feet through at the butts, and civilization as you know it is something very vague and far away. And we acknowledge it proudly, for that's what we are.

As far back as I can remember, I lived in a cabin in the thick timber, near a foaming mountain river that ran in a deep, narrow rock-gorge. The sleepy trading-post of Trail's-End, twenty miles away, was our nearest contact with your world. There was a woods-road leading to it, but mostly we used the short-cut, a trail that crossed the gorge on an uprooted pine, cutting off thereby several miles' distance. Father was a timber-liner, a gentle, keen-eyed, silent-footed man, my teacher and dearest pal. He knew all about the forests, but hated the settlements, and would not even go to Trail's-End if he could help it. I never knew just what had happened to him to make him so shy of men, but maybe mother was the reason.

Mother didn't belong in the woods. Father had brought her from the city, and it kept calling her, I guess: the place you belong to does. She had been a dancer, a lovely, gay, reckless creature, when father met her, and she loved him because he was so different from every one else she knew. But our woods at night scared her, and the wind in the pines made her lonely, and when father was away she used to shut herself up in her room and cry. She had a cedar chest in there, that she brought from the city, and in it she kept her make-up box that she used on the stage, and among other soft, pretty things, a wonderful satiny, silver and blue dress. She would take that out, and stroke it, and talk softly to herself, and then fold it back carefully, and lock the chest. I watched her sometimes through a crack in the floor of the loft where I slept. But oftener I used to go away downstream and watch them handling logs at the lumber camp there.

I couldn't do that when father was home, because he didn't like to have me. You see, lumberjacks are a wild crew sometimes, and I was sixteen, and more than pretty. I knew it, but it didn't mean much to me then: almost



It thrilled me deliciously to watch from my hiding-place that black-haired giant in action.

all wild things are pretty. Besides, the lumberjacks never saw me. I was too nearly a wild thing myself for that.

The boss at the lumber camp was called Barthel. I don't believe he had any more name than that. He was a great, black-haired giant of a man, with snapping bold eyes and a cruel mouth. He had the strength of a bear, and the way he used it was terrible—from my hiding-place on the rocks above the camp, I had seen him pick up by shoulder and belt some logger who angered him, and throw him bodily. Barthel ruled by force alone, and nobody disputed his authority.

But I wasn't afraid of him. In those days I wasn't afraid of anything. It thrilled me deliciously to watch Barthel in action; I came often, and played with the thought of what would happen if he found me there.

One day it thawed, and a load of logs got stuck just outside of camp. They couldn't move it. Barthel came, and they tried harder. No use. Suddenly Barthel shouted something about showing them. He snatched

the whip from the teamster, and laid it with all his terrible strength across the backs of the wheelers.

They plunged wildly. The team buckled, straightened out again, began to thrash and kick—but the load started. Barthel bellowed his triumph. Then the sledge hit a rut or something under the snow, and tipped over.

I think Barthel must have gone mad for a little; no sane man would have done what he did. He seized the nearest leader by the bridle and began whipping him. The horse fought magnificently—but he was harnessed. He couldn't help himself. And the men, who might have stopped Barthel, just

backed out of his way in a scared circle, nobody daring to lead an attack.

That was more than enough for me. With no very clear idea of what I would do, I went down that rock-ridge so fast I slid part of the way, and caught Barthel's

arm before he knew I was there. I leaped at him. "Stop it, you coward!" I yelled.

He jerked around and stared at me. He must have been too surprised to resist, for he let me twist the whip out of his hand. I faced him a minute, and then looked past him and saw that beautiful big horse all striped and streaked with foam, and I swung my arm and lashed Barthel across the face with his own whip.

In the North, men have killed for less than that.

A gasp went round the circle of waiting loggers. There was a

Barthel ruled by force alone. He had the strength of a bear, and the way he used it was terrible.





One day, looking for the Lost Silver Lode, Ken and I found a mysterious cave.

moment of electric silence, Barthel slowly wiping his cheek where a welt had risen, and I, balancing myself to dodge the charge I knew was coming. Then—someone laughed.

"Ho, Barthel—pick a man your own size," said a deep, amused voice.

Every one turned. There in the roadway stood a stranger in black corduroy, with a priceless silver-otter mackinaw coat and cap. A light pack lay on the snow beside him. He was twenty pounds lighter than Barthel, but he had about him an air of cool authority that held the camp-boss where he was, though his great hands clenched and opened wickedly.

"Who're you?" Barthel growled.

"Inspector Kennard Rolfe of Toronto."

That was my introduction to Ken.

The Toronto superintendent had retired, his place being filled by a man of the new school, less brutal and more scientific than the old. Word had come to him of Barthel's methods, and he had sent Rolfe to investigate.

Rolfe took charge at camp, making Barthel his assistant. But the big camp-boss, having once given orders there himself, soon grew restless under those of another man, and quietly disappeared. We heard vaguely that he was logging for another company farther north.

Knowing Barthel as I did, that should have warned me. But by then I was too happy in the possession of Ken's friendship to think of the great bully whose cruelty had brought us together.

Sundays, Ken came to our cabin, and praised my cooking, and talked woods' lore with father. He made mother happy with news of the cities he had lately left. And he ranged the woods with me, lithe and splendid in his silver-and-black, a better woodsman even than I, who knew only the woods, so that I was proud

I could keep step with him and lead him over new trails. Like two boys we hunted, explored hidden places, rested and ate and dreamed together beside tiny fires, in a clean sexless companionship that was nearly the most wonderful thing I ever knew.

Then, one day, I asked Ken to show me the cross-tie.

I didn't know then what the cross-tie was. I'd only heard the loggers mention it as being a hard knot to tie. I wanted to see if Ken knew it.

He was playing with a three-foot length of rope he had picked up, and he looked queerly at me and straightened out the little rope very carefully.

"Why?" he asked.

There was an odd note in his voice.

"Because," I said, having no reason.

"If I put it on you, you can't get out of it."

Couldn't I! Father had tied me up often, for fun, and I'd always gotten away. I held out my hands to Ken.

"Bet I can," I challenged him.

He laid the bit of rope around my wrists, crossed it underneath, brought it up at right angles to itself, and tied a strange knot. I almost laughed—it looked so simple, and he'd put it on so loosely. I could almost slide my hands out.

I tried. I tried all the tricks I knew. And with every move that innocent-looking single knot pulled tighter, till I had to ask Ken to untie me.

It was his turn to laugh, but he didn't. He stood up, and pulled my tied hands up on his breast under the big silver coat.

"YOU took a long chance, little partner," he said. "No one can get out of the cross-tie. It's the way the Mounties tie their prisoners. Could you keep me from kissing you now?"

It was a new thought to me, and it sent the startled blood up hot over my face.

"That—wouldn't be—fair," I faltered, pulling away a little from the look in his eyes.

Slowly Ken shook his head.

"No—it wouldn't be fair," he said, strangely. "I won't this time. But—partner, you don't know how pretty you are. Never let another man put the cross-tie on you. He might not be as fair as I—try to be."

And he bent and untied me, and threw the rope down

the hill. On the way home we didn't talk much. Somehow Ken seemed in a hurry to get back.

April came, and the woods filmed over with green, and I found my first purple hepaticas in a leaf-filled hollow. The last logs for that year had gone down with the flood-waters of March, and the lumber-camp was deserted.

Below the rapids, thirty or more miles down-stream, Ken and his men were building a sawmill; next year the railroad would come through, and he planned to ship cut lumber as well as logs. There was still enough water in our river to roar and foam white over the big rocks that would be dry in June; the falls were a misty glory.

And then one day, coming back from Trail's-End with a pack of supplies on my shoulders, I took the short-cut just for the moment's thrill of standing on the pine tree bridge and looking down into the rush and swirl of the white water under me. And halfway home I met Barthel.

It took me by surprise and put me on guard, for I had thought he was up north. Evidently it surprised him too, for he flung something hastily into the brush when he saw me. Then he came on slowly, smiling. I stopped, ready to dodge, fingering the straps of my pack. We needed those supplies. I wouldn't drop it unless I had to. But he made no effort to catch me, only stopped in front of me, barring the trail, and folded his great arms.

"So—you are the one with whom I have a score to settle," he remarked, and laughed contentedly. "Not

afraid of me either, eh? You're the first one who wasn't."

"Why should I be?" I flashed. "I know you too well!"

"You shall know me better, little she-wolf. You've laughed at me, and so has that Rolfe you like so. Well—" and his great voice rumbled again in laughter, "I'm patient—I can wait. After awhile it will be my turn!"

And he stepped past me without touching me, and continued on his way along the trail. I cast a glance or two in his direction.

PUZZLED and suspicious, I waited till he was out of sight, then went to where I had seen him first. I would find what he threw into the bushes in such a hurry.

I found it—the broken half of a long two-handed saw. An eight-foot sapling-pole, fresh-cut, was lashed to the handle with rawhide. What did that mean?

Suddenly I knew, and dropping the broken saw, started on, running. When I came to the pine tree bridge, it looked just the same; but I was trailing, and it didn't take me long to see what you of the city would never have seen at all; a narrow, dusty, white line, nearly in the middle of the trunk. No saw-dust showed. Only the keenest eye could detect where the saw had cut. Barthel, standing on the bank, and using the long-handled saw with the full swing of his arms, had cut the great tree nearly through. It must have taken all of even his giant's strength. And so far as I knew, only father and I used that trail. What could Barthel gain



The picture in McMann's office set me hungering for the North Woods, the roaring streams, the life of the lumber camp.

by such a deviltry? To cross it would mean sudden death. I couldn't guess. But this I knew: father would return from his work at the camp at sunset, and if I wasn't home, he'd come to meet me. I'd have to hurry!

There was a way across the canyon for one who knew. I went fast, but the sun was setting blazing red

before I got over. Halfway up the other side I stopped to look at it—and saw father. He'd come early. He was going to cross on the tree!

I screamed for him to stop, but of course he couldn't hear me! The river made too much noise! He kept on. Then suddenly he halted, about a third of the way over. He must have felt the first slow quiver then! I saw him turn, outlined against the sunset—

The tree bent under him like a great hinge closing. He kept his footing marvelously till it broke, and then he fell, and half of the tree with him; and, held by some strange paralysis, I had to watch him shoot down into that roaring shadowy depth and disappear! If he cried out, I didn't hear it; the thunder of the falls, waiting down below, drowned out everything else. His body would never be found.

I clung there on the cliffside for some little time after he was gone. The sunset had faded out in gray and green, and darkness was all about me before I went on. Why I didn't slip and follow him, I don't know; but we woodsfolk have more than five senses. On the safe path above, I met Ken.

He didn't waste any time asking questions. He'd been at our cabin, and he saw my face. He went quickly back and looked at the half of the tree hanging by its roots from the canyon-rim; then he came to me, and I told him dazedly about Barthel. He smiled, a terrible smile like a wolf's.

"He was after me," he said between his teeth. "He hates me for taking his job."

I caught hold of his arm—his words had set things spinning dizzily around me. He gave a low exclamation, and the next minute swung me up against his breast, and carried me home. At the door he put me down because I asked him to; I was myself again, and we didn't need to scare mother. I wouldn't even cry, now. But maybe you've heard that a hurt doe's first instinct is to hide. I had to force myself to go into the lighted cabin.

Summer dragged by, and fall came. The nights grew clear with frost, the birches turned golden; there was a warning, moaning note in the song of the pines. Letters came for mother from the city, and she laughed and cried over them, and sang at her work; [Turn to page 124]



With Ken bound to the tree, I was in Barthel's power. I could only pray that Ken could free himself in time.

The Language of Shawls

A GIRL with a shawl can tell you her thoughts as plainly as though she spoke them. For instance, when *Elsie Tarron* holds her shawl above her head she's making it shout: "Hi there! Glad to see you!"



Photograph by
Geo. F. Cannons.

AND here *Blanche Mehaffey* is announcing in shawl language: "Go away! I'm tired of you!"



Photograph by
Geo. F. Cannons.

Photograph by
Hartsook



THE prim way that *Dolores Del Rio* has draped her lacy shawl about her shoulders means that she has ordered it to whisper for her: "I'm feeling blue. Please cheer me up."



BESSIE LOVE and
FLYNN O'MALLEY

*If they asked us to Charleston on high,
In a contest—we'd not even try.
"Get the hook!" we would yell,
"And the ladder as well—"*



CHARLIE MURRAY and the GIRLS

GET IN THE

Line up! Win a Prize!

\$120 in Prizes to be Given

RULES TO REMEMBER

- 1—Send any number of lines for one or all limericks.
- 2—Address lines to Limerick Contest Editor.
- 3—Put your name and address on every line submitted.
- 4—Contest closes at midnight, July 15th.
- 5—No lines submitted will be returned.

Prizes will be awarded August 1st, and names of the winners, together with the winning lines, will appear in the October number. The Editors will be the judges.



CLAIRE WINDSOR and BERT LYTELL

*When a husband is dumb and starts fluting,
And makes his wife deal with his tooting.
She should start tuning in
With a stout rolling-pin,*

*What tune is this gay old boy strumming,
To set all these beauties a-humming?
With him we'd change places
—But would not change faces—*

LIMERICK LINE!

*\$20 for the Best Line!
for a little Brain Work*

If prize contests fill you with cheer,
Here's the jolliest one of the year;

If you want to compete
You must try to complete
One or more of the limericks here.

Your last line must rhyme always, though,
With lines one and two—as you know;

But first there is need
That you carefully read
All the rules. Have you read 'em? LET'S GO!



HARRY MYERS

What's wrong with this picture, we question—
Has the gentleman got indigestion?
Have they poisoned his food?
Is he half-baked? Or stewed?

Just note how Miss Jumbo's eye twinkles;
She is actually PROUD of her wrinkles!
"I should worry!" says she,
"If my skin's puckery—"



GEORGE K. ARTHUR
and KARL DANE

In the picture above, find the one
Who is having a barrel of fun;
And the one who'll fade out
From the scene without doubt—



CHESTER CONKLIN and JUMBO



HELEN FER-
GUSON of
Pathé is trying to
imitate a steering
passenger.

Tantalizing Take-Offs

WE'LL take off our hat
to the way Pauline
Starke, the Metro-Gold-
wyn-Mayer, star, is taking
off a circus bare-back rider
No wonder the waves go
wild!



KATHLEEN KEY of Metro-Gold-
wyn-Mayer is giving a take-off of
Babe Ruth, with Sue O'Neill burlesquing
the baseball.



Right: ENA
GREGORY,
MARGARET
QUIMBY, LOLA
TODD.



THE rollicking rope-skippers at the
right are trying to take off a few
extra pounds.



*A girl leaped to the top of a table and sang in a shrill treble
Sylvia leered at me, "Are we too wild for the country mouse?"*

Playing *with* Matches

*Like a Foolish Child,
I Nearly Set Fire to MY HOUSE of DREAMS*

"SO THIS is what they call Bohemia!" I muttered to myself. "Jazz and cigarettes and boot-leg liquor. I'm glad somebody's getting a kick out of it!"

Of course I kept my thoughts to myself. It would not be the thing for a small-town visitor to do that. Yet I wondered just what there was about June Irwin's parties that they were so talked about.

Synthetic gin had nothing to me of the flavor of romance or danger about it. I had helped Uncle Henry up the stairs too many times to be curious about its effects. I knew too well what they were. Yet I had taken a swallow, a very tiny one of the stuff, and decided I didn't want another. I didn't want to be a spoil-sport. I had smoked a cigarette, and decided I didn't like the sweetish, acrid smoke, or the lingering

odor on my fingers and breath. If the others wanted these artificial stimuli to gayety, all right.

The dancers stopped. A girl leaped to the top of a shaky table and sang in a shrill treble. Her cheeks flushed vivid crimson under the paint, and her heavy, insolent eyes, glittering with forced excitement, peered round the smoky room. It was something about "Keep your skirts down, Mary Ann," and she caught what abbreviated ones she had about her waist and jigged wildly to the tinny strains of a decrepit piano.

June Irwin sidled over to me, and threw a proprietary arm about my shoulders.

"You don't like it, Sylvia," she leered. "Are we too wild for the country mouse?"

"What makes you get that impression?" I drawled. "I just don't see anything to get excited about. You

could see a lot more legs at any burlesque show, and hear something a good deal snappier."

June giggled hysterically.

"That's a good one! I'm here, everybody! Sylvia's gettin' off ep-epigrams. We're too tame f'r her."

The girl on the table leaped into the arms of a bald-headed man, who carried her about the room in his arms, and planted a maudlin kiss on the reddened bow of her lips.

"I don't know," I replied. "I've seen wilder orgies in the movies than this studio party of yours. I prefer an individual petting party of my own, if I go in for that sort of thing. There's too much publicity to this."

A blonde in a whirl of blue and gray, caught me around the waist and kissed me alcoholically.

"You've said it, old dear!" she hiccuped.

She was borne away by a grave-faced young gentleman who lurched unsteadily about the room. The synthetic gin was beginning to get in its work.

The piano banged again. Someone lifted up the chorus of a song, and the dancers jazzed about the room. I felt, rather than saw, that someone was at my elbow. For the first time that evening, I got the intimation of a real thrill.

For some time I had watched the young man standing across the room, as coolly critical of the proceedings as myself. June had pointed him out as Gerald Mayo.

"They're all crazy about him," she confided. "Cold as an iceberg. Wonderful talent. Thrillingly wicked. You must meet him!"

But June had gone away, and he had remained aloof. Once or twice he had danced with that calm precision that became him so well. Most of the time he had stood against the wall, an impassive and amused spectator.

I felt, rather than heard, that he was asking me to dance. I nodded, and permitted him to swing me around the room, until the flushed pianist jumped from the stool, and volubly protested that she could play no more—that some one else must tickle the ivories.

We were surrounded by a laughing group, headed by June, who persisted in circulating my chance comment in gales of laughter, with much back-slapping and broad winks. Then the piano banged again, and the apartment was filled with whirling couples who kicked and writhed and toddled as the fancy seized them. Jazz, peals of hysterical laughter, the popping of corks, acrid

smoke filled the air, curling in blue clouds about us.

Mayo had not sought to lead me on the floor again. He was surveying me judicially.

"I wonder if you would?" he whispered. The light of mischief was in his eyes. "Did you really mean it, or are you a bluff, like the rest of them?"

Gray eyes met and clashed with hazel. The challenge was answered.

"Who knows? Words mean little."

He nodded. "I know they do. Prove that they mean something. What do you think of this?"

He indicated the lurid scene with an imperceptible gesture.

"When you shrug your white shoulders, you look like a fairy queen, in that rose georgette trimmed with fur," he went on. "Tell me, are you really game? Let's chuck this. [Turn to page 96]



*For a moment the dog stopped.
I pushed against the door.
Would the door never open?*



"We were two lonely girls; we wanted to meet nice fellows. Should we let the pair in the Chop Suey place pick us up?"

Dimpled

EVERY Thursday night a bunch of us girls from the National Hardware used to go out to dinner together and then to a show. Minnie Blaut, who was the oldest and most sensible, bought the tickets ahead of time, gallery seats at a dollar-ten. Then we'd have a dollar table d'hôte at Lin Chung's Chop Suey Restaurant, Chinese or American cooking just as you liked.

Lin Chung's had once been a well-known and fashionable place in the old days before prohibition, and what we girls liked best about it was the dance floor and the jazz band. The music was good and a cabaret thrown in, so that we had quite a time of it before we got through.

Sometimes there'd be as many as twenty-five of us, and we'd sit at a long table just below the platform for the orchestra. Then Minnie Blaut, who was fat and jolly, would kid the leader of the orchestra and get him to

play our favorite dances. We girls all danced together.

My particular chum was Greta Cotten. She was a slim, little thing, just my own age, twenty-two, but not awfully pretty. I was darker than she, and the girls used to call me "Dashing Dot" because with my very black lobbed hair, and my naturally high color, and sparkling eyes, I was rather conspicuous. I was no raving, tearing beauty nor had I any silly ideas about my looks; but I was glad when the other girls would admire me. At our club meeting I was voted the most popular girl after Minnie Blaut.

Now, though we had good times on our outings as was only natural, we often wished we had some fellows along with us. Every normal girl wants a man and looks forward to some day meeting the right



"Those two fellows are kind of watching us," Greta whispered. "Shall we notice them?"

Knees

one and then settling down and having a home of her own.

One Thursday night as Greta and I were doing a very snappy Charleston, this thought flashed through my mind with such force that I mentioned it to my chum when we sat down.

"Yes, isn't it so?" Greta agreed, and her eyes drifted wistfully over to the side alcoves where couples were sitting, fellows with their girls. "Some people have all the luck."

"It's hard in New York, meeting decent men who might really care about you and—marry you." I said very earnestly. "I do wish we'd meet some one."

"We could all right, if we had nerve like some girls."

"What do you mean, Greta?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," she answered with some impatience. "Do you suppose every girl who has a John with her has met him and been properly introduced at a Sunday School social?"

"You mean, pick some one up?"

"Yes, of course. Why not? Neither of us are dumbbells or infants. I guess we can take care of ourselves."

"Yes, but—" I began, "a fellow who picks a girl up always expects her to—oh, you know. If she was straight and nice she would not do it, at least that's the way he figures."

"Yes, but that's where the girl's got to know how to handle herself and him."

Now, though I had been rather strictly brought up, I was no prude, and I began to think over what Greta was saying.

"But suppose you got in with some one who was a crook or a sharper?"

"Oh, Dot, if you're not the cheerful little sob sister. How are we ever to get anywhere's in this world if we're not willing to take a chance?"

Her arguments were winning me over, but common sense still warned me of the folly of her suggestion.

"Dreadful things do happen," I persisted.

BUT the music had commenced again and the sound and swing of it seemed to creep into my blood and stir up in me all sorts of mad and reckless longings.

"You see that alcove near the back?" Greta whispered as we danced more wildly than before. "There are two fellows in it, alone. They're kind of watching us. Shall we notice them?"

I blushed as Greta began to wriggle in a very energetic way. I could feel my short, thin, silk skirt kind of working higher as she caught me about the waist and from the air on them I had an uncomfortable feeling that my knees were showing.

But all around many of the girls were showing a bit of rolled stocking or the flash of a gay colored garter, and why should I be more fussy and old maidish than these others. But just the same, though I had on the prettiest pair of crimson garters trimmed with black lace, ten cents a pair at Woolworth's, I managed to drag my skirt down lower. As I did so, I saw that the two



*When I tried to throw open the window, it was locked.
Inside, the curtains were iron bars.*

fellows Greta had pointed out to me were really watching us.

This thrilled me; but at the same time, I saw big Frosty, the bouncer, who stood near the door to watch that every one behaved right, was watching us too.

"Be careful, Greta," I laughingly warned her. "Frosty's got his eye on us."

"Oh, that big stiff!" she retorted angrily. "He gives me a pain."

But I rather liked Frosty. He was so big and strong

and often had such a kindly twinkle in his eyes. I knew he had been overseas and wounded in the war, and decorated for bravery in action. He never paid much attention to any of the girls, though they all tried their best to flirt with him. I sometimes wondered why he was there, just as a bouncer in a Chinese restaurant. Somehow he seemed fashioned for bigger things; but of course, I never got the chance to ask him any questions.

"Say, I do believe you're soft on that Frosty!" Greta exclaimed.

"I think he's all right," I answered; but I could not help blushing.

"WELL, I never! If you're not as red as your dress," she laughed, and I straightened my tomato-red silk as the music stopped and we went back to our table.

It was almost time for us to get ready to go to the show; but as the rest began to start off Greta pulled at my sleeve and said for us not to hurry.

"Those two fellows want to meet us," she whispered excitedly. "Let's wait till Minnie and the bunch have gone. They'll come and talk to us, I bet. That is if that old Frosty don't freeze them off. No wonder they gave him that name. It just suits him. That man's about as human as an iceberg."

I could see that Frosty was watching our two friends.

When all the others had gone, Greta and I went out to the ladies' room to powder up and somehow in the crowd about the mirrors I lost sight of my chum. When I went outside to look for her I found her standing in the back of the place talking to those two fellows she had noticed before. As I came up the taller of the two smiled and said, "Hello, Dimpled Knees!"

I was annoyed at him being so fresh; but I said nothing.

"Say," he whispered leaning over to me. "I'll hand it to you baby, you have the prettiest pair of knees I think I ever saw."

"If you don't mind," I said coldly, "We don't need to discuss my—knees."

"Oh, I say, chilly, aren't you?"

Greta and the other fellow were a couple of paces off. This chap seemed to have sort of cornered me. I wanted to escape him; but he stuck like a leech. Looking up, I felt that Frosty was watching us.

"Please, I must go," I said. "We've theatre tickets and I don't want to be late."

"Yes, so your friend said, that you girls had seats for a show; but she's promised to meet us afterwards and we'll go somewhere and have a bite to eat and a dance. I notice you're some little fox trotter and you don't do a mean Charleston either, Dimpled Knees."

"I told you to cut that out," I said with some heat.

"If you didn't want to have me see them, why wear the skirts so short?"

There was something about this fellow that I did not like. He was just a little too smooth and oily in his talk.

He was well dressed and not ugly at all. His face looked as if when he went to be shaved he let the barber go the limit and do everything he could to him from a scented shampoo to a hot towel massage. His skin was too blue and white, and unconsciously I compared his appearance with that of big Frosty, whose face was rough and hard and strong-looking as a granite mountain. That, I



The small room seemed full of policemen.

reflected, was the way a real man should look, not like this cake-eater.

But he was a man, some one to dance and kid with, and a girl gets tired of sticking around with other girls all the time.

"We're to meet the boys after the show," Greta said to me in much excitement as we found our seats in the

theatre. The curtain had already gone up and in the darkness Greta whispered: "Isn't it great? I think we've both made a hit. My boy friend seems stuck on me already. His name is Willis, he told me. Harry Willis, and your beau is George Greenwich. And did you see the way old Frosty lamped us as we all were talking together?"

"Oh, Dot," Greta said in the

READ The Cross-Tie on page 24. It is a prize-winner in the big SMART SET contest. You will find it fascinating—but entirely different from the first-prize story which appeared in the June issue. The Cross-Tie carries the spirit of the North Woods.



"You ain't got nothing on us," the ruffian said. "Those two janes came here of their own accord."

intermission. "I do hope something comes of this. I like that Willis. I could get to like him a lot. I've nearly three hundred dollars saved ever since I've been working, that's five years now. I wish he'd ask me to marry him."

"Say, Greta, hold your horses! Why, you don't know a thing about that fellow, and here you are raving about marrying him! Did you tell him you have that money?"

"No."

"Well, don't."

Some instinct warned me to give my chum this advice. But it was no use. As soon as I saw her with that fellow I knew she was hit hard. Her eyes never left his face and she fairly clung to him as they danced together.

My fellow, George, seemed to like me pretty well. He seemed to have plenty of money, and he spent it freely. He was the one who shelled out for the dances at Jazzland and for the soft drinks. But he had a bottle on his hip and he insisted that we girls drink real high-balls.

I had sense enough not to take but two small drinks, but Greta was lapping it up like a silly fool. I tried to tell her to be more careful, but she told me I was a prig and a prude.

WE DANCED and danced. George was a wonderful dancer, and being in his arms, held so close in that warm dance hall, kind of did something to my brain. I found myself liking him better as the night wore on, and when he insisted on calling me "Dimpled Knees," I no longer resented it or scolded him for being too fresh. Perhaps it was the high-balls that made everything seem so jolly, and full of fun; for now I laughed at everything he said, and when he kissed my neck I only pushed him aside, instead of slapping his face as I should have done, had I been myself.

"Willis and I have a nifty little apartment, I'd like to show you girls," George said to me as one o'clock came and Jazzland was going to [Turn to page 88]

The MAN I Couldn't Marry



The negro woman eyed us with disfavor. What secret was she hiding?

feature writers, the linotype operators, the proof readers. The hum of this busy newspaper office was very soothing to my jazz-maddened senses, and I soon made it a practice to take my noon meal every day in the big white lunch room. I loved to come in late and edge myself into the fullest table.

At first they were rather shy of me; I was the child of the owner and as such, perhaps not to be trusted fully. At first they would grow quiet when I came and set my tray down. But as the months went by, they came to accept me as one of themselves, to tell me their joys and troubles, to dub me a good scout, a regular fellow. I came to revel in a joy of companionship I could never have shared higher up in the world.

It was here that I first met the mocking eyes of Sam Tarrant, directed my way one dusky autumn afternoon. I re-

WHEN I was twenty-two, Sam Tarrant broke my heart. I was born to wealth and position, but before I was twenty I had learned the futility of the life I lived. I took to frequenting my father's big newspaper office and here I made friends with people who interested me immensely; people who worked for their daily bread; people who did things.

I came to like them all—the police reporters, the

member it well, for outside the leaves were swirling along the pavement with that dry scraping sound unlike any other sound I have ever known. Sam had come on the *Sentinel* the day before as a special assignment man. He was terribly handsome and had a dark-browed intensity about him—a frowning scrutiny—and a teasing lift to his eyebrows with it all, that set him apart. I knew instantly that he was asking who I was, and why.

*I KNEW Sam Had Broken Three Hearts; yet
I Felt All Resistance Ebbing Away as He
Told Me I Was the Only Girl He Had Ever
Really Loved.*

Then he looked over at me again and smiled deliberately. I felt the queerest tingle along my backbone; the oddest throbbing in my throat. I took up a glass of water and sipped it slowly, and before I had swallowed twice Sam was beside me, inquiring in a mocking gentle voice, if he might share our table too.

An unaccountable trembling seized me. I remember even now, after all these years, the difficulty with which I set the glass of water down again. Something inside of me was singing out loud—I felt it fairly shouted in my eyes: "I love this man! I love this man! I love this man!"

And Sam knew it too. He knew it because he had played those same tricks on so many other women and had seen the same shouting look in their eyes. His own eyes were the eyes of a conqueror. Before the meal was ended, Sam was holding my trembling, eager fingers under the table, and I didn't care that all the reporters knew it too. That was the way Sam affected me—and other women—like strong and heady wines. But I didn't know that then.

I TURNED my mind and soul and body over to Sam Tarrant as completely as if I were his slave. He could move me with a word, a whisper, a look. He could ask the most impossible things of me, and I did them unthinkingly and without question. At first, the men on the paper tried to talk some sense into me, but I ignored them. They hinted that Sam had numerous amours and liaisons; they said openly that I was too good for him, but it didn't bother me in the least. I loved Sam. That one fact shut out all the clouds from my horizon and left only a clear and shining sky.

The reporters soon ceased to speak to me about his short-comings. Instead they rallied around Sam and tried to make him be faithful and constant to me. I

knew that they were doing that, because Sam told me. And he laughed his dear, delicious, deep laugh that made me want to bow down and worship, when he said it, so I laughed too, and considered it a capital joke.

"You don't mind the other women, do you, sweetheart?" Sam demanded. "They're just—well, just little old wild women that don't amount to a—thing in my young life. But you—you are my white moon-princess, my beautiful, my wonderful one! Nobody else really matters but you, and you know it, don't you?"

I did know it. It was something down inside of me,



Sam turned from me, burying his face in the pillow. "I hate you for seeing me like this. Go away and leave me alone!"

that irrefutable facts could not down. I loved Sam, and I knew Sam loved me—nobody else but me. So the other women did not matter.

And when Bill Anson, who had proposed to me three times before Sam ever came to the *Sentinel*, tried to guide Sam into a path of more rigid decorum, to urge him lightly along the highway of constancy for my sake, Sam laughed at him—eluded him, rode over his reasons, his brown eyes victorious with impudent laughter, his brown hair rumpled as if some woman had mussed it with loving fingers. Sam always looked like that. It made my heart ache with the arrogant beauty of his being. So many women had loved Sam before me; so many would yet love him—but not after me—with me.

For he had never tried to deceive me for one minute, not even at the very first. He never tried to play up his better nature, if he had one; never promised me any reformation for his way of living. It was as if he were a god and knew it; knew that he conferred favor on a woman when he singled her out, and that one act was enough—or should be. I never dreamed of asking Sam for any more than just that.

Then suddenly out of a clear sky, Sam left the *Sentinel*—left town. One day, I was with him, laughing at his arrogant attraction; the next day, his desk was vacant, and Sam was gone. The same protective office barrage that had tried to prevent me from loving Sam, now tried to prevent me from discovering why he had gone so suddenly to Blue Pines, but I knew almost instantly that it was a woman. Wherever Sam went there were women—all kinds and conditions. Bill had said something like that to me once at the first. Now, when he learned that I meant to go to Blue Pines to see Sam, he became brutally desperate, and spoke of things men do not as a rule speak to women about. He thought to sicken me, but I was too desperate and miserable myself to listen or to care. My sun had gone out and the world was black. Sam had been in Blue Pines three long, miserable months—and I was going.

"Oh, what does it matter?" I burst out passionately. "I'm going anyway. I don't care what he's done. It's terrible being with Sam, I'll admit; but being without him is just plain hell. I'll even marry him this time—that is, if he'll ask me again. It's no use telling me he's a rotter, Bill. You see, I know it already. But it doesn't help matters any by knowing it. I love Sam."

"WELL," said Bill patiently, "All right, Corinne. Go along if you must, then. It's not for me to say. But promise me that if—if things don't come out right—if you need a helping hand—that you'll remember Hilton Baines is on the opposition paper. He's a good scout and dependable, and a good friend of mine. I'll write him." I promised Bill I'd call on Hilton if I needed help. And I thought, smiling a little, to myself, what a pity it was that I couldn't have loved Bill. But then, life is like that—we all make grotesque grabs after



A little gasping voice demanded fiercely, "What—what are you doing to my sweetheart?"

happiness, expecting to hold it when we find it.

I wrote Sam I was coming and to meet me. Then I packed my bag, took a big letter of credit from my father, and left home, presumably to attend a house party in Careyton by-the-sea. I rode all night, and I didn't close my eyes. I kept seeing Sam before me; Sam, laughing at something I had said; Sam, holding my fingers against his lips and kissing each one slowly; Sam, tilting back my head to look in my eyes; Sam, his arms about my knees on the floor beside my chair, telling me in those husky, beautiful words of his, that he loved me. I floated on a dream made up of Sam, and arrived at Blue Pines next morning radiant with eagerness.

I scanned the platform quickly. Sam was not there. I waited a few minutes, and still he did not

ANOTHER great exposé story will appear in the August issue. You will be shocked to learn how close it comes to hitting the richest people in the world. Even royalty has come in touch with it. Read *Caught in My Own Trap* in August SMART SET.



I ached with a longing to gather that rumpled head close against my heart.

come. "He could not have gotten my letter," I thought, and climbed into a taxi hurriedly. At the hotel, I called the *Clarion* office before the bell-hop closed my door. I was frantic to hear Sam's voice.

"I want to speak to Mr. Tarrant," I said eagerly to the man who answered. "Mr. Sam Tarrant."

THERE was a pause—a heavy pause. Then: "I'm afraid he can't come to the phone."

I cleared my throat.

"Is—is he busy?"

"No," with drawling slowness, "he's not busy."

The thrumming of a busy office on the wire while the man waited.

"Is—is he sick?" I asked, hardly breathing.

The voice seemed amused at this. "No, he isn't sick," he said.

A fear seemed to reach out and grab my heart.

"Is—is he drunk?" I demanded. Oh, I had to know!

The voice seemed to gather my fear, and it softened. "No, he's not drunk," it said, more considerately.

"Well," I went on stubbornly, "is there another woman there?" You see, I know Sam very well.

"No, there's no woman," said the voice. "You call back in about thirty minutes. Perhaps he can come to the phone by then."

I waited centuries while the watch on my wrist ticked off that terrible half-hour. I had canvassed the catalogue of all of Sam's known sins, and I hadn't made contact yet. There was something wrong with Sam, though. That fact seemed to hit me determinedly. At last the time was up, and I spoke the number into the telephone quaveringly. The same voice answered, drawlingly indistinct. Mr. Tarrant? Well, perhaps he could speak now. Ages of buzzing sound—an unsteady breathing—Sam's voice, heavily blurred.

"Hello."

I wet my lips.

"Sam?" I said.

"This is—this is Mr. Tarrant speaking."

"Sam," I said, "Sam, it's Corinne."

Silence. Then again: "This is Mr. Sam Tarrant speaking."

"Sam, snap out of it," I said to him sharply, fearfully. "This is Corinne, Sam."

More silence. Then the receiver fumbled clumsily back on the hook . . . the steady hum of an empty wire. I bit my lips hard to keep from crying, and walked up and down the room, trying to think. I hated mystery like this. If Sam didn't want me—didn't love me any more—why hadn't he wired me not to come? Or written that he didn't want to see me? Here I was, a stranger in a strange town, no one to turn to, and no place to go. I could take the evening train back home, but I couldn't explain my sudden return to my parents, and I was in no mood for dissimulation. I wanted to cry. And then I knew deep in my heart that I could not leave Blue Pines until I had seen Sam face to face, and heard him say with his own lips that he no longer loved me. What should I do? How to go about my investigation of his strange conduct? Hilton Baines—that was it! Hilton Baines on the other paper.

I tried to make my voice sound matter-of-fact when I got Hilton on the line. Did he [Turn to page 106]

Footsteps in the

*Dragon-Adorned
Breathed Warmth
— but Behind
were Cold, Hard,*

DID you ever notice that with strange and fantastic things happening around us every day, we never actually believe that they are real, or that they might happen to us, just as easily as to others? Girls vanishing, for instance. How impossible it seems that you or any one you know could disappear, or be snatched away. It's just a practical, every day world, till the incredible thing happens, as it happened to me.

If it hadn't been for an alley-cat, and a cowboy who came to 'Frisco to find a runaway girl, and a policeman, I might be—even now I can't bear to think of what I might be! One of those sinister, tragic, creeping women's figures that haunt disreputable doorways at night. Or dead perhaps. Or worse—just wiped out of my world as if Mary Hogan had never been—a story without an ending.

It was five years ago. I was nineteen, and alone in San Francisco — beautiful, luring, mysterious 'Frisco, as it seemed to me then, rising in its strange, twisted way, above the sea, half-foreign and full of the treacherous romance of the unknown.

It was the first city I had ever seen. I had been brought up on the colorful, wind-swept spaces of the Circle X, my father's cattle ranch in Wyoming. I knew men, I knew horses, and the sun-drenched prairie with its limitless vistas. The rough, care-free life had given me plenty of self-reliance, mixed with a touch of adventurousness, inherited from my father. Dad had found all the excitement he wanted, fighting men and nature in building up the Circle X. He couldn't understand why I found life on the ranch narrow or monotonous. But I did. I was filled with a restless curiosity about San Francisco, and I kept begging him to let me go there, and "do something."

One night, we had a bitter scene. I had entreated him to let me go for a while, and "see something of life besides a lot of cowboys and these four



We formerly had Chinese servants; now I found myself waiting on an Oriental.

Fog

Curtains and Beauty, Them All Steel Bars

walls." Dad was furious.

"I'll not hear of it—not till I can go with you," said my father.

"I could get a job."

"Job! What sort of a job? You've a fine home here, and plenty to do, and protection. What more does a decent girl want?"

"Oh, Daddy." I complained, "you don't understand."

"I understand this much, Miss: you can't have a penny from me if you leave this roof!"

Now, I'd show him how dependent I was! I said nothing then, but the next day, riding with Larry, I confided to him that I was going away. Larry Miller was foreman on the ranch. He was a tall, bronzed, handsome young fellow, his thick fair hair bleached to taffy-color by the sun, his far-sighted blue eyes as steady as a hawk's. I was awfully fond of Larry. He had been like an elder brother to me since he had come to us, four years ago. Dad thought the world of him: he could ride anything that had a mane, and he had a fine way with the boys because he was fair.

But to my surprise and disappointment, Larry was against me, too. He sided with father and said it was a crazy idea. I laughed away his objections at first.

"You're as narrow-minded as Dad. You can't see how a girl can want any life of her own."

"No, Mary, it's not that," said Larry, earnestly, "but you're too young, and too pretty, to be on your own in a strange city, especially a town like 'Frisco. Men——"

"I guess I can look out for myself!" I flared back.

Larry didn't answer. We were riding side by side, in



I whirled to run, but a powerful grip had suddenly pinioned my arms.

the late afternoon, following a draw that angled back toward home, through the Cisca canyon. The sun was slanting down athwart a single cloud, its center storm-purple, its edges bright with gold. Near us a little wind shook a clump of quaking aspens to quicksilver. On the same impulse we reined in to look back at the painted splendor of the mesa, shining rose and copper in the luminous air.

"Gosh, there's nothing compares with that," murmured my companion. "Don't you love it, Mary?" he added, wistfully.



Help at last! On the other side of the barred window stood Larry and a policeman.

"I suppose I do," I said, my discontent soothed for a moment by the wild loveliness around me, "but I'm tired to death of the same old thing all the time. I want something different from sand and sage-brush and horses."

"I couldn't ever get tired of it," said Larry. He leaned closer to me. "It's like you, all sparkling, and wholesome—all beautiful, Mary! I guess you don't know what——"

At the thrilled change in his voice, and the way his blue eyes darkened suddenly, I felt uneasy. Larry had never spoken to me like that before. I glanced away, but Larry put his sinewy brown hand down over mine, where it lay on the pommel of my saddle. It seemed that he would never speak, and still I was afraid—afraid of what he would say.

"Mary, honey, I've got to say it with you talking like this about going away. I care an awful lot about you. I—" he blushed hotly under his tan. "I love you, away deep down. I have loved you ever since you were a kid. There never will be any one else for me. Couldn't you come, maybe, to think about me like that? We'd be awful happy."

His blue eyes burned down on me, but I would not meet them. I felt at that instant so queerly, terribly drawn to Larry, sitting his sorrel there, so handsome and stalwart, a red handkerchief knotted about his sunburned throat, the sun pouring light across his bent head. But something in me resisted. If I fell in love with Larry, it would mean the end of everything for me—all my hopes and ambitions. Life would just go on forever in the same old way. I couldn't stand it.

"DON'T," I said, with what firmness I could muster. "I'm sorry, Larry. You know I like you a lot, but——"

"But you don't love me?" he asked, drearily.

"N—no." Lucky he didn't see the effort it cost me to say that.

"All right then," he said, and his voice was determinedly matter-of-fact again. "I won't speak about it any more. But this going off to 'Frisco: don't you do that, honey! Your dad's right."

"It's no use our talking about it," I said, crossly because I felt miserable.

But he persisted in trying to dissuade me from my set purpose. When that failed, he put me into a temper by actually offering to throw up his job

on the ranch and go to 'Frisco—just to be near me in case of need. I whirled on him in quick scorn, and Larry, turning scarlet, stammered an apology, and lapsed into a painful silence.

So my first love-affair ended in a quarrel. Well, I could forget that.

Two days later, when everybody was gone from the house except the cook and the house-boy, I took my saddle-horse, Jinny, and my 'money—what little I had—in a black leather purse, and my kit, and rode to the nearest town. I



"Raise your hands, and make it snappy!" I called

didn't have very much money, and I could have sold Jinny for three hundred dollars—enough to support me for a while—but at the last minute, I couldn't. I kissed her black velvet nose, and got a Mexican boy to ride her back to the ranch that night, with a note to my father.

But when I reached San Francisco, I realized how foolish I had been. The city seemed to gulp money. I found a boarding place, with the help of the Traveler's Aid.

But jobs were harder to get, and my funds began

to ebb alarmingly. I didn't know how to do anything, but cook and ride, and I was faced with the sharp necessity of finding work quickly. In desperation I took the first thing that offered, a position as waitress in a chop house.

It was hard work and the hours were late, but respectable enough. Mr. Reed, my employer, was kindly, and willing to make allowances for my inexperience. And oh! the feeling of relief and independence when I paid my landlady her six dollars room-rent, out of my

own earnings that first Saturday night! Now, at least, I wouldn't have to creep home, ignominiously defeated in my venture, to my father and Larry.

So I kept on, but as the days went by, I began to be terribly homesick. I can see myself now—a lonely, miserable, stubborn little figure, plodding on day after day, in a tiresome routine of detested work, my heart yearning feverishly for the dear, familiar things I had left. It was over my own home land now, that Romance spread her glamorous veil. I would have given anything for just one purple sunset over the mesa. I hated the stone streets, crowded and noisy and oppressive, lined with ugly houses squeezed together. And I hated the men in the restaurant; it was true, as Larry had said, they were not like the men I had known. There was something unpleasant about the way they looked at and spoke to me. Dozens of them offered me attention, but I was rigidly on my guard. As for the other girls who waited there, they were not my sort at all, and they were rather unfriendly. Once I overheard them making fun of "that pink-faced cow-girl," and after that, I kept away from them.

No, there was not much fun for me in those first weeks, just a struggle to keep my head above water till I found something better that might be a key

[Turn to page 80]



to Chun Wang. "If you speak or move, this gun will go off!"

I Wanted a THRILL—

O H, WILL nothing ever happen to me?" I thought, as I fumbled, tear-blinded, with the lock of my skylight bedroom door in Greenwich Village and provisioned the surroundings within that would only increase my homesick longings.

Slowly I swung the door inward. And then, blinking tears from astonished eyes, I stared at a tailor's suit-box on the bed.

It must have been brought to my room by mistake. Beyond costly necessities, such as silk stockings, I had purchased nothing for months. But it was plainly addressed to me—Miss Crystal Ross.

*That Lovely New
Dull, Drab Routine
Romantic Life*

"Take your hand off," I demanded. I knew the man on the stairway would protect me.



so I Crashed the GATE!

*Frock Changed my
into a Colorful,*



I picked up the note that had fallen to the floor when I lifted the box:

Dear Crys:

When you get this, Fred and I will be beyond the 12-mile limit. Just a few old rags I didn't want in my new estate. Hope you won't mind my turning them over to you—we're about of a size. It was Fred's suggestion. Funny how you shy little things get noticed by the men.

Affectionately yours,

Gertrude.

"A few old rags"—why, all but the slippers looked brand-new. Down from the clouds—or, to be prosaically exact, from an upper Fifth Avenue hotel to Mrs. Migley's furnished rooming-house on West Eighth Street—had come a complete evening costume—frock of rich, black velvet, severely made, black satin slippers, silk stockings, and gray velvet cape, chiffon-lined and frothed with marabout at the edges.

This gift, so carelessly proffered by my cousin passing through New York on her wedding journey, had a magical effect. I interpreted it as a sign that at last something was going to happen. Surely, there must be an occasion for all this loveliness.

Soon I was clothed in it. A small, slender figure, naively preening myself before the tipped mirror; gray eyes wide and shining at the immature allurements exploited by the demurely daring frock.

Less than an hour earlier, in the poetry class, I had heard the professor advise a motley collection of literary aspirants—"Do not shrink from life. Go out and meet it. It is only by knowing life in all its facets that you can express it in art."

His dry, didactic tones had deadened the impact of the suggestion. But now the words returned to me, pulsing with significance, and the illogical streak of audacity inherent in my rather diffident nature suddenly asserted itself.

"I'll just walk around the block and see what happens," I thought, and flung the velvet cape about me with the reckless gesture of a feminine d'Artagnan.

There was no one in sight along the dim length of the block, but around the corner the lights flared bright and I heard a raucous voice calling—"Taxi—here you are, mister—taxi!"

"Oh, dear—I wish I could go somewhere," I thought.

A MAN in evening dress lurched around the corner. He passed so close to me that I barely escaped physical contact as he passed mumbling something. I did not catch the words, but shrank from him and hurried on. Looking back as I turned the corner, I saw that he was retracing his steps and coming toward me.

Heart in my mouth, I stepped toward the taxi at the curb.

"Yes, miss." The driver leaped down and opened the door; and before I had quite recovered my wits—I was seated inside.

"Where to, miss?"

"Why—" I mentioned the first nearby place I could think of—"Gramercy Park, please."

"Oh, sure—Tod's Ball!" He grinned, slammed the



Behind my employer stood—my mysterious rescuer in the night club adventure!

door, jumped quickly into his place, and off we went.

"Tod's Ball!" Through the maze of my excitement I strove to recall that name. Finally I remembered that I had heard it discussed by one of the gay Bohemian crowds I liked to watch while eating my spaghetti and salad in a Greenwich Village basement known as "Polly's." The poster-girl in purple tam and orange smock had remarked, in her high, whinnying voice—"I'll try 'most anything once—but not Tod's."

Whereupon, the copper-haired boy with the hollow, flushed cheeks—the one they all called "The Seraph" had declared loudly his intention of attending and, looking straight at quiet little gray-clad me, had added, "I'll bet the little gray mouse over there *dasn't*."

His cheerful young impudence was not offensive, but

overcome by shyness, I had quickly sought escape from the battery of laughing eyes turned upon me.

Evidently Tod's Ball was no place for a "little gray mouse," and I felt almost as timid as one, right now. The courage born of my audacious impulse was fast oozing. However, I could pretend to the taxi-driver that I was going there and then walk home. And for just a few blocks I could pretend to myself. I leaned back luxuriously against the cushions and snuggled down in my sumptuous wrap.

The prosaic item of cab fare did not intrude upon the pleasant confusion of my mind until just as my Cinderella coach drew up before a brilliantly lighted house facing the park. Then I realized several things—all in a flash! I had no money with me, and one scared glance

at the taximeter informed me that I had not enough at home to pay both ways if driven back for it. And Mrs. Migley was out.

I desired, most earnestly, to sink through the cab floor, but remained stable, very much in the flesh, and tongue-tied with embarrassment, while the chauffeur held open the door. Then slowly, very slowly, I stepped out.

The house door opened. A waltz melody floated out. And, as it were, on the wings of the melody, the copper-haired Seraph from Polly's ran down the high stone steps.

"By all that's jolly—if it isn't the Little Gray Mouse!" he said. "Come on—this is my dance!"

"I—I'm glad you remember me," I stammered, with the temerity of desperation, "because I—forgot my purse."

"OH-HO!" The boy looked disconcerted. Was the Little-Gray-Mouse a bandit in disguise? "If you haven't come *too* far," he hedged cautiously, "I can make that all right."

"Seventy cents," drily stated the chauffeur, "providin' I don't waste no more time."

Obviously relieved, the boy dug down in his trousers pocket. "Here, my man," he said grandly, handing the chauffeur a dollar bill. "Buy yourself some Argentine bonds with the change."

"Now, come on, Mouse!" All his gay impudence restored he snatched my hand and began fairly pulling me up the steps.

"Oh, but I'm not—really—" I tried to explain but The Seraph would not let me. He dragged me along so fast that I lost my breath. I had read of people "crashing the gate" where they weren't invited. It was the last thing I would ever have thought I'd do. And for all I knew, "Mr. Tod" might be number one of the social Four Hundred. But when I heard that *music*—the last barriers of my resistance were swept away on a wave of madness.

"Just throw your cape down anywhere till this one's over," urged the insistent youth. "It's too good to miss."

He it was, really, who threw the lovely cape "down anywhere." This Seraph was a strangely forceful angel for one of his delicate appearance.

In a moment we were on the floor of a large ballroom—two drawing-rooms in an old mansion, thrown together—and I became instantly absorbed in correctly following my partner, for I was not familiar with the latest steps as danced in the east.

A GRATIFYING tribute to my success was soon forthcoming. "Little Wing-Foot," breathed The Seraph in the ear just below his chin, "I could dance with you forever!"

I had felt somewhat abashed by the daring insufficiency of Cousin Gertrude's frock, but it was a nun's robe of modesty compared with what I saw at Tod's. While guilty of staring round-eyed at a highly accentuated blonde in a transparent wisp of shaded lavender, I saw the girl's swartly handsome, husky partner lift her by the waist, fling her over his shoulder, and run off with her, limp and laughing.

Soon the fellow was on the floor again with a vivid brunette in yellow, and as he passed us in the dance he said softly, "The next one is mine, little wildflower."

I really had something between my blonde boyish bob and big gray eyes that functioned sensibly for my age, and this something warned me—"These people aren't your kind—you can't even count on their decency. Better slip away before you're sorry."

But when, failing to elude the enthusiastic Seraph by strategy, I insisted on leaving, my cape could not be found in the foyer.

"It's been put away in the dressing-room, probably," he said. "You can get it in a sec. But first let's have a drink. Aren't you perishing [Turn to page 118]"



Bill McNair held me close now—as close as I wanted him to.

ELINOR

GLYN



says:

“Let

Elinor Glyn
—the world's
authority
on love.



These American girls of foreign parentage are kept by their parents as strictly as though they were still in Italy or Poland.

A VERY interesting state of affairs has been revealed in response to my last two articles about the leisure-mate and the work-mate. The vote for the leisure-mate is positively overwhelming—the large majority preferring to be the men's *pleasure* rather than their *interest*.

But several have digressed from the concrete into the abstract, and have talked and written upon irrelevant matters which still have some slight bearing upon the main issue, notably a group of girls belonging to second-generation immigrants.

These American girls of foreign parentage are kept in by their parents as strictly as though they were still in Italy or Poland—they are obliged to be in at seven in the evening, and only once a week go to a movie, and no young men hanging about are tolerated! These girls do not seem wicked or fast; they are merely burning with rebellion at being forced to follow customs which are as obsolete in this country as that in which they were born.

And this takes me into a train of psychological investigations. There is nothing so foolish as sticking to fashions, customs, or methods of bygone days—because they would not have become “bygone” if they had not ceased in usefulness. If customs are suitable to the time and place they remain automatically, like certain moral laws of integrity, and certain practices of decency and modesty—these do not become old-fashioned. But this instinct of almost cloistering women; of using feudal rights over them, is as grotesque in our ideas as prehistoric animals would be in our streets.

The instincts were bred by the exigencies of the times. The women *had* to be protected from lawless brigands, and outrages of savages—and so, gradually, men assumed absolute command over their bodies and actions. And whatever the poor creatures obtained beyond men's permission, had to

be gained by cunning versus force. What wonder if there remains always this quality of cunning at the bottom of the sub-conscious minds

*Teach Them to Stick to
the Basic Virtues—
to Natural Self-Respect
—then*

Them Go!"

of twentieth century girls? Every time force is used against *inclination*, cunning asserts itself, and combats the tyrant, discovering a way to outwit him.

All around them are the ways of freedom. Their friends are free, and show it in their speech and action; so is it likely that Bianca or Mitzi are going to accept slavery meekly? In a country where custom gives complete freedom of choice to women, the only way to control them is to teach them when young enough a clear sense of values, so that they themselves will be their own chaperones. Then all is well—for after all, if the parents have done their duty, the daughters ought to be sensible enough to protect themselves.

If they are naturally vicious, no laws will hold them. If they are virtuous and simply ignorant of evil, then they are the prey of whatever man is about when a nature urge surges up in them—but whose fault is it?

CERTAINLY the blame lies with those who ought to have instructed them and safeguarded them by giving them knowledge of the law of action and reaction. "When you go to Rome, do as Rome does," is an excellent maxim. Stick to your instinct for right, truth, and honor, and to the law of spiritual propriety, and then go with the times. Dance the dances which are being danced; you need not put into them extra sex or meaning. Follow the custom of going out with young men alone. Wear the garments of fashion if every one else is wearing them, so that you are not eccentric. Go with the *times*, in short, and if you have natural self-respect and your parents have done their duty, you will not come to any harm!

One very instructive letter is from a girl who has lived in a luxurious home—has had everything she wants and complete freedom. Her sentiment is that she "does not mean ever to let any
[Turn to page 94]



"She does not
want to be
bad; she just
wants to be
free!"

"—and I Learned about Men from Him!"



Ray was Rich;

I was Poor!

Couldn't I

Win Him

if I Played the

Snob and

Turned my Back

on my

Family?

"Miss Martin," my employer said, "allow me to present my son, Ray."

USUALLY, I enjoyed breakfast more than any other meal, for then it was my privilege to look my family over; and bully them good-naturedly, and love them a great deal. But this morning, they got on my nerves. I could see only what appealed to me as the sordid side of their natures.

Had they always been so crude? Was it my year at the state university, where I took a business course, that had changed my easy-going approval of their manners? In my heart I knew it wasn't that! Dad complained of his rheumatism when really he was no worse off than Mother. Jim gobbled his food. Avis was pert and slangy.

"Oh, Dad, if you had only *studied* when you were younger! You would be something now besides just a

plain carpenter. You could be in a warm, clean office, instead of out in the sawdust and plaster." I told him impatiently.

"The greatest Man in the world was just a 'plain carpenter'," Mother put in, and patted Dad's shoulder as if he were the Prince of Wales himself, in person. "Don't belittle your father's work, Winifred."

I felt ashamed and unhappy and miserable. I resolved that I would conquer this sudden critical streak if it killed me, and then . . . I saw that Avis had on my new lace collar-and-cuff set, that I had looked for in vain for precious minutes. It was the last straw. I pushed back my cereal untasted, and glared at my young sister, with all the venom she occasionally arouses in me.

"You know I never have anything new and pretty

like the other high school girls, Win Martin!" she pouted. "And you get a whole salary of your own to do with just as you please! I think you're stingy to act mad just because I borrowed your lace to cover up my shabby dress!"

The little thing was so pretty, so appealing, that ordinarily I would have melted at once and have given her my set. But this morning a fairly devilish mood of self-pity and hardness urged me on.

"Such children! Spoiled, and selfish, and rude! Jimmy, for mercy's sake, sit up and don't endanger our lives with your sharp elbows, and your own, with those enormous bites you choke down. Do eat decently!"

"Oh, w'at a peeve!" Jim alternately squeaked and croaked—his voice was changing, and he was at the most unattractive stage of boyhood. "Yuh must have a new sweetie, or somepin', and the course o' true love is blockaded ahead, by the way yuh act!"

I turned scarlet and ran from the table, and out of the room, stopping only for a hasty peck at mother's cheek. She was pouring her steaming coffee from her cup and swishing it about in the saucer to cool. I hated myself for wishing she wouldn't do it, even while my heart ached for her dear, sweet, patient self.

I wouldn't acknowledge that Jim, with irritating penetration, had hit the nail on the head. It would be too humiliating to admit that I had fallen in love at first sight, with my employer's son, just like all the silly little shop-girls in the movies. Surely, I had more sense and character than that! It was natural, of course, to have

noticed him, but that didn't necessarily mean that I needed to giggle around and look self-conscious and ridiculous like Miss Bascome and Lulu Mason, every time his name was mentioned.

I boarded a city-bound car, and gazing out at the vista of tenement back-stairs and clothes lines, gave myself up to bitter musings. It was only yesterday that this tumult had stirred my soul, and a casual observer would never have dreamed what had brought it to light.

AT ELEVEN o'clock the day before, I took my completed pile of neatly typed sheets, and walked into Mr. Boyd's private office, according to custom. So far, there was nothing unusual nor cataclysmic. But Mr. Boyd had not been alone. A big, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted fellow, with sparkling blue eyes, leaned over the desk, and stopped short in the middle of a hearty laugh, just as I opened the door.

"Good morning, Miss Martin. Allow me to present my son, Ray, just back from our foreign office." And he had beamed and blown his nose and looked as if the Angel Gabriel himself could not have sprung more joyous tidings.

And then had ensued a pleasant little conversation, not a word of which could I recall—I could only listen to them, and think confusedly that it had been just my luck not to have had my marcel reset the evening before instead of seeing Harold Lloyd, and in some way I got myself out of the room without dropping more than half my notes. I couldn't go back to [Turn to page 122]



It was an ideal place for a picnic — and there he poured out his heart to me.

P How I Was unished for being Loyal to my HUSBAND

IT SEEMS impossible that this frightful thing should have happened to us! People come to stare at our home, and pass on, ill-concealed sneers reflected in their faces. We are the object for the morbidly curious. We are the scorn of the righteous, and yet, my daughters and I are innocent of this evil that has shadowed our lives.



"You're a cheat and a liar! Get out!" he yelled.

Our family lawyer, and our one faithful friend, Elmer Hughes, says that there is an easy way out of our predicament. But, we can't take it! As a mother, my conscience would never rest if I did take it. I can't lose what little honor I have left.

We are suffering; paying in agony of soul and actual physical want, through no fault of ours. We are the helpless victims of a ghastly plot.

It hardly seems that there is any justice left in the world, when we are menaced by a power more forceful than life; a power which is within the law and yet makes out-laws of us. It has ruined our home and made our lives desolate.

The whole situation dates back to the fact that in the beginning I was engaged to Edwin Ramsey. I was young. I was not sure that I wanted him. Indeed, I was rather afraid of him. He made love to me so fiercely that I was almost afraid to refuse him, and before I knew it I was tacitly engaged to him.

And yet, if I had not been engaged to Ed, probably I never would have met Will. You see, Will and Ed were partners in the beginning, and after Ed introduced me to his partner, I knew at once that I had met the man that I really wanted to marry, and that my engagement was all wrong. And so I broke it.

It was directly after this that the two boys had a disagreement and dissolved partnership. It happened very quietly. So far as people knew, it was a business disagreement, though I learned later that it was on account of me. Ed, violently jealous, accused Will of flirting with his girl. Will, with a sense of fine loyalty to the man who was his partner, and whom he regarded as a friend, indignantly denied any such intention. Nevertheless, as soon as the partnership was actually broken up he came to see me, and before long I had promised to be his wife. This time there was no uncertainty about my wishes in the matter.

From then on, Will and Ed were business rivals. Will sold out his share of the business to Ed, and then set up an establishment of his own. But Ed was a fighter. He surely was a mean fighter—a fighter until his death, and even after that! For it was then that he struck his most terrible blow—from the grave.

And yet, up to the moment of that blow, Will in his



Meeting his glassy stare unflinchingly, I commanded: "Let me go!"

natural kindness of spirit bore no real grudge. He fought back, naturally, in the courts and otherwise, but there was no venom in his attitude, as there was in Ed's. Will was too big-hearted to harbor his prejudice for long.

Why, even when we learned that Ed Ramsey was dying from cancer of the tongue, we went to see him in pure pity. We were ready to forget the past. You can understand—the man was dying. He had only a few days or a few weeks to live. We wanted to bury the hatchet. So we went in there, with kindness in our faces, forgiveness in our hearts, and stifling the repugnance to the sickening odor attached to his disease.

And how did he receive us? He only glared at us, as if to ask—what did we want here? Of course, he was unable to speak. But we were to learn that he had not only poison in his mouth but poison in his heart.

"We heard that you were in a bad way, Ed," Will



As my lawyer talked, I saw clearly Ed's terrible revenge.

began. He stopped suddenly, as if Ed had repulsed him.

"We thought—er—that we would like to be friends, now at least," I said.

But he turned away from us with a kind of a sneer—a sort of snarl in his throat, and wrote in a scrawling hand on a pad of paper.

"Oh, hell—I'm not through with you yet!"

He tossed the pad over to our side of the table, then practically turned his back on us. The devil! I am sure that I flushed red. I could have killed him, dying though he was. But Will, like a simp, was still able to make allowances for the man's suffering. Will even said to me later that the man was not himself. I think, on the contrary, that he was very much himself, in that respect running true to form, as they say. Anyway, Will stood there still trying to say some silly friendly thing, but I jerked him by the arm and took him away.

The significance of that little note, however, we were to learn later.

I suppose Ed would never have been such a bitter rival and competitor of Will if it had not been that the two had started out as friends and partners in the little music and phonograph shop on the main street. But when Will rented a place and went into business for himself in the same line, Ed acted as if Will had no right to do so. Of course, Ed had the start, since the other business was already established and going, and Will had an uphill road. Also, Ed had an advantage in selling a make of phonographs and records that was so well advertised, the leading make. But Will was undaunted, saying he could sell other makes on the theory that they

were better, and he thought lots of people wanted something else just to be different. But Ed had an advantage in still another way, and that was a better location. Then the business section built up very rapidly around where Ed was located. Will only said he was glad he didn't have to pay Ed's high rent. In this rivalry between them, you see, Will had the advantage in winning me, but Ed was the successful one in making money. In that, Ed had pure luck, Will always had bad luck.

TOO, Ed inherited some money from his uncle. This uncle was an eccentric character. He committed suicide in a violent and horrible way by jumping over a precipice into the quarry, two hundred feet down. Ed's own father died in the insane asylum some years before, and his mother died when he was born, so that he had no brothers or sisters. After this uncle died, Ed had not a relative in the world. People used to wonder what he would do with his money, with no one to leave it to. However, when Ed inherited this money from his uncle he was able to put new fixtures in his store, buy a fine new stock, including sheet music, saxophones and band instruments, and fix his place all up. I don't think that people liked him so much.

I used to go and help Will in the store. When Jane, our older girl, was big enough, she did so too. Later Ed had his choice of the radio manufacturers. And so it went. Ed was soon able to buy the building he was in and the shacks next door to him, covering several lots. Later he sold those extra lots for a fortune, and beautiful buildings were put up there. Then [Turn to page 98]

My Vacation Boy-Friend

Two Weeks of Hotel Luxury away from the Office *Two Weeks in which to Meet my Prince Charming*
—and then—

"YOU may draw my bath, Marie, and serve the coffee. Have the water tepid and don't be sparing with the salts."

There wasn't any Marie, but it was a day to make you dream. I turned languidly on my pillow, staring through the window at the sunny vista of wood and meadow which made up the grounds of the summer hotel.

Two weeks belonged to me. Two weeks without forcing myself out of bed at the strident command of the alarm-clock; a period of play, and rest, and dreams. It was so sweet to be alive and young! There was only one unkind thought on the horizon,—one day was gone and there were only thirteen more!

Such a little while and then I'd be back at my typing again for Mandel, of Mandel and Blitz, Coats and Suits, the best for the least! But for these two weeks I intended to enjoy every minute in an atmosphere of luxury. Even the companions I met were to think of me as rich! They need never know—not even my real name.

Better the thrill of two weeks as an heiress, than a whole year on the same gray level of every day life. Thanks to the cut rates of Mandel and Blitz I had as good a wardrobe as any one; little clinging, fluffy things, silken softness which caressed my skin and made me feel the part I was to play. It's funny what confidence my extravagance had given

me. At last, I was going to be one of the élite.

As I entered the lobby and felt the curious gaze of the other guests I felt like a Duchess of Doubt, and determined to be an alluring, intriguing personality because of my very aloofness. For once, I would be one of those rare people who are hard to meet.

The hotel stood on a cliff, high above the ocean that ceaselessly wooed the rocks, sometimes with the passion of the storm, at others soft and gentle as a long caress. Inland from the huge rambling building, stretched carefully kept lawns, fields and gardens, and at their fringe, a few acres of forest whose underbrush had been cleared away.

I was on my second day. The only people I had spoken to, were chamber-maids, bell-boys and clerks. Adventure was yet to arrive. But, sitting conspicuously apart on the wide verandas facing the sea, I dreamed myself ecstatically out of all my yesterdays and into today. I sought to be as one under a self-designed spell of aphasia, in which all past memories were blotted out.

Many pretty girls were about, but men were unhappily few.

I had not gone away to knit and there simply had to be a man in the picture somewhere, somehow.

There was one who seemingly escaped the clutches of the dollared darlings, and who, like myself, sat in solitary grandeur on the



My mad desire to yield battled with the still, small voice of warning.

veranda. He was good-looking, trimly built and about thirty-three or four.

Several times I caught him glancing at me, but I studiously concentrated on the indolent flight of a gull. It wouldn't do to flirt. I was spending money here to avoid being ordinary.

The afternoon wore on and I was fairly well 'sat out.' I pondered whether it wouldn't be smartly modern for me to tramp straight at him and announce that I wanted to talk with him and he'd just have to meet me or run away. I summoned courage to do that very thing but cravenly marched right past him.

The professional hostess had arranged a dance

to be preceded by a treasure hunt. Paper streamers knotted together lay in a maze across the lawn and into the woods, each line numbered at its beginning. The idea was that everybody in the game would draw a number from a hat. At the end of some streamers prizes were to be found.

As each progressed, frequently the lines crossed, bringing people together in laughing nimble-footedness to prevent breaking a streamer which would put the clumsy one out of the game. But the hostess was easily bought and I knew what my treasure would be, so I was careful.

My line ran deep and deeper under the shadowing trees. I was almost alone, my near neighbors having veered off here and there. As I reached a huge oak, my streamer turned sharply to the right where the moon won its way through the varying densities of leaves.

From directly ahead, came the crackle of a twig, but the tree trunks hid from view any approaching form. And then, emerging into clear sight in a lovely glen, I saw my Mystery Man, following his streamer that ended to mate with mine by the side of a whispering spring. He was smiling; I don't think I looked exactly disappointed. [Turn to page 114]



He turned slowly, his lazy gaze upon me. A prisoner of memory! I did not move

mers
into
The
w a
mers

ssed,
lness
the
asily
so I

wing
aving
e, my
noon

, but
orm.
en, I
nded
ring.
isap-
114]



Clothes-ing Time

WHEN the Roulette-Wheel of Fashion starts spinning in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's prodigious production, "Monte Carlo," it will be closing time for everything but your eyes. And why pose lovely ladies on stairways if you're not to stare at them?



HOLLYWOOD



Claire Windsor



IF WE had CLAIRE WINDSOR'S perfect profile, we wouldn't hide it under the big hat she's receiving in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Money Talks."



Patsy Ruth Miller



NOR would we be as glum as GAYNE WHITNEY if PATSY RUTH MILLER were coaxing us in Warner's "Hell Bent for Heaven."

AND we'd make just as good a tackle as WILLIAM HAINES if we were "Brown of Harvard" for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, and if MARY BRIAN was our best girl.



William Haines and Mary Brian



SNAPSHOTS

BEN LYON may be "The Savage" for First National, but we'd like to see the Wild Man MAY McAVOY couldn't charm into a Perfect Gentleman.



May McAvoy



OH, no, JOHNNY HARRON and DOLORES COSTELLO, Warner's "Little Irish Girl," aren't parting forever, not by a "long shot."



Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron

AND why does LEW CODY look so sad, with MARCELINE DAY snuggling up? S-s-s-sh! He saw her on her knees to another man in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Toto."



Marceline Day and Lew Cody



GERTRUDE
OLMSTEAD
practises her
wiles on a me-
chanical doll in
First National's
picture, "Pup-
pets."



This practising
brings perfect
results with
MILTON
SILLS, as is
proved in the
picture at the
left.

A Pretty

Playmate

My Rich Fiance

*Love-Making at 65 Miles per Hour
was Nothing in Murray's Fast Set*



When Mrs. Saunders saw my poor wardrobe, she brought me the daintiest frocks imaginable, with stockings and lingerie.

I WAS a wild imp of the sea whose only discipline had been my father's word, when a little party of scientists boarded the ship at an island port. Murray Saunders had been ill with a fever when he came aboard. As he recovered, we fell hopelessly in love. He was an aristocrat; I was Red Tobin's daughter.

So I came to his country home to be greeted by his mother and mercilessly snubbed by his sisters. My clothes seemed shabby. Everything went wrong, and,

realizing that I never could be happy, I packed my bag and tiptoed down the hall only to overhear the most insulting conversation through a door.

I didn't know who it was and didn't care. It made me so mad I almost choked—and I had been running away! Well, I wouldn't go now—I'd show them!

Bursting in, I let loose all the language I had been struggling to hold back; then, turning, I found myself face to face with Murray's mother.

Part II.

FOR a full minute we stood gazing into each other's eyes. Then Mrs. Saunders' eyes shot fire over my shoulder. My chin began to tremble. I wanted to throw myself in her arms and cry and tell her I was sorry.

I could see the rocks in my dream-castle come crashing down in a great cloud of dust, resounding in my ears like thunder. And Murray standing in the center of it all, his eyes pleading and full of sorrow. I took a step toward the door and I think I swayed a little, for I put out a hand to grasp the frame of the door. I didn't feel like "Red" Tobin's daughter then. I felt like a poor, little ragamuffin being taunted and abused. I lifted my head and my eyes were full of tears. I tried to tell Mrs. Saunders I was sorry, but the words choked in my throat.

Then I felt her arms about my shoulders and I could feel her whole body bristle.

"You don't have to tell me what has happened. I know," she said. "Florine, I'm more ashamed of you than I have ever been before—and that's saying a lot!"

I lifted my head and looked into her face in amazement. She had heard me swearing like a little demon in my rage and she blamed them! She was a friend and all that Murray had said. I began to sob again and unwilling to have them see me, I pushed by Mrs. Saunders, picking up my bag in the hallway. For a moment I hesitated, then I made my way back to my room and sank down on the floor just inside the door. There wasn't anything I could do now but go back with dad.

After a few minutes, I heard a knock on my door. I didn't answer, hoping the intruder would go away. But the door opened and Mrs. Saunders came in without waiting for me to answer.

Without a word she knelt beside me, laid my head on her shoulder and patted my cheek softly. If I had been a stray little mongrel who had been thrown a bone, I would have licked her hand and followed her to eternity! I looked into her eyes and I knew that she understood my thanks, for she said, "There, there, dear, there, there."

And that was all, until a few minutes later when she



helped me to my feet, pulled off my jacket and made me lie down on the bed. She got a towel, saturated it with cold water and held it over my eyes, wetting the front of her dinner gown and not seeming to care a bit.

I held to her hand and after a while she said, "There isn't anything I can say that will be an apology, Marion. There is no apology for such a thing. But I'll make it up to you."

I began to whimper again and said, "They were saying such terrible things about me!"

"I don't believe they will again!" she replied, and her teeth came together with a little click. "Do you know who they were—besides Florine?"

"I didn't even know that one of them was Murray's



So these were Murray's women-friends! The girls strutted like peacocks, and foppish looking men ogled them.

sister until she said those mean things about me!"

"The other two were Nita and Madelyn, Randy and Edmond's wives," she said quietly. "I'm afraid, dear, it is going to be hard for you at first, until you understand and know how little and petty the quarrels of our kind of people are, compared to the life you've known. We have nothing to do, so we prey on each other, snarling and sneering and gossiping, always dissatisfied. I will do everything I can to make things easy for you, but there will be some things I can't do—things you will have to fight and win for yourself."

"Both Randy and Edmond were devoted to their wives, especially Randy. He was madly in love with Nita and could have done so much if she had only given him a little help. He is four years older than Murray, and when they were children they used to be inseparable. Murray followed him about like a little puppy dog, worshipping the very ground he walked on. Nita has even come between them with her jealous selfishness."

"It isn't easy for me to tell you these things, but I want you to understand how foolish it is for you to feel badly about anything they say or do. Madelyn is just the same sort and between them they have managed to make my own daughter Florine one of them—that's the worst of it all."

THERE were tears in Mrs. Saunders' eyes then and I knew how much it was costing her pride to talk to me as she had. She shook her head slowly from side to side and went on.

"There is just one thing I pray for," she continued, "that is Murray's success in his work. I've given up any hope of Randy or Edmond ever doing anything, now. They think they will, but they won't. Nita has an awful price to pay for the things she is doing. She will be the sufferer in the end. What Murray will do is up to you, Marion, if he loves you as he told me he does."



I heard a scream and a crash in the next room. The door suddenly opened, and a girl rushed out.

She stopped again for a moment; then suddenly she said, "Will you come with me now and I'll show you Murray's laboratory. We had it especially built on the rear of this floor."

I smiled, and said, of course, I would go. She led me down the hallway into a little room at the back. The shelves and walls were lined with books, test tubes, microscopes, chemicals, a million things dear to the heart of a naturalist. I wanted to touch everything in the room because it was Murray's.

"Oh, I'll try so hard to be what you want me to and what I want to be myself," I said. "You see, I've never had a mother since I was just a child, and I've always been with dad at sea ever since I can remember. He wanted me to go away to school, but I wouldn't go—oh, if I only had!"

Mrs. Saunders put a finger under my chin and tilted

my head back affectionately, looking deep into my eyes.

"None of that matters in the real things of life, Marion," she said very softly.

"Oh, I know, I know," I cried. "It's all in being honorable and good and sincere. Murray and I talked for hours and hours about his work, and planned trips to every corner of the earth, always together. It seems that it's my work as much as his, and I think that I'll always be happier just with him, than trying to live the sort of a life *they* lead. I couldn't skulk and sneak behind people's backs to hurt them!"

I wanted so much to make her see that Murray was everything in life to me, everything that life could ever be, his work and his dreams coming before everything else. Mrs. Saunders put her hands on my shoulders.

"You will be very happy if you always keep those thoughts before you, Marion!" [Turn to page 102]

How I Regained Her Love

Prize-Winning Letters which Tell
Still More About the Game Called Love

DOES it seem possible that a man would have to deliberately out-manuever an interloping stranger and risk his entire life's happiness just to keep his wife from doing something very foolish?

Does it seem possible that a man should have to break away from a job with a big salary and take a small place so that his wife could find happiness? Doesn't that seem to turn the world of logic upside down?

Does it seem possible that a man with an ordinary amount of intelligence can be blinded to the fact that he has the finest and truest wife in the world, enough to go out and leave her for a sudden infatuation? Doesn't it seem as though he would look farther ahead?

Did you ever hear of adventuring through literature to hold two people together? It

seems new and strange as a cure, but life is full of oddities.

There are many other letters giving reasons we have known in life. Perhaps the most outstanding reason is the one in which two people find their interests in life differing so materially that they drift apart. In such a case, one or the other must take the initiative and start the fashion of compromising for the sake of peace. One of our prize letters tells how his own case has worked out.

These five letters are interesting reading. Their reasoning is sound even though their trend of thought is rather startling. Read them, and you will see how successful marriages are made. They pay wonderful tribute to the wives—and reflect a mighty fine spirit on the part of the husbands.



Intrigue

\$100 Prize-Winner

FOR the past three years I have allowed my wife to go to a fashionable summer resort for the entire summer. It has meant working long and arduously to provide this great delight of her heart, and I have rejoiced in her happiness and my ability to do so. I love my wife dearly; she has always been a companion and, well, while not an actual sweetheart since the cares of the children have taken up her time, still she has been very, very dear to me. So you can imagine with what heartache and unhappiness I learned of her infatuation with a certain young man who occasionally came to this summer resort. I had been surmising her deep liking for this young man but I attributed it to the fact that she desired novelty and a little excitement which I, grown heavy and placid and gray and slightly bald with the years, could not altogether furnish. She would tire of it—she had always been contented with me. Was I not the father of her

two darling boys, whom she seemed to worship?

One week-end, after having noticed her playing tennis with the handsome young man (yes, he certainly had it over me in more ways than one: tall, robust, handsome, young—and you know, the appeal of youth is ever devastating) most of the afternoon, she came up to our room, and with her eyes lowered, she said:

"Daddy, I'm sorry—really I am—but it's no use; going on like this with you is just a farce. My happiness is in Frank's hands—I cannot live without him. I have tried to think of you and my duty to all of you; I know the struggles and hardships you have had to

endure to make a happy home and give me luxuries, but I'm sorry. Happiness, before anything else, comes first. Life is short, and I want to make the rest of my life as happy as I can make it."

With a sinking heart, I questioned her more fully about this [Turn to page 95]

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

How do you like the stories in this issue of SMART SET? Which ones do you like best? We want to get your reactions. How do you like the pictures? The movie sections? Give the reasons why you like or dislike the stories.

Write us a letter and tell us about it. We want your candid opinion, whether it is favorable or unfavorable.

We will give \$25 for the best letter about the July issue, \$10 for the next best, and \$5 for the third best. Contest closes July 15th. The Editors will be the judges.

When Flapper Turns Mother

THESE are trying times for women who wear long hair and short skirts. They find it so difficult to stabilize their opinions of modern youth.

I speak with authority because I am that type of woman.

When the long-haired side of my nature rules, I find the impertinence, egotism and ruthlessness of young people intolerable. When the short-skirt side of me prevails, I fall to admiring their honesty, their sincerity and their capacity for facing facts. But both sides of my warring nature agree on one point. These young things possess certain attributes which will produce a fine lot of parents.

Now, before you utter a long, loud dissent or cast the article aside as unworthy of your august attention, please consider its source. I am not an alarmist nor a reformer, nor yet an

optimist who goes about chanting that "all's well" with the world. I can see many spots in our present social structure which could be improved, but I also see certain signs of progress; material, social and spiritual, which make me glad that I have lived to see this day.

I do not watch youth with the eyes of the woman who has forgotten that she was ever young and impetuous, and who still thinks that a broom is more efficient than a vacuum cleaner because her mother taught her how to use a broom. Neither do I see it as a home-staying mother harassed by the conduct of her one and only daughter. I see it as a professional woman who rubs elbows with young women all day, who visits the public library with them on their way home, who goes to concerts and movies with them by night, and whose feet keep time to their dancing. A woman in fact who thanks her Maker for an understanding heart which wins the confidence of the much discussed flapper.

And out of these confidences I have learned that for all their bobbed hair, lip sticks, syncopated dancing and petting parties, the majority of these young people have firmly determined to do a better job as parents than their mothers and fathers did. The frankness with which they discuss this question before marriage is the most promising sign of all.

"Our problem is just this," said a girl of twenty-four who has recently announced her engagement. "Shall I work and help Jimmy to buy a home for our children, or shall I give up my job, have the children and trust that



"THE flapper of today knows more about the care of children than we mothers of 1900 did," says this noted writer on women's affairs.



"Don't Worry Too Much about Flaming Youth,"

says

ANNA STEESE

RICHARDSON

Jimmy will be promoted and be able to put up the home? Do you think that a wife who works weakens the character of her husband, by lightening his responsibilities?"

Any girl who talked that way before marriage in my youth, would not have been considered "nice." Parenthood was then an accident, not a responsibility assumed with marriage and therefore to be planned for.

Another girl who earns \$60.00 a week, told me that she broke her engagement because the man she was to marry was suspiciously eager to have her retain her job. Not because he wanted her to support him, for he is proud, ambitious and draws a good salary. He offered this reason:

"With your salary and mine we can live in a smart little hotel, join a club, see all that's worth seeing and spend occasional week-ends at Atlantic City. We don't want to bury ourselves in some grubby little flat and count the pennies."

When he had expressed this sentiment in different terms at different times, the girl reached her decision.

"That was not my idea of married life. A single girl with a good salary can buy all the pleasure going. I want a home and babies, but he would not be willing to sacrifice anything for them. I want a father for my children. He wants a mistress who wears a wedding ring."

And yet this girl looks like a flapper, dresses like a flapper, dances like a flapper, and is a flapper!

And now for a glimpse of the flapper wives behind the scenes.

They know more about the physical care of children than we mothers of 1900 did and they practice what they know. In public schools, in community centers; in the state colleges with their practice houses, they are taught how to bathe, dress and feed babies, and they don't forget this training while they tinkle type-



Anna Steese Richardson

writers, sell perfumes, and dance the Charleston.

Three of us were seated on a Boardwalk bench at Atlantic City. The flapper with tangerine make-up on her thin face, the feather rosette on a vivid green garter peeping below her absurdly tight and narrow skirt. Her expression utterly vapid and vacant. A middle-aged, uncorseted, ungroomed, foreign woman, with silver and brass rings on the soiled hand that perpetually jiggled a perambulator. The foreign mother moved on. The tangerine-tinted doll on my right came to life.

"GEE, that woman gave me the willies! Shaking that poor baby like it was one of them spiders on a string. And did yah see what it had in its mouth? A pacifier!" With added scorn—"A fine looking mouth that kid'll have in about six months. It'll look like a rabbit."

"Where did you learn so much about babies?" I asked, "You look so young."

"I am young, but I've got two kids at home. The doctor sent me down [Turn to page 74]

*Armand, Called to the Front, Left His Adored
Julie In My Care . . . Did I Merit His Trust?*

For the Sake of Julie



We embraced each other as comrades.

IF ARMAND FOURCHAMBAULT had been an older man, and a more sophisticated lover, the young poilu would have accepted my living under the same roof with his fiancée with a suspicion as old as human nature.

However, warm, impulsive boy that he was, Armand saluted me as his "*comrade Americain*." We were friends from the first touch of our fingers, a touch that told me his slim hand owned the strength of steel.

From the moment of his arrival on *permissionaire*

from the Verdun front I tried to be worthy of his comradeship and his trust. I tried to drive the desire for Julie Perrone out of my heart and body. I struggled against the lure of her faintly tanned arms; the fullness of her young bosom; and the warm, misty lights that

peered out of her dark eyes. Julie and all of her beautiful lure belonged to my new friend. They had belonged to Armand since their childhood wanderings in the yellow wheat fields; in the larkspur; and in the goldenrod. . . She was his dream girl!

I should have been strong enough not to covet Julie. But, we cannot command love. It commands us!

When I realized that I could not escape her fascination, I began to stay away from the Perrone farmhouse that faced the Sacred Road of France. It was the only decent thing to do.

Three days passed without the sight or sound of her. My yearning to see and hear Julie became a flame, trapped inside of me. It was only the unbearable torture of this flame that drove me back to her house.

I found Armand there—alone. He was standing in the door looking listlessly down the Sacred Road over which Paris taxicabs once rushed the men to Verdun who had said, "They shall not pass." It came as a shock to realize that some of the young Frenchman's enthusiasm seemed dead. A shadow haunted the blue of his eyes, and his voice was not the ardent, eager one he had brought home to Fleury from the front.

"Julie, and her grandmother are in fields helping to harvest the wheat, Monsieur Dinee," he said, pronouncing my name Denny after the fashion of Julie. "Let us go and help them."

The strained quality of his voice charged the summer air with the premonition of something impending. Something that had to do with Julie and the two of us. Had Armand realized what was in my heart for his girl?

We walked away in a silence that deepened with every step. Soon we found ourselves in the stretching field of larkspur and goldenrod—the field wherein Armand had said he and Julie first dreamed of love, and a life together in the beautiful places far-away from the wheat. Armand suddenly turned upon me with the look of a man about to deliver his soul of something he can no longer suppress:

"Do you believe a man can love a woman enough to



"Din--ee!" Julie called to me. I cannot let you go like this. It will kill me!"

desire her own happiness above his own?" he asked, a fierceness in his voice that made me think he had driven himself to ask such a question.

"Yes, Armand." My heart began to beat furiously. For three days I had been vainly trying to snatch a crumb from the happiness I thought Julie felt in her love for Armand.

"*Merci Dieu!*" he blurted. My answer brought him either relief or resignation. For he turned slowly and gazed at the Perrone farmhouse and the field with eyes that seemed to be looking down the years. But his peace passed swiftly. Armand suddenly gripped my arms with passionate strength, then he freed me.

We drew away from each other, both of us panting like two men who have run a long race under heavy loads. Armand, his voice laboring hard, was the first

to speak:

"Dinee—I know that you love her too. If you should ever find you can give Julie her dreams—and her happiness, promise me you will do so. You promise, my friend?" he begged, his tortured lips quivering.

I felt as if I had been stuck again in the side with a Boche bayonet. The strength to cry out left me just as it had done that night at Chateau-Thierry when the knife found me. But, there was Armand begging me to make a promise that seemed the all of everything! "I—I—promise, Armand," I said, driving the words brokenly out of my tightening throat.

A pressure of his hands against mine, and Armand Fourchambault dashed away through the fields of larkspur and goldenrod as if pursued. For moments I stood rooted in my tracks. Then, I turned and hurried toward Fleury where my artillery regiment was billeted awaiting orders.

When I reached the village, the Grande Rue was throbbing with the stirring tattoo of sticks against a drum. The old town crier was calling the people to hear important news. Suddenly he began to read from a long, official-looking paper, his voice charged with all the drama that belongs to a call to arms. All French officers and soldiers on *permissionnaire* in Fleury were ordered back to their regiments! Hell had again broken loose to the north!

I hurried to the town hall so that I could watch the French *permissionnaires* start back over their Sacred Road to meet the enemy who must be threatening somewhere off to the north in that crimson tangle called the Argonne. My thoughts turned to Julie and Armand as I ran. Poor Armand! Only a few days out of hell, and back he must go!

"His going is your chance. You will be left here with Julie. Perhaps you can win her—" I struggled inwardly to stifle the voice of love that was thus tempting me. It was no time for me to think of myself.

Already the camions were drawing up in front of the town hall. The whole village seemed swarming around those trucks, and again a warm thrill surged through me.

"They've started something. But we'll be pulling out for the Front any old time now," said an American as we watched the spectacle with flashing eyes. Somehow this idea brought relief to the feelings swirling in my heart for Julie—for Armand—and for myself.

I went from one truck to another seeking Armand. But, he was not to be seen then. It was not until the first two trucks had been filled and started on their way amid sobbing, cheering, praying, and curses for the enemy, that I found Armand, two heavy bags weighing him down. He was standing alone, though villagers were talking to him. We rushed upon each other like brothers:



Julie tried to smile as I left her there in the church.

"Where is Julie?" I asked amazed that she was not with him.

"I would not let her come. Nor my poor mother. They have both had too much of this sort of thing," he said, waving his arms at the crowd. His voice was low-pitched but he seemed sure of it.

"I have a strange feeling, Dinee, about this going," he went on, "I feel it will be the last time. The end is near. The war cannot last much longer. When it ends, and if—if we come out alive, I will want to see you again some day, *mon ami*, no matter what happens. You, believe me, Dinee?" he almost begged.

"Of course, Armand," was all I could say, for the



"God shall know what is in our hearts," she said.

very truth of his words brought lumps to my throat.

"You know I have served as an observer with American artillery before. Perhaps, who knows? I may again be attached to your armies. If so, I shall ask to be sent to your regiment. What is your number, *mon ami*?"

"The 103rd Field Artillery."

"I shall not forget. And you will remember me——"

A French officer gave a sharp command. It was for the third and last truck to be filled. Armand Fourchambault's young lips came together at the command. There was fire in his eyes.

"We shall cut them down this time, Dinee! We shall

make the beasts pay: 'Make them squeal like stuck pigs and beg for mercy as our men, and our women, have begged it of them. And—*bon Dieu! mon ami*, and we shall give them that same kind of mercy—the bayonet!' his strong-muscled hand flashed to his side as if he were after a long French bayonet. But, he only drew forth a canteen. Unscrewing the top, Armand shoved it toward me with a word that stirred me.

"*P-i-n-a-r-d!*" he said.

I lifted it to my mouth, understanding. But before the wine of a French *poilu* wet my lips I made the gesture of a toast toward Armand. He caught my wrist. Now his voice was strained and hoarse. "Dinee, you do not forget your promise in the field today?"

"No, Armand," I answered, remembering sharply.

"Then, *mon ami*, we drink to—Julie's happiness! Take care of her!" he said.

I swallowed the *pinard*, almost choking as I handed the canteen back and saw Armand Fourchambault turn it up to his trembling lips. Then, with a deliberation I could not have commanded, he quietly screwed on the top, slung the canteen behind him, and gave me his hand.

After a last pressure of our fingers I boosted him into the truck that waited to rush men into the ugly maw of battle. He faced me as the camion rumbled away, waving his horizon-blue cap to the last, just as if he were casually journeying to the next village—and that was the way Armand Fourchambault went back to war.

I MESSED with the battery that night, still clinging to my determination not to go near the Perrone farmhouse again. After those moments with Armand in the field, I was afraid to be with Julie; afraid that I was not strong enough to bear the sweet pain of loving her in silence. Of course I had promised Armand to make her happy if I learned she loved me. But I believe she really loved him, and knowing what had been in his heart for her since childhood, it seemed best for me to go on believing that she did. I did not want to rob him of his dream even if such a thing were in my power.

Perhaps if he had been any other man; perhaps if it had all happened under any other circumstances than those of war, I might have acted differently. But, Armand and his memories of the days when he and Julie had strolled through the goldenrod with their dreams! Armand, and the way the red tide had sucked him back into its sea of destruction and death! These things made it seem best for me to stay away.

However, as the night thickened over Fleury, and I walked from picket lines to gun-park on an inspection tour, the faint call of a voice drifted to me down the Sacred Road of France. Even [Turn to page 92]



"It is your glasses. He is afraid of them," the pretty young woman said.

My Train Romance

A True College Story

THIS is the tragedy that has happened to me. Today, I am insanely in love with another man's wife. She is little, with black shingled hair, and an infant son. And I do not even know her name!

I am supposed to be a sane professor of sociology at the state university. I have never had a thrill about any of the bob-haired co-eds who come to my classes or flit about the campus. They have no distinction. They are about as much alike as peas in a pod.

Until yesterday, I was the abject slave of Mrs. Grundy, and the mate of my dreams was tall and stately, with a wealth of gold hair and a madonna face.

I know now that all my life fate has been dogging my footsteps. Yesterday, it pounced upon me, that's all. I didn't have the merest ghost of a chance.

This is the way it happened: I was returning from a week at the seashore and upon entering the crowded day-coach of my train, I stumbled over a young mother struggling with a sleeping baby, a handbag and several packages. Of course, I awkwardly and apologetically, stooped to her assistance. When I had her and her be-

longings settled, I turned to find every seat taken and gratefully accepted the place that she, somewhat shyly, offered me beside her.

After thanking me prettily, the young mother settled the baby comfortably on her lap, pulled off her hat, dabbed at her hot face with a handkerchief and leaned back wearily against the seat. She managed, by these signs, to convey to me the fact that having served her purpose, I was dismissed. And I, an alleged gentleman, got the idea and indifferently unfolded the morning paper.

Now, the morning paper is as much of a necessity to me as my morning coffee. As I think I explained before, I'm not susceptible to feminine charms. Yet, somehow, I found the paper strangely stale and my eyes kept returning, covertly, to the charming person beside me. She wasn't pretty. Her mouth was entirely too wide, but her nose had the most ridiculous tilt and the ends of her modishly shingled bob curled up distractingly around her thin little face. She was dressed after the latest fashion. I was [Turn to page 74]

The TRAIL of the Yellow Rose

*Out of the Mysterious Past Crept a Shadow
between Amy and Me*

IT WAS during my third week at Brighton College that some one thumped on my door one afternoon as I sat in the window seat overlooking the campus. I shouted "Come in!" The door swung slowly open and a boy with brown, serious eyes entered. That was the first thing you noticed about Sidney Baldwin, his brown eyes.

His face lit with a friendly smile and I got to my feet. He came toward me his hand outstretched.

"My name's Baldwin. Maybe you'll think it odd, but yesterday I got a letter from my father, who said he had seen your name on my class roster. He asked me to look you up and see if you were Raymond Gates' son, class of '84."

"Surest thing you know," I said shaking his hand.

"Well, dad told me to tell you that your father was his best friend through college; they roomed together the last three years and I guess thought a lot of each other from the way dad wrote. Hope you won't mind my pushing in on you."

"Mind! Gee, I'm terribly glad. I suppose your father knows that dad has been dead for twelve years now?"

"Yes, he told me in his letter," said Sidney.

There was a silence, for a moment.

Then Baldwin broke it with a question about my course and my classes.

"I've seen your name in the *Daily Brighton*—freshman football," he said.

"Yes, I'm taking a shot at it," I answered, trying to be modest.



Amy was so pretty I wanted to cuddle her in my arms—but that would have mussed her daintiness, and crushed the two yellow roses she wore over her heart.

"Don't know much about it myself," he said ruefully. "Guess I've got to get my glory with a Phi Beta Kappa key!"

"You look heavy enough for football," I said quickly and we both laughed.

"Yes, but I'm slow as molasses. I tried it once in prep school and was an awful flop."

That was the beginning of my first real college friendship, the beginning of the second real friendship of all my life, in fact—but that's another story.

After the football season and the holidays, I saw more and more of Sid. He would drop in every afternoon and we would go down to the jigger shop and load a half-dozen sweet, indigestible concoctions into our stomachs. Sid talking the meanwhile on every subject under the sun. At first, I tried painfully hard to be brilliant and learned, but he made me feel like a baby mentally. It seemed that he knew everything and I doubt much if I would have passed a single mid-year exam if

he hadn't coached me. He had a knack of making everything seem so simple, things that the profs couldn't have made me see in a million years.

Girls never bothered me one way or another in those days. Oh, of course, there were various ones during vacation time and on the holidays in New York when some one was throwing a party. But I seldom saw the

same one more than once or had any desire to, until I met Amy Baldwin, Sid's sister.

Although I spent a great many week-ends at Sid's home in New York, I always missed seeing Amy because she was going to Smith College up in New England. When it came time for the Junior Prom I was without a girl to "drag" to the dance.

"What the devil am I going to do?" I asked Sid mournfully. "I haven't been in one place long enough in the last ten years to know any girl well enough so that her family will let her come down here for the prom."

Suddenly Sid grinned. "I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll ask Amy to come down. She'll be crazy to come and it will give you two an opportunity to meet. She's a great kid at that sort of thing—one of the best prom trotters at Smith."

For just a second I hesitated. I hated "blind" dates. But Sid's sister! I'd seen pictures of her and she was the sort who appealed to me. I warmed to the idea and told him to shoot along the invitation and I would follow it with a letter of my own.

SID and I borrowed Phil Simmons' roadster to meet Amy. We parked it carefully so that we wouldn't have a lot of trouble getting out of the maze of cars waiting for the same train. But I forgot everything when Amy stepped off the train. I even forgot that we had a car, or that Sid was with me, or that there was any one in all the world but Amy Baldwin.

When Sid introduced me I just stood there like a dummy, stuttering and smiling—probably the silliest smile in the world. There were a thousand emotions rushing together in my mind. I couldn't speak. My eyes were seeing more than they could possibly register at one time—brown eyes like Sid's, only with more life and golden lights in them, and light brown hair that looked almost like glinting bronze, peeping out from beneath her hat.

She was so beautiful I wanted to cuddle her in my arms. But that would have mussed her daintiness, and crushed the two yellow roses she wore pinned over her heart, a perfect touch of color.

"Well," Sid said dryly, "are you two going to spend the night here on the platform?"

I blushed and began looking for Amy's bag that Sid had already carried over to the car.

"There you go," Amy said, "I told mother you'd spoil the whole trip by saying 'isn't she coy' every time I got a boy well under control!"

I looked into her eyes and grinned, and she smiled back and looked away, then back at me sort of puzzled as though it had suddenly come to her that I was taking her seriously.

I was. The fellows at the club would have called it being "knocked for a cocked hat" or "dizzy with a prom hopper." I didn't try to name it—there wasn't any name for it in my estimation.

Gosh, how I fell! I fell so hard that the rumble must have disturbed the people as far west as Chicago! For the next three days I soared to the heights and sunk to the bottom of the pit. Through it all, Amy's twinkling brown eyes smiled into mine refusing to commit herself, thrilled with everything as a Junior Prom guest should be, but having no particular spots on which she concentrated her thrills.

It was the night of the prom that I was sitting outside alone—some one had cut in on me and it was just as bad as though they had taken a dull knife and began to hack at my heart. Sid came along and I just looked up at him, mournfully.

"Well," he said, "what the devil's eating you?"



"I'm just marvelling how a thing like you could have such a wonderful sister."

He laughed.

"Gee Sid, she's the most wonderful—good lord, I can't think of the words to describe her! You know, there are times when I wonder about myself, times I'm ashamed of when I'm near her."

Sid's face grew serious and he gazed at me for a moment in silence. Then he shrugged his shoulders and walked away! Somehow I didn't like the look in Sid's eyes when I spoke of Amy. Why did his eyes seem to be disdainful—the way the eyes of the people back home had been years ago, as though I had something in life to live down.

When Amy had gone home I didn't have a single thing to cling to, not a straw. Of course, she had been sweet to me, terribly sweet, but maybe that was because I was Sid's friend or the son of her father's friend.

We wrote letters of course, long letters, and every week I spent five dollars wiring her some yellow roses. That was a lot of money in those days considering my allowance, but it was the easiest money I ever spent.

In the spring I had the courage to tell Amy that I loved her—by mail. She wrote back: "You dear, dear Ray. I think it is perfectly adorable of you to write me



With Sid hovering in the background, Amy and I spent glorious weeks together.

such a letter and I am honored. But how can you really know, how can you be really sure? We're both such babies and we don't want to make a mistake do we?"

How ridiculous! Why, I considered myself quite a man of the world, and I felt old for my twenty-one years.

During vacation time that summer I visited my friend. With Sid in the background, Amy and I spent glorious weeks together. It was during that time that I began to really hope.

I went home with Sid the next Christmas too. It was the most wonderful holiday I had ever known, with Sid's whole family treating me like one of them and Amy trimming a Christmas tree in spite of my efforts to help her. And every night I would lie awake for hours with the joy of the day that had gone and the thoughts of being with Amy the next day, seeing her at breakfast in the morning, spending the day with her and with Sid. All my troubles faded away in the happiness of those two weeks. Nothing else mattered anyway, I told myself, just Amy for all of my life—making her happy and winning her smiles.

The only thing that marred it all was some peculiar

strain, that I could feel from Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin. They seemed to study and watch me as though they expected something to happen to me. It made me uneasy, the way Amy's father especially studied my movements. And I thought of how odd Sid acted whenever I told him of my affection for Amy.

ONE day I asked Amy why her family watched me like a trainer watches a pet bear—not sure, afraid that I would suddenly go wild. She laughed and said, "Probably they expect you to break out with the measles!" That was all the satisfaction I could get from her. But it was there. I could feel it.

It was along in the early spring that I was accused of intoxication and nearly thrown out of college. Several fellows—I found out later who they were—went to Philadelphia over a week-end. After having too much to drink with some girls they got in a fight and tried to wreck a restaurant. They came out at the worst end and were arrested. One of them gave my name. It came out in the papers all over the country and only because of my presence with Sid, was I able to clear myself. I over-



It made me uneasy, the way Amy's father studied my movements.

heard some one say, "It's funny the way that bird is always innocent and able to clear himself—wish I had his luck!" It was in the gymnasium and I tried to find the man but he had disappeared, vanished into thin air.

I managed to skin through my final exams by the width of a flea's ear, with Sid's help and tutoring. Then we got ready for those few precious days at Commencement Week, our last few days at Brighton. I was glad and I was sorry. None of it made much difference to any one but myself and maybe Amy.

"Gee, but it must be wonderful to have a family so proud of you, boasting and waiting for you to go out and tie the world in a knot!" I said to Sid.

I was glad that the Baldwins were all coming down. Somehow it seemed that there was something for me to be proud of with them there. I was the only man in the class who didn't either have a family there cheering him on, or back home waiting breathlessly for him to put in an appearance after graduation.

It all went along as smooth as clockwork with a million people in town, filling up the hotels to the last room, sleeping under trees on the campus, singing under the elms until they were hoarse and wheezy.

It was the day after everything was over that Amy and I went strolling down across the campus for the last time. I was hot and cold in turns and I think she knew before we started what I wanted to say to her. It was in the cool of the evening with the spires and steeples of the old buildings standing like black shadowed minarets in the face of the setting sun. After a while I put my hand on Amy's arm and we stopped under the elms in front of the moss covered chapel.

"Amy," I said. She turned her [Turn to page 84]



Fine Pores Make Fine Skins

Will she "live happily ever after?"

RADIANT, starry eyed, she looks inquiringly to the future. Will her rosy dreams come true? Will he love her always? Will he be as proud of her five years hence?

Who can tell? It depends so much on her—on her tact, her loyalty, but most of all, her skill in retaining her vibrant, youthful loveliness. For it is only too true—love often fades as beauty fades.

Don't let happiness slip out of your hands. Whether you are a bride of the past or present—or one for future years—make up your mind now to be and *stay* as beautiful as *he* would have you. Make up your mind to keep your skin always fresh and youthful—always satiny-soft and fine-textured as that of the youngest bride. It's all a matter of proper care—care that will refine the pores and keep them normally invisible. For, as you know, *fine pores make fine skins*.

If you would learn the secret of a lovely complexion, learn to refine the pores

All beauty specialists will caution you against powdering over open pores. For the tiny particles of powder enter the little openings, clog and enlarge the pores and make the skin rough, coarse and unlovely.

That's why most beauty parlors finish their treatments with the application of ice to close the pores. Ice does the work all right, but it is a little too harsh for most skins and quite inconvenient to apply at home.

A new and better way—

Princess Pat Ice Astringent

Fortunately you no longer have to bother with chopping ice nor risk its harsh effect upon your skin. For Science has now pro-

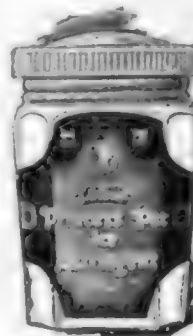
vided a new and better way—Princess Pat Ice Astringent—a delightful, fresh, "freezy" cream that is really both *ice* and *finishing* cream combined—an astringent that has all the pore-refining and skin-firming qualities of ice without any of its disadvantages.

At the first touch of this magic cream you will feel a reviving, cooling sensation—a joyous tingle that will flush your cheeks with new life and vigor and leave your face glowingly refreshed for hours. In a second this cream has disappeared and you have a splendid foundation for your make-up. Your pores are closed and you can powder without clogging and enlarging them; without causing that "flaky" effect which comes from powdering over open pores. Your make-up stays on longer and looks more natural; your complexion is protected against dust, wind and exposure; you have the lasting loveliness that comes only with a satiny-soft, fine-textured skin.

Keep your skin fresh and youthful this new way

Begin today to win and keep the beauty that all men adore. Get Princess Pat Ice Astringent at your favorite toilet goods counter and always apply a little before putting on your powder and rouge. You'll be rewarded with an added loveliness and charm you have never known before.

If you prefer to try this delightful Ice Astringent before purchasing, simply mail the coupon and a generous sample will be sent you without cost or obligation.



Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

This new Ice Astringent is the second "twin" of our famous Twin Cream Treatment—known everywhere as the ideal pore-refining method. It is a Princess Pat discovery and only Princess Pat can offer it to you. Do not confuse it with ordinary "astringent creams." There is no similarity. Princess Pat is the *one and only* Ice Astringent.

Free

So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, we take pleasure in sending you a free trial tube. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1307
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago.

Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial tube of Princess Pat Ice Astringent.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Print name and address plainly)

Every preparation made by Princess Pat is made for a definite purpose. Each is guaranteed to achieve that end most effectively. If you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money.



Diogenes is looking for you

DIOGENES is on a new quest—looking for men who want an Honest Shave.

After many centuries he discovered his honest man, making the famous Durham-Duplex Blades. Now he is making this new search for men who want to be honest with their shaving careers by using the Blades Men Swear By—Not At.

To these men, Diogenes is offering membership in his great fraternity of shaving men, called the Diogenes Club. The initiation fee is only a quarter. The credentials given to each new member consist of a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor, the same as in the regular \$1.50 sets—with one Durham-Duplex Blade.

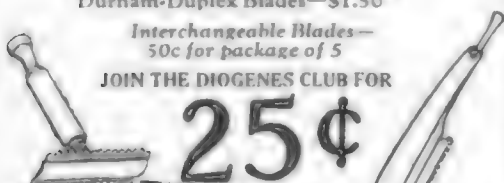
Join this wonderful club now at your dealers, or mail the coupon and let Uncle Sam bring your credentials.

NEW DURHAM-DUPLEX SETS
Including two 50¢ packages of 5 Durham-Duplex Blades—\$1.50

Interchangeable Blades—
50¢ for package of 5

JOIN THE DIOGENES CLUB FOR

25¢



 Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
 (Address for Canada—50 Pearl St., Toronto, Ont.)
 I enclose 25¢ for a razor and blades. (Check one)
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 I understand that the razor is of the _____ Type _____ Type
 and the blades are of the _____ Type _____ Type.

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Blades Men Swear By—not At

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.
 Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France;
 Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries.

When Flapper Turns Mother

(Continued from page 62)

here because I had the 'flu' and, gee, but I am homesick."

Behind the make-up, I now saw pallor, blue shadows.

"Did your doctor tell you about pacifiers?"

"No. We learn that at the clinic. Don't you know about baby clinics? You take the baby there once a week to be weighed. I hope Bab's mother don't fuss with Betty's formula. We just get it right."

No doubt a few years ago her mother was telling her rather that this girl would come to a bad end. "Dancing every night, picking up with this fellow and that! But today 'Bibi's' wife is one of those flapper mothers who are helping to cut down the infant mortality rate."

And wasn't all bottles and bathing, either. Fifteen years ago Ruth heched her name. She was called "wild," because the word "flapper" had not been coined.

"She just lives for pleasure," her mother said to me more than once. "She cares nothing for books or music, just motors and dances, coming in at all hours of the night. Oh, I will be so glad when she marries! The responsibility is killing me."

Well, she is married now. I saw her on my last lecture tour, a thousand miles from her girlhood home.

"No, I'm not a member of the club. I just came to hear you, and get some first hand news of Dad and Mumsey."

"Well, you're no daughter of your mother if you don't belong to clubs. Isn't this a nice club?"

"I guess so, but I haven't time. Bob and I have bought an old farmhouse on the edge of town and we're busy restoring it. Then Bob is on a diet but he doesn't know it. On the Q. T. our doctor told me what he must have to eat for the next year or so, and it takes a lot of time working on nutrition tables. And then there's Bab. I drive her to school in P— every day. There's a much better school there; and that takes two hours out of each day."

"Can't you send her in a bus or with a chauffeur? She must be twelve now."

"Nearly thirteen. I don't want her to

grow away from me as I grew away from my mother. It isn't enough to give a girl the right food and the right clothes, the right school and the right friends. I don't want Bab to make some of the mistakes I did."

They have had their fling, these young people. They are swinging back from license to liberty. Some of them to a real and vital religion.

I worried for several years because some little children who are very precious to me did not go to Sunday School, and did not hear grace said at table. I visited them a few months ago and was amazed to find that they are well versed in Bible lore, that they are enrolled in Sunday School and that they argue hotly over who shall say grace before the meal.

"How did this all happen?" I asked their mother. "Who has been converted, you or your husband?"

"Oh, my dear, things aren't done now as they were when you were a child. We always read Bible stories to the children, but we waited until they asked to go to Sunday School before sending them. We wanted it to be a privilege, not a penalty. Children always want to do what other children do—when they find out what that is. As for grace, they heard it said at camp last summer and liked it. Sometimes they chant it together as we did in camp. You don't force children these days!"

She's right! Both of those boys learned how to read before they learned their letters!

Not all flappers will be good mothers. But then some of the supposedly high-minded young women of my day turned out to be pretty poor wives and mothers. Not all of the hard-dancing, hard-driving young men of today will make good fathers. And yet—I am not worrying about tomorrow's children. I think they will have their full share of physical, mental and religious training. Not as children get it today! Not as children got it when you and I were young! But as it will help them most under the new order of life and living.

My Train Romance

(Continued from page 68)

fascinated by the incongruity of her dashing appearance and the look that I caught in her eyes several times as she watched the sleeping baby.

I wondered about her husband. In fact, I couldn't seem to get him out of my mind. After a short while, I was surprised to find that I intensely disliked the man. I was positive that he was an unappreciative brute and that, but for the baby, her life was intolerable.

It was at this juncture that I became aware that the baby was sitting up in his mother's lap, looking at me with an uneasy expression in his blue eyes—an inheritance, doubtless, from his uninteresting blond father. I was just trying to think what I could do to return the interest the baby was displaying in me, when his face suddenly puckered into a thousand wrinkles and he began to shriek at the top of his lungs.

His surprised mother picked him up anxiously. She ran her fingers over him, presumably feeling for pins, and then laid him down on his stomach and shook him up and down, but all to no avail. The shrieks continued, and I became alarmed, along with the rest of the passengers. The sounds were such as I had never heard

before and which, although I have heard neither, to my imagination resembled the call of the injured baboon or the orang-utan, which Darwin has made famous.

The mother's ministrations having no effect, several women of various ages and experiences, offered suggestions both reasonable and unreasonable, but none of which proved effective. As the train gained velocity, so did the infant.

Finally, the mother, in desperation, repaired to the back of the coach with her disturbed and disturbing offspring. Then a matron of commanding mien staggered (due to the motion of the train) over to me and requested that I get a towel from my wife's bag. She would dampen it, she informed my startled consciousness, and sponge the baby off—hot weather was so hard on babies, she enlightened me.

I made an effort to get my mouth open wide enough to inform her that the bag in question was a perfect stranger to me. She surely must have at least suspected me of suffering from vertigo if she noticed my red and swollen countenance.

"I—I—" I began, when she cut me short with, "Oh, don't fumble so, your wife's having a terrible time with that baby!"

[Turn to page 76]

Hair Dressers of many nations have acclaimed the Nestle Meter Scale



The Machine that "prescribes" the Permanent Wave

This scientific instrument makes possible a new and perfected system of permanent waving. It discloses the true facts concerning the character of your hair—in advance of the wave.

In the Nestle Laboratory in New York it "reads" a strand of your hair and determines the treatment that suits each individual case.

The Nestle Meter Scale in New York helps your own hairdresser give you the Perfect Permanent Wave

"Facts first, then the wave"—that is the slogan of CIRCULINE operators in thousands of establishments all over the United States. You get the precise style of wave you want—because the CIRCULINE permanent waver works with Knowledge instead of Guesswork.

The Machine that Reads Hair—
enthusiastically welcomed by Master
Hair Dressers Association at the
Hotel Commodore, New York.

Nestle's Circuline Process

The Nestle *Circuline* Process follows to the letter, the reading of the Nestle *Meter Scale*. It scientifically adapts the treatment to the hair . . . It makes the work of the Nestle waver sure—and it makes results perfect.

Wash or Shampoo
As Often as You Like

The CIRCULINE Permanent Wave stands washing, bleaching, dyeing, shampooing, rain or fog, sea or spray. And it will make your hair grow healthier than before, because you need no longer subject it to hot marcel irons or nightly curlers.

How to Have Your Hair Read The Nestle Laboratory Reports to You Direct

Just fill out the coupon below, and enclose a small strand, cut from your top hair (about as thick as the lead in an ordinary pencil—and at least five inches long). Enclose \$1 deposit—which will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave, anywhere in the United States where the CIRCULINE Process is used. (Over 6,000 hair dressers and beauty Parlors use Nestle Permanent Waving apparatus.) The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of your deposit.

Mail This Coupon Today

The Nestle Laboratory will then send you its official card showing the result of your hair test, and containing explicit directions to your permanent waver, stating exact Circuline treatment required for any type of wave you want.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD.
12 East Forty-Ninth Street, New York City
Originators of Permanent Waving (Est. 1905)

FREE

Mr. C. Nestle's Inter-
esting Book on the
Hair and Its Care!

Whether your hair is strong or weak, snow-white or black, bleached or dyed, no matter whether you've ever had a permanent or not—send for Mr. Nestle's new book on the Circuline Process. It is alive with helpful information on the care of the hair—material that has taken a lifetime

It will be sent to you absolutely free—use
opposite!



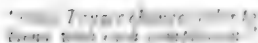
Nestle Lanoil Co., Ltd., Laboratory
12 East 49th St., Dept. 7-J New York

Enclosed find \$1 Deposit and sample of my hair for an official laboratory reading on the Nestle Meter Scale. It is understood that my \$1 will be deducted from the cost of my next permanent wave at any hair waving establishment using the Nestle Circuline Process. You are to send me a record of your findings and your free booklet on permanent waving.

Name _____

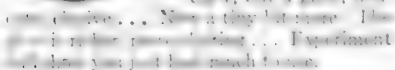
Address _____

If free booklet only is wanted, check here. ☐

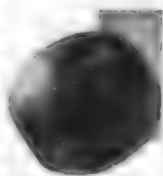


WOULDN'T you rather have real beauty than artificial? A complexion that glows with the natural pink of a healthy life? Eyes that are clear, vibrant and shining? Well, color your natural skin. Not too hard, eh? *That's the Fangel!*

Unlike any other
lip stick I know
of, it doesn't
to blacken your
lips just it only
colorizes them,
very, very gradually. It's not one of
—first, second, third, fourth, fifth, permanent—
red, blue, black, brown, and white, about
five times a day, another lip stick.



In a bowl, mix for your paste in 1 teaspoon Rose Colorant. This will help make up in color powder form—with puff and white—so easy to make, and where anytime. If a plan to be used only to grow... put these two!



1. *Chrysomelids*. 2. *Chrysomelids*. 3. *Chrysomelids*. 4. *Chrysomelids*. 5. *Chrysomelids*. 6. *Chrysomelids*. 7. *Chrysomelids*. 8. *Chrysomelids*. 9. *Chrysomelids*. 10. *Chrysomelids*. 11. *Chrysomelids*. 12. *Chrysomelids*. 13. *Chrysomelids*. 14. *Chrysomelids*. 15. *Chrysomelids*. 16. *Chrysomelids*. 17. *Chrysomelids*. 18. *Chrysomelids*. 19. *Chrysomelids*. 20. *Chrysomelids*. 21. *Chrysomelids*. 22. *Chrysomelids*. 23. *Chrysomelids*. 24. *Chrysomelids*. 25. *Chrysomelids*. 26. *Chrysomelids*. 27. *Chrysomelids*. 28. *Chrysomelids*. 29. *Chrysomelids*. 30. *Chrysomelids*. 31. *Chrysomelids*. 32. *Chrysomelids*. 33. *Chrysomelids*. 34. *Chrysomelids*. 35. *Chrysomelids*. 36. *Chrysomelids*. 37. *Chrysomelids*. 38. *Chrysomelids*. 39. *Chrysomelids*. 40. *Chrysomelids*. 41. *Chrysomelids*. 42. *Chrysomelids*. 43. *Chrysomelids*. 44. *Chrysomelids*. 45. *Chrysomelids*. 46. *Chrysomelids*. 47. *Chrysomelids*. 48. *Chrysomelids*. 49. *Chrysomelids*. 50. *Chrysomelids*. 51. *Chrysomelids*. 52. *Chrysomelids*. 53. *Chrysomelids*. 54. *Chrysomelids*. 55. *Chrysomelids*. 56. *Chrysomelids*. 57. *Chrysomelids*. 58. *Chrysomelids*. 59. *Chrysomelids*. 60. *Chrysomelids*. 61. *Chrysomelids*. 62. *Chrysomelids*. 63. *Chrysomelids*. 64. *Chrysomelids*. 65. *Chrysomelids*. 66. *Chrysomelids*. 67. *Chrysomelids*. 68. *Chrysomelids*. 69. *Chrysomelids*. 70. *Chrysomelids*. 71. *Chrysomelids*. 72. *Chrysomelids*. 73. *Chrysomelids*. 74. *Chrysomelids*. 75. *Chrysomelids*. 76. *Chrysomelids*. 77. *Chrysomelids*. 78. *Chrysomelids*. 79. *Chrysomelids*. 80. *Chrysomelids*. 81. *Chrysomelids*. 82. *Chrysomelids*. 83. *Chrysomelids*. 84. *Chrysomelids*. 85. *Chrysomelids*. 86. *Chrysomelids*. 87. *Chrysomelids*. 88. *Chrysomelids*. 89. *Chrysomelids*. 90. *Chrysomelids*. 91. *Chrysomelids*. 92. *Chrysomelids*. 93. *Chrysomelids*. 94. *Chrysomelids*. 95. *Chrysomelids*. 96. *Chrysomelids*. 97. *Chrysomelids*. 98. *Chrysomelids*. 99. *Chrysomelids*. 100. *Chrysomelids*.

Mons. Doriot
TANGEE
Be Beautiful with Tangee

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tanger Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tanger Crime Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

DEPT. 82 THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO.,
417 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

[Continued from page 10]

AT LAST I located something that, to my surprised eyes, resembled a towel, and handed it to the lassy nation, while I dried the bag with one hand and nervously rubbed my face with the other.

At that instant the yells ceased, and I breathed a sigh of relief, which was short-lived, however. For at that moment, a bottle of paregoric was placed in one of my hands and a spoon in the other, the while I was being directed by another voice, above the roar of the train, to take them to my wife, as the baby was doubtless suffering from colic.

When I reached the rear end of the car, there was the baby laughing gleefully in his father's mother's lap, while he played with a collection of watches, tobacco boxes and pocketbooks which had been donated to the cause by the surrounding crowd of anxious passengers.

"Here comes his daddy—now he will be all right," squeaked one insipid female, while they made way for me, red in the face and stumbling over my own feet. I heard a little gasp, quickly throttled by a perfumed handkerchief, and saw the mother's eyes widen and then spill over with sudden laughter, upon which she instantly lowered her lashes.

As I was miserably delivering the bottle and spoon with the accompanying message, the lady looked up. Again that uneasy expression came into his eyes and once more blood-curdling yells rent the air.

"Yes, suppose we try the paregoric," suggested another.

I stood helplessly, first on one foot, then on the other, torn between a wild temptation to beat it to the smoker and a feeling that by so doing I would bring down upon myself the disapproval of the entire coach. Still, I could remain in the smoker until the end of my journey and perhaps my unfortunate partner in this impossible situation would clear things up. But my rate was decided for me. I wasn't quite sure that I had heard correctly at first.

"Perhaps the baby's father would like to hold him and let the mother rest?"

I grimly but heroically held out my hands for the baby, while through my mind kept running some ridiculous, queerly familiar words—"some achieve sons and some have sons thrust upon them."

"O, no!" gasped the mother, "I'm sure I can manage him better."

Having decided that I could assume the outfarious rôle assigned me no longer, I resolved to arise and deliver for the benefit of that gaping group of imbeciles, a brief statement of the facts as they actually existed. However, I delayed in this action in the vain hope that the baby might either miraculously fall asleep or, that it might possibly, because of the extreme pressure which must have been placed upon its lungs, have a minor hemorrhage which would produce quiet.

To my disappointment neither happened. The paregoric seeming to have no effect

whatever, the mother disappeared with the baby to the lady's dressing room and in an instant quiet reigned, startlingly. I resumed my seat and after a time, the mother with the disubtically sleeping baby in her arms, was sitting beside me again.

It was at this most important moment that the engineer blew a prodigious blast from his engine. The child awoke with a sudden start and after gazing at me profoundly for a second, set up a wail that threatened to outdo all previous records. I turned this startling event, hoping thereby to gain some ideas as to the marvelous lung capacity of the infant and noted that the duration of the first outbreak before pausing for air, was in the neighborhood of thirteen minutes and forty eight seconds.

"Where?" I thought of that mild one just in time to prevent my most violent and favorite expletive from slipping out, and removed the heavy, tortoise shell glasses that I have been wearing for a number of years, to correct a case of stigmatism. When I take off my glasses, it is always the sign that I have reached the limit of my duration.

Instantly the baby's wails ceased and he reached up cooingly for my hat.

"W-why, it was your glasses—he was afraid of them!" stammered the relieved young mother.

"Well, now, isn't that just too funny?"
trilled an insidious voice over my shoulder.
"Wasn't he ever afraid of them before?"

I swallowed hard and choked. "Y-you s-see, I—I just started wearing them today."

We were pulling into Columbia now and I was thankful for the confusion occasioned by the collecting of bags and packages. I helped my strange traveling companion from the train and into a taxi. The fact that her husband failed to meet her only strengthened my dislike for him. I lingered, hoping to catch the address, but in vain.

So all my world was topsy-turvy. All night there persisted in coming between me and sleep, a pair of sparkling eyes and little, damp curls that continually mocked that otherwise perfect shingle. I had lost the desire for food and I felt myself in a fever.

Here is my afternoon lecture class filing in and my mind seems a blank on the subject of sociology.

"You may read us your paper—Miss—er—"
—I consulted my class roll absently.
"Brown, Miss Evelyn Brown."

"I'm sorry, Professor Baker, but I had to be out of town——"

I looked up sharply from my aimless marking and my pencil fell from nerveless fingers. I peered, squint-eyed, to the back of the room.

Upon my vision flashed a sleek black head with a curly shingle. I gulped and consulted my roll nervously.

"I called on Miss Evelyn Brown—y-you—h-how did you g-get in here!"

"But I'm Evelyn Brown," the dark-eyed woman widened in surprise, "and I've been here all this session——"

The sociology class was puzzled and murmured aloud.

"Then you are Mrs. Brown?" I asked anxiously.

"Why, no, I'm not married—Professor Baker, didn't you know me yesterday?"

"But I thought you knew I did for the child-placing bureau?"

The sociology class howled and I flushed a violent crimson heart sang, and fate was good all

Easy Money

(Continued from page 12)

Unlike many girls who come to New York believing that work in a chorus or cabaret means the capture of some prince who will carry his humble Cinderella of the powdered nose to a Fifth Avenue mansion via the altar, Alice never had any illusions. She wanted to work out a career.

How long she would have continued in the night club, storming the managers' doors in vain for decent roles in musical comedies, there's no telling. But Mr. J. J. Starnett heard of that tip. And he offered Alice her first big opportunity. I suppose he thought that if one little encore could earn a \$2,000 tip, there ought to be some more to her songs in a big show. So he put Alice into a specialty part in "Gay Lads." So the \$2,000 opened a career for Alice behind the footlights, with possibly future fame and fortune as a star, and her success is only beginning. That's what one tip did for her.

Before Alice made her record, the biggest single tip which any girl had received in a night club was \$1,000. That almost staggered us. In this instance there may have been "strings attached." I don't know. The girl who got it, quit work the next day, and we never heard of Mildred after that. The man who gave it was an elderly millionaire, and the girl who got it hadn't been long in the city. Maybe she is "living easy" now, or maybe she returned to the folks back home, paid off the mortgage on the homestead, and married her boy friend, Willie. Which isn't reasonable, but nicer to think about than the other possibility. My bonus of \$500—which was the next highest average in single tips, but a sum which a number of girls have received—was for singing a little ditty:

*"Oh, who takes care of the caretaker's daughter
While the caretaker's busy taking care!"*

Maybe the donor was a little "tight" when he gave it; I'm not quite sure. He told me he was a big real estate man from Oklahoma, but I was tipped off he is a big logger. He did invite me out to dinner after he gave the tips, but when I told him my mother always came along, suddenly he lost his interest.

I BANKED that \$500. In fact, I keep a savings account and put my money away. Knowing as I do that I don't have the voice to ever become a star, and knowing I'm a day older every time the sun rises; I'm looking forward to the time when my "easy money" days in cabarets will be over, and any possible angels would take wing.

I'm in the night club furor until it passes for some other popular extravaganza. My next biggest single tip after \$500 was a hundred dollar bill which I got from Harry K. Thaw. Almost every time that he came to the club, Harry Thaw gave \$50 or \$100 to every one of the girls. He certainly threw away his money. He was the most consistent and regular prodigal spender I knew of. Most of those who get big tips, do so on an occasional fling, not as an every night occurrence. Duke Keeler, the buck-and-wing dancer, also got \$500 one night. Crane Garts, a boy from California—he was only twenty—had just inherited several million dollars—breezed in. Crane had just seen a Negri off for Europe, on which occasion it was rumored he had given Pola Negri an eighteen-carat diamond ring. Crane gave Ruby do her buck-and-wing dance. Al Pershing had also seen Ruby, and paid her the compliment of

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will combat oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below.

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

MODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream—a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it thoroughly from your skin... have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs'—absorbent—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing all dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back



in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

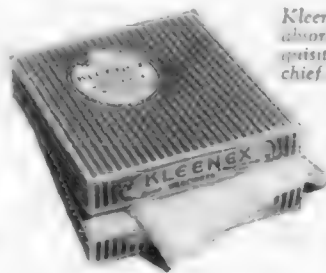
It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Or... obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables... a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.



Kleenex 'Kerchiefs'—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer... in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6 x 7 inches... 35¢
Professional, sheets 9 x 10 inches... 65¢

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO. S-5
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs'—absorbent—as offered.

Name _____
Address _____

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS'

To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

Own a Typewriter-



"I couldn't get through the day without my Underwood!" Miss Roland in her Study at Hollywood, California

the Way Ruth Roland Got Hers!

Here's YOUR Chance to Own a Genuine UNDERWOOD
Act NOW for this BARGAIN of a LIFETIME!

(Photo by: Courtesy C. Heighon Monroe—Copyright 1926 by William R. Durgin)

YOU NEED not be a movie star to need a typewriter—nor to own the foremost make—the ace of all writing machines! Three dollars brought Miss Roland her beautiful Underwood, and the same offer is open to you.

Don't do another week without a typewriter. With such an offer as this, it's foolish to buy any but the best—and folly to rent one. Just read the terms of this new typewriter purchase plan!

Three dollars brings this spirited Underwood for a thorough trial. If you keep it, take a year to pay; the machine is guaranteed for five. So, learn and earn on the very finest, fastest typewriter! Our free Manual and Practical Touch Typewriting course helped one girl earn a thousand dollars. On the Underwood she purchased by our

Save Money—MAKE Money

Underwood's plan could easily, this plan calls for only three dollars. And once it's in your hands that are scarcely over half the price, all told! With money coming in every day from all sorts of work you can do for others. If you want extra money for a car, or a glorious vacation, you'll find Underwood a gold mine!

Everybody needs a typewriter these days. Handwriting is out of date—even in social correspondence. Scenarios and stories aren't even read when written in long-hand. Type them, and they'll sell.

Writers, teachers, business folk, use the Underwood. Typewritten homework wins good marks; practice at home brings promotion at the office; social, club, and commercial correspondence should all be typed!

YOUR TYPEWRITER Sent Free

Whatever you do, get the beautiful new book Your Typewriter and full particulars without cost, or obligation. See the splendid Underwood models (in full colors and gold), keyboard diagrams, typestyles, specifications, etc. Get posted on typewriters; see the values this new remanufactured typewriter plan makes possible; settle the typewriter question for life!

The magnificent typewriter book that awaits only your name and address to be in your hands is a revelation of modern methods in the purchase and use of typewriters. Thousands who thought they could

not afford to own their own, have found they could ill afford to plod along without one. This coupon will open a new world of opportunity for you!



YOURS FOR \$3

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. Co.
B382 Shipman Bldg., Chicago

Without obligation please send YOUR TYPEWRITER in full colors, the free Manual and Touch Typewriting course offers, terms, etc.

Name

Address

Footsteps in the Fog

[Continued from page 39]



IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR GONE!

In bathing suit or evening dress—not the slightest quail when ZIP has been used to destroy every trace of superfluous hair and roots.

Who bother all summer with constant application of depilatories. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to depilatories. It does not merely remove surface hair temporarily. It actually destroys the growth and makes your skin adorable.

Sold Everywhere—Moneyback Guarantee. Write for "Beauty's Greatest Secret" FREE.

Madams Berthé's
Specialist

Dept. 471, 562 Fifth Ave. Ent. on 46th St., New York

Learn Beauty Culture

\$50 to \$100 a Week At Home

OPEN BEAUTY SHOP I'll Back You

The right to own and operate a Beauty Shop is good for \$3000 to \$12,000 a year to provide. Open only to graduates. Little investment needed.

Beauty Culture Book Free

Here is the quick road to independence and profit money worth. Includes "Marsay Way to Man-Size Pay." Write for free book.

Adelle Nelson, Director
Marsay School of Beauty Culture
603 N. Michigan Ave.
Dept. 902 Chicago

Perfume **FREE! Bottle!**

This ornate, hand-made, highly polished clear glass bottle with Glass Stopper Dropper **FREE!**

WE give you this bottle **FREE!**—to contain its contents—valuable supply of "Rose des Andes" perfume. Costing you only 25¢. Cover our shipping to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. (10¢ extra outside U.S.A.)

SEND THIS "AD"

Box 216 to contain above offer. Return for this valuable supply of "Rose des Andes" perfume. If you want 40¢ worth of perfume, send \$1.00 for each. Money refunded if not satisfied. Send no money.

Gomlé Co., Perfumers
Dept. D
168 Dartmouth St.
Boston, Mass.

to the varied, exciting possibilities the city had for me.

But loneliness, and being tired and poor were all bearable, when your pride and ambition were at stake. What had begun to wear on me lately was something I wasn't used to, something that Mary Hogan had never known in her life before. It was the ghostly finger of fear.

Fear of what? I couldn't have said, exactly—I hardly knew. But it began with that sensation of being rolled at night—and I remembered the first time I had felt that, perfectly. It was the same evening the Chinese they called Chun Wang came in, and sat at my table for dinner. That was not unusual. Chinese often dropped into the chop house, and there was nothing strange about Mr. Wang, except that he was very rich, one of the girls told me "Kum, a euro store 'top' on the side, I guess. But he's a swell Chink, all right."

The long narrow face, topped with glimmering black hair, the utter detachment of his expressionless gaze were certainly not alarming. He never even looked at me. Yet, from the moment I took his low-voiced order, I had the feeling that those opaque, slanting eyes were surreptitiously watching me. I could not have said why. What lay behind those black depths, cold and inscrutable as polished ebony. I cleared away all the dishes without touching the unusually large tip that lay on the white cloth. Finally I picked it up nervously and dropped it into the corner of my apron.

As a rule, I enjoyed the five-block walk from the street car to my lodging house, but tonight I felt vaguely uneasy. I scolded myself for it.

"Don't be silly, no one's following you. You'd better be thinking about the rent, or why Larry Miller hasn't written, instead of imagining that Mr. Wang is after you!"

But all the same, I looked over my shoulder. Turning down the long street, I quickened my pace. It was actually with a little gasp of relief that I ran up the steps of my lodging-house. Usually, when I got home, I found Mrs. Means, my plump, kindly, inquisitive landlady, reading by a worn oak table. But the parlor was dark.

I climbed on upstairs to my own room, a small dingy place on the second floor back.

"Not much like home," I said to the slim, copper-haired girl who looked back at me from the cracked mirror, a tired droop to her mouth. Wearily I pulled off my hat, and made a grimace at the girl, whose hazel eyes had suddenly filled with tears. No use being a baby and crying for the fresh, rose-tinted walls and snowy curtains of my own pretty room in the ranch-house now.

But that memory brought another—of my father, and of a lean, bronzed face, and frank, blue eyes, and a pleasant, deep voice. How I wished Larry were here tonight just to feel his big, protective presence near me.

"You were mean to poor Larry," I said sternly to myself. "If it weren't for pride you'd write this minute and tell him so."

I went to bed happier that night than I had been for a long time. For a bureau, ready to mail in the morning, lay in that white envelope, addressed to "Mr. Laurence Miller."

Mr. Wang appeared at the chop house the next evening, but I was determined not to let silly fears bother me again. When I got off the car that night, I was relieved, all the same, to see I was the only passenger. Yet, before I had gone

two blocks, some subtle instinct pulled my head around. Too far away to be seen distinctly, a figure was approaching. Doubtless settled about my heart. No amount of reasoning with myself could drive away that sense of apprehension. But who should any one be following me? There were people close at hand, and lighted houses on either side. Nevertheless I hurried forward, and was out of breath when I reached my own door.

Mrs. Means sat by the table reading. She put down her book as I came in.

"Gracious, have you seen a ghost?" my landlady exclaimed as I sat down. "Your eyes are as big as saucers."

"Oh, no! I was—I just walked pretty fast because—" I hesitated. Then in a rush, I told her about my fright. Mrs. Means listened attentively, and announced that the story indicated a too active imagination.

"That terrible Mr. Wang of yours is probably respectably married and has a houseful of little yellow kids. But just the same, I'll ask Walter sometime soon to find out about this Chink. Will that satisfy you?"

Walter Adams was her brother, a patrolman whose beat carried him into that section of the city where the Orient looked with mild disdain at the crude young civilization around it. Mrs. Means told me he was one of the few men who really knew San Francisco's Chinatown.

I was reassured, and thanked her. The next three evenings were clear and bright, and I walked home fearlessly enough. Nothing happened to alarm me, and even that queer feeling was slipping away. But on Saturday, Mr. Reed kept me late. It was ten o'clock when I left, and outside there was another of those horrible fogs, rolling in heavier and heavier from the Bay.

TURNING down the long avenue, I began to walk fast, my footsteps booming strangely between the line of closely set houses. And suddenly the same eerie feeling of dread, struck through my veins again! I glanced back. There was no one visible. All I could see were the lamps of a car, shining dimly. I walked on, more confidently. All of a sudden, the black bulk of the car shot past me. It swung directly to the curb opposite, and stopped. The headlights were switched on with glaring intensity, and I caught a glimpse of figures leaping out. A sick fear held me motionless for an instant—then I whirled to run—but a powerful grip had suddenly pinioned my arms! Before I could scream for help, something damp and sickening was pressed against my mouth. Fighting wildly, I felt myself being lifted into the waiting car. The engine purred, and we slid forward. Dazed, I huddled against the seat as the car lurched rapidly around corners, shrinking in a panic from the dark silent forms on either side of me. After that, nothing.

I was sick and dizzy when I opened my eyes again. My confused mind told me it was all a dream—the gorgeous draperies, the queer odors, and fragrance of the room. Suddenly, with a throbbing sense of reality, I realized I was not dreaming. For a moment I lay there, unable to control myself. Then I forced myself into a sitting position, and stared gropingly at me.

I was lying in a small, exquisite room, among silken curtains, on a set of embroidered covering of a rich, carved bed. Even in the half-light of taper, the room glowed like a jewel. Gold and

[Turn to page 82]

Laugh If You Like-!



- But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able to either sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast, for a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one." I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered, "but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it."

"It's true, comparatively a few short months ago I didn't know one note from

another. Yet I loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"But you all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so I decided, it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest!

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but real notes, catchy tunes—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or

classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more lonely, melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable easy "at home" method that has helped almost a half million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You

find you progress amazingly rapidly because every step is clear and easy to understand. Just pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And it costs just a few cents a day!

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Now! Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.



U. S. School of Music
4277 Brunswick Bldg.
New York City

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
4277 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?

Name

Address

City

State



Viola Dana, Mutual Photoplay Star, recommends Maybelline

Eyes that Charm *Maybelline*

WILL BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES INSTANTLY

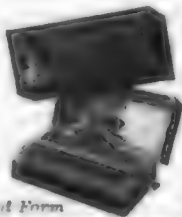
A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes, their brilliance, depth and expression — is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. Perfect your eyes.

MAYBELLINE may be had in either solid form or waterproof liquid form. Black or Brown. Price 75c. AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured. Tear this out now as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE COMPANY

4750-80 Sheridan Road

Chicago, Ill.



Solid Form

FRECKLES



Can't
be
concealed

Othine Will Remove These Ugly Spots Surely and Safely

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is used by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumber. Get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength: it is this that is sold on every back guarantee.

Footsteps in the Fog

[Continued from page 80]

dragons writhed against the tapestried walls, worked in metallic thread. Pale yellow lilies bloomed in ivory bowls, their black, sweet scent mingled with the smell of incense that wreathed up in smoke spirals before a sprawled jade idol on a teak-wood stand. There were deep, silky, rugs on the floor, muffling any sound. I stared at the picture forming upon my unbelieving mind.

A soft dry whisper startled me into quivering consciousness.

"Ah, you better now? Soon well. I tell Chun Wang."

COULD it be real? Was there actually a sinister old Chinaman blinking at me? Even as I looked, the figure vanished, sliding catlike between the coiling dragons on the wall.

"I tell Chun Wang." The words repeated themselves meaninglessly for a while. Then with sick horror, I remembered. Chun Wang! I sprang up and ran to the place where the figure had vanished. Yes, there was a door behind the heavy tapestries, a door locked fast and immovable, made of smooth black wood. Nowhere were there any windows. I made the circuit of the room unsteadily, only to fall back on the couch, where I lay, my hands pressed dazedly to my head. Thoughts of escape crossed my mind like flashes of light seen from a distance.

They blotted out in a blaze of terror as the curtains parted again. Mr. Wang stood there, a silent, smiling figure, stroking the sleeve of his satin coat gently. His smooth, manic, yellow face looked at me, familiar, but weirdly different above the gold and turquoise of a mandarin robe. His cold black eyes were as impenetrable as ever, but his voice was velvety, ingratiating.

"You rest now. See Chun Wang later. Plenty time. Plenty everything. Mary Wang be very happy."

Without a move in my direction, he was gone.

"Time!" he had said. At least that promised a respite. My leaping terror at the sight of him, and at the memory of his last meaning words, left me trembling as my mind raced forward once more to thoughts of escape. Escape! How could I—a prisoner, closely guarded, and not knowing where I was. Perhaps Mrs. Means might grow alarmed when I did not return and notify the police. But even they could not know where to search for me. I wondered what time it was, and, with a stab of pain, caught myself thinking that if I were at the ranch I could tell the time by the stars.

What was that?

I repressed a scream as something dark jumped on the bed. Relief flooded me as I saw it was small and furry—only a cat. Where had it come from? I asked myself. There was something comforting in the presence of the friendly little animal. I stroked its lithe body. To my surprise, the fur was damp, and the soft pads left dark stains where they touched my wrist.

"Why, you're an alley-cat, aren't you?" I whispered. "How did you get in here, pussy?"

Grateful for the warm contact, the cat arched and rubbed against me. Suddenly an idea flashed across my mind. The cat was freshly wet, with fog, no doubt. It must have come in through some aperture. Then it could go out again. Perhaps show me a way! With trembling fingers I reached down and began to unravel the strong silk threads of my embroidered bed covering. Yard by yard I coiled it care-

fully beside me, the cat resting contentedly in my lap. Often the thread snarled and had to be broken and tied again—but I persisted till I had a long line. Then I took my handkerchief, and tied it snugly around the furry neck. To this I fastened the thread, and lifted the cat down to the floor. It turned to jump back in my lap, but I slapped it and said tensely, "Shoo! Shoo!"

The animal stood uncertainly, and then walked noiselessly across the room. Slipping from the couch, I followed, with a throb of hope as the thread moved away.

The cat made for one section of the wall that looked like any other, but, to my joy, it nosed gently through, and disappeared. Loop after loop the thread slid through my fingers. Something was open—perhaps that way lay freedom! I tugged at the heavy hangings, and they slid apart.

The sickening disappointment of that moment, I shall never forget! There was a door, slightly ajar, opening into a long narrow passage. But outlined solidly against the curtains, were steel bars. They were set in another door, such as they have in banks, and it was locked fast. A cat could squeeze through, but I was as much a prisoner as if I were in a cell. Trotting down the passage, far off, and free, went my little friend. With a gasp I felt the end of the thread move away.

The sight of those bars brought the full sense of my helplessness over me with crushing reality. I felt faint and collapsed as I walked back to the bed, and sank down on it, my face in my hands to shut out the sight of that horrible, gorgeous prison, whose luxury made my flesh creep.

For a long time no sound broke the stillness. The lilies gave out their heavy sweet perfume; through curling wreaths of smoke the sprawled jade monster seemed to grin at me, the tapestries hung motionless. In the morbid quiet I could hear my own heart pounding heavily in my ears, my fingers, locked together, were damp. Desperately I tried to think, but a thousand crawling fears swarmed in upon me. It seemed to me that if Chun Wang returned now, and put his long-nailed yellow hands upon me, I would die. Hypnotized, I stared at the hangings where the cat had gone through. A current of air stirred them faintly, and my very skin grew chill with dread.

Did they move that time? No, it was imagination. Yes—surely they moved! I watched breathlessly. Like something in a nightmare, a man's hand was sliding between them, slowly parting the folds. I caught the gleam of an eye—and all the blood seemed to thicken in my veins!

"Mary, honey!"

My own name, in a voice I knew! And the face! The face that was framed in the curtains was not the sinister countenance of an Oriental—but the tanned brown face and steady blue eyes of Larry Miller.

"Come here, quick!" came his low whisper again.

Heaven knew how it could be, but it really was Larry! The next instant I was whispering frantically with him at the bars. He was not alone. With him was the burly, blue-coated form of a policeman. I knew him—Walter Adams, the brother of Mrs. Means. They had already discovered that the door was padlocked and bolted on the inside. There was absolutely no way they could get in to reach me.

"How did you get here?" I gasped.

"Cat showed us. We haven't any time to lose—don't dare rush the front—"

"Listen, Mary girl," broke in the policeman. "Take Larry's gun, hide it in the bed, get Wang in here—and cover him. When he puts his hands up, find the key to this lock—he must carry it. Pass it back to me and I stand in front of us."

"Here you are, honey, the old six-shooter," Larry said, as he passed the glinting weapon. For a sweet, comforting instant, his strong fingers clasped mine. "Don't lose your **never** and we'll have you free in no time."

Shivering with excitement, but forcing my mind to steadiness, I ran back to the bed and threw myself on it in my old attitude of bewilderment and despair. Then I called, clearly:

"Oh, Mr. Wang, please!"

But Chun Wang did not come. I called again, and this time I was answered by the soft sliding of slippers. It was the old Chinaman once more. He eyed me curiously.

"Chun Wang sleep. I call him for lady—yes?"

Not trusting my voice, I nodded.

To me, and to the others, waiting in the passage, I know it seemed like an eternity before my captor came. I shivered inwardly as I sat there, my cold fingers clasped tight around the heavy smooth stock of the gun. Then a sick shudder swept across my flesh. Wang had entered the room. He twisted his hands in a loathsome motion. A thin stream of saliva drooled from his sensual lips as if he were literally waiting to devour me. His words came, soft and caressing.

"You send for me? Good."

"Raise your hands, and make it snappy!" I cried. "And if you move, this gun may go off!"

My tense whisper held an unmistakable termination. With the deadly menace of the gun pointed against his breast, I walked forward. Fear-stricken as I was, my brain and muscle, trained to emergencies in my life on the ranch, were the tools of my will. Chun Wang stood motionless, his hands up. Even then his face betrayed nothing. Keeping my right elbow close to my body, the way Larry had taught me, I felt his robes. Nothing. Despair was at me again when I glimpsed a thin gold chain hung about his neck. A quick snatch, and I had it. From the middle hung a heavy key. Chun Wang's impassivity shattered. His hand jerked down sharply—but I sprang back toward the bars.

"Don't move, or I'll shoot!"

I HELD the key behind me. Fingers closed on it. There was a click, and Patrolman Adams was beside me, a black automatic in his hand, covering the Chinaman. I saw Chun Wang's thin lips twist in a snarl of rage. My own hand faltered. I felt dizzy as a strong arm went round me, and I sagged into Larry's arms.

"You're a wonder, sister—cool as ice. That's real nerve," came the policeman's voice. "Now you run along with Larry. I'll take care of our friend here."

"Come away, sweetheart!" With Larry still carrying me, we ran down the passage. At the end of it, where the cool night air blew in, he swung me close against his breast, and I clung there, as if I would never leave him.

But afterward, as we rode home together in a taxi, my head on Larry's shoulder, and his dear strong hand linked in mine, he told me what had happened, and how he came to appear in that miraculous way. The very day after my letter reached him, he set out for San Francisco. There was something in the way I wrote, he said, that made him feel anxious. He had to see for himself how I was getting along. He had arrived at my boarding-house that same evening, to find Mrs. Means alone.



LUSTRIOUS HAIR /

Marvelous, unbelievable radiance
for your hair, by the use of
a touch of henna in the shampoo

NOT until you have seen in your mirror the bewildering brilliance, the flashing glory of your hair, can you believe what a miracle of beauty just a touch of henna in the shampoo can perform. This secret is used in the boudoirs of the world's most famous beauties—in the salons of the great master Hairdressers of Paris, Rome, London and New York. Your hair is glorified, strewn with innumerable gleaming lights by the beauty-magic of this famous secret of lustre. In your own home you can create this amazing miracle by

using a touch of henna in the shampoo. There is only one shampoo that contains just the right touch of henna to work the miracle for you. It is HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO. Its clear, delicately scented liquid foams into a rich lather to cleanse and invigorate the hair and scalp. And in the lather a touch of henna works its marvel of radiance until your hair regains its own fullest and truest natural glory. No matter what color your hair is, try this secret of loveliness today. Give yourself the beauty-luxury of a HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO.

At all drug stores and perfume counters

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO

*For Expert Beauty
Advice—Write to me*

Lucille Young



My beauty methods will correct coarse pores, wrinkles, pimply or oily skin, freckles, flabby muscles—and give you a smooth, clear, lovely skin. It is easy to become a radiant, alluring woman if you just know how to beautify yourself at home. Thousands of women have used my methods with such marvelous benefit that I actually guarantee results to you.

Method Book Free

I shall be glad to send you a free copy of my book telling how to solve your beauty problems. Write for it today!

LUCILLE YOUNG, Room B-206 Lucille Young Bldg.,

Chicago, Ill.

Before After

Beautiful Eyes Instantly

Delica-Brow

is the original Waterproof Liquid Dressing for the lashes and brows. Your first application will make your lashes seem long, dark and heavy, and your eyes very large and bright.

Send for Free Two Weeks' Supply

You will never know what beautiful eyes you really have until you use Delica-Brow. Send for a free trial bottle today. Kindly enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. B-2
3012 Clybourne Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Make Your Skin Ivory-white in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age... a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW... a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for... the expertly white skin you see only in famous locations. The best of skin that powder cannot give! The skin must first be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It softens the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Clears and Smooths the Skin

Buckles, tan, blackheads, roughness, redness and blemishes disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before has a woman had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it for at least three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It... Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. You will see an amazing improvement three days make. Use one Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle... Low Price... Guaranteed!

Send me, simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay me immediately \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cream six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM
Lotion FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Est. 1888.
Dept. S-7, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

It was already ten thirty, and I had not come home. He waited, looking out at the dismal fog, and getting more and more worried and impatient as I did not return. Finally they called up the chop house, and found I had left at ten o'clock. It was half past eleven then.

Of course, Mrs. Means remembered instantly what I had said to her about being followed. And she told Larry.

"Gosh, I was scared, honey girl!" he said excitedly. "But he's bad, we got hold of Mrs. Means' brother right away. He knew where Chin Wang's place was, and we went there straight. I wanted to break right in, but Adams said 'nope.' He knows these Chinese joints. They'd take you somewhere else before we could ever force a way through. He said our only chance was to creep around in the back and pray for luck."

Larry gave me an extra hug at this point.

"And we sure had it," he added, jubilantly, "not at first, though. We risked using the flash against the back of the house, not a brick wall, without a break in its surface, except one high window. We were figuring we'd have to go back and chance rushing it, with enough men to smash our way in. I wouldn't have done us any good, either, the way they had hidden you down there. Then, I felt something brush against my leg. I swung the flash and saw it was a cat—runny for an alley cat, though, it had a white rag tied around its neck and a string tied to it.

"Well, I picked it up, and there the handkerchief had your initials, M.H.,—and the string just went off into blackness. You can bet we were excited! We followed it up, and it went into a small hole beneath a rusty grating. Adams flashed the light on it, and it seemed to go right down in one corner.

"We worked like mad, tugging at the iron bars and hitting that grating out— and under it was another iron frame. Three feet lower was what looked like a sloping passage. Living that we could just grasp the bars. It took a lot of pulling, but we got them out, too.

"And then, we just went in to see what was what. The passage was about three feet wide, and barely high enough for us to stand up in, but the thread went right along, and we went after it. 'Way down at the end we could see a tiny beam of light—and such moans, well, you know the rest!"

"Larry—it was like a miracle, wasn't it?"

"Sure was," said Larry solemnly. "If it hadn't been for your telling Mrs. Means about the Chink—and that darn lucky cat!" The color drained from under his ruddy tan. "Gosh, Mary, we might never have found you!"

"But you did," I told him, happily.

"You bet I did. And I'm going to keep you. You're coming back to the ranch tomorrow—to me and your dad."

"Of course, I am, Larry," was my meek answer.

The Trail of Yellow Rose

(Continued from page 72)

face up to mine and I just couldn't seem to breathe for a minute. Her hand slipped down into mine and I whispered, "I love you Amy, more more than anything in the world, more than any one ever loved a person before. I want to be with you always. Oh, Amy, I'm so lonesome, dear!"

All the sweetness of a hundred generations of mothers came into her eyes and she shook her head from side to side just a little, her lips half parted as though she were trying to say something and couldn't.

"Ray!" That was all.

"Do you, could you love me, do you suppose?" I begged.

Her fingers twined a little tighter around my hand and she nodded her head, looking into the ground. "But you've got to talk to father first, Ray," she said. "I told him that I loved you, dear—he said that you must talk to him—I—" Her hand slipped up to her heart and took the single yellow rose from her coat. She touched its petals lightly with her lips and put it in the buttonhole of my coat.

Just before we reached Amy's hotel we ran into Sid and Mr. Baldwin. They waved a gay hand at us and Amy broke into a run and took Sid's arm. Mr. Baldwin dropped back to walk with me. I wondered how to begin. It wasn't quite so easy as I imagined, after all. I wet my lips and started a dozen times and finally blurted out, "Mr. Baldwin, I—I love Amy."

"Eh?" he said in a startled tone.

I began again. "I just told Amy that I loved her, Mr. Baldwin, and she says that she loves me. She said that I had to come and tell you."

"I'm afraid it can't ever be, Raymond."

He said it so quietly that at first I didn't understand. Then I looked at him to see if he was in earnest. My heart seemed to sink into my boots. I began to talk and Mr. Baldwin broke in. He seemed to be trying to explain, but I couldn't un-

derstand nor make head from tails of what he was saying. There were things about dad and grandfather—things I didn't understand.

What on earth was this thing that had been thrown in my face since I was a baby? I was sick of it. I clenched my hands; little lights played before my eyes and I heard myself say, "I wish to God some one would be man enough to come out and tell me what this inheritance of mine is, man-fashion, without trying to hide it behind a lot of silvery words. I want to know!"

I WOULD have given anything in the world to have been able to take back those words after I said them. Mr. Baldwin stiffened and his face grew cloudy with anger. We had almost reached the entrance of their hotel. Sid and Amy passed through the doors.

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Raymond," Mr. Baldwin said. "Your father was my best friend. I would have done anything in the world for him. But his son can't marry my daughter! He was his own worst enemy. Your grandfather and your father were both drunkards, Raymond. And they both killed themselves because they couldn't face a world that they helped to make miserable with their drunkenness. Your father broke your mother's heart and then took his own life because he was afraid to face what he had done. Would you want me to give such a heritage to my daughter and to my grandchildren?"

His face was soft now. I turned away and he put a hand on my shoulder for an instant and then followed Sid and Amy.

I wasn't angry at first. I wasn't anything that I could feel. Just numb and so alone. Some one called to me from across the street. I looked up as a hand shot out in salute. I half lifted my hand and waved. A laugh and "Where'd you

ere the
M.H.—
ackness.
We fol-
all hole
shed the
it down

at the
g out—
frame.
I like a
uld just
pulling.

ee what
ut three
for us
ut right
y down
of light
ow the

wasn't

y. "If
Means
y eat!"
s ruddy
r have

ly.
to keep
ranch

y meek

of what
s about
n't un-

at had
was a
ed my
y eyes
o God
o come
nce of
ing to
rds. I

in the
e back
Mr.
cloudy
ed the
Amy

," Mr.
y best
ung in
can't
s own
l your
mond.

ecause
helped
hness.
rt and
e was
Would
ge to
ren?"

away
r for
l and

any
b and
from
hand
hand
l you

get it, Ray?" I realized that they thought I was drunk. For a moment I surged with red hot anger. Then it passed as quickly.

People began to look at me as they passed. I swung about and went wandering aimlessly down the street.

Lights began to appear in the store windows. Motors hummed by with singing crowds of people, singing their rarewell to Brighton for the year, perhaps forever. I kept on, oblivious to everything and every one.

After awhile I realized that I was on the country road. It was almost pitch dark. Banks of fog laid low over the meadows, like the trailing robes of ghosts. I shivered a little and tried to make out where I was. Then I turned and started back.

As I tramped back Mr. Baldwin's words came to me again and again: "Your father broke your mother's heart and then took his own life because he was afraid to face what he had done."

I began to curse, low and steadily at first. Things began to come to me a little more clearly. I began to straighten the whole thing out in my mind. It was ridiculous! Crazy! They couldn't condemn me because my grandfather and father had been—I drew a breath and breathed the word—"drunkards." I had hardly touched the stuff all my life.

I could see Amy's brown eyes twinkling like the stars, full of the joy of life, so good and fine and clean. Why, no one would ever, could ever, do anything to hurt her. Her very goodness would keep any one from drinking if he was the worst drunkard in the world.

She would believe me and we could tell them all to go to the devil unless—there it was again! Unless there was something else that she knew that even I didn't know.

Then I scrambled to my feet and got back on the road. I began to feel a little better as I swung along the road, breathing the cool evening air.

Why hadn't they come and told me about it years ago? It would have been a million times easier than fighting an enemy I didn't know existed. Well, I would find out now—all of it, from the beginning.

When I got near town I broke into a run every few minutes. Suppose they had started for home! The thought left me cold with fear. Amy would think that I had just quit, didn't have the courage to fight for her.

I arrived at their hotel breathless, my face covered with perspiration. I pushed my way eagerly through the mob of people who milled in the lobby. I asked the bell captain to page Miss Baldwin, trying her name first. He wrote down the name with a reluctance that made me want to kick him. Didn't the fool know that it was a matter of life and death? I sat down in the lobby to wait. I heard a boy calling, "Miss Baldwin, Miss Ba-a-a-aldwin!"

SHE would know who it was, all right; no doubt of that. I rubbed my hands together nervously as the minutes passed. The boy came back to the stand. I hopped to my feet. The captain turned toward me and said, "Miss Baldwin's family checked out an hour ago!" Just as he might have said it was raining.

I went slowly, painfully, back to my room. Suddenly I realized that I hated Brighton, hated everything about it from its smug, satisfied air to its boasted place in the educational world. On this day when I should have been coming that I had to leave, I was glad.

I looked at the trunks I had packed with my things. I had intended going to Baltimore first. I tore open the trunks and

Who wouldn't?

FOR THAT perfect "balance" of fine Turkish and American tobaccos, that extra delicacy of taste and aroma which are Fatima's and Fatima's alone—who wouldn't pay a few cents more?



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago



At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets \$7, extra high \$9. Stockings \$12.** Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne S. S. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.





ANITA Shapes While You Sleep

RESHAPE YOUR NOSE!

You can surely and safely mold your nose to beautiful proportions with the **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER**

—Do it while you sleep—painlessly, comfortably. Results speedy and certain. Physicians highly praise it. Absolutely guaranteed. No metal to harm you. **FREE BROOKLET** points way to facial beauty and happiness. Write for it today.

The ANITA Co. Gold Medal Awarded Feb. 1923

ANITA Bldg. Dept. 795 Newark, N.J.

Can You Sell \$10 Shoes for \$3.95?

If you can either convincing sales volume for women, at lowest cost, or volume of orders for men, we will pay you \$100 a week.

\$100 a Week Made by Many. We are out representative and men are looking for orders for wonderful \$10 shoes. We will send you a sample pair of shoes and a list of names of men who are looking for orders. Hundreds of women waiting to order shoes. We pay you big commissions daily.

Outfit and Actual Shoes FREE to Reliable Agents

You don't need a penny to start. No experience required. Just send money today. We will send you a pair of shoes which given your name and the money. **AND FIVE SHOES** representing the entire shoe line. **FREE.**

STYLE-ARCH SHOE CO. Desk 100-H, Cincinnati, O.





How to keep your wave alluring —ALWAYS!

AFTER years of daze—
yearning in a far, far
land, down to the very
bottom of your soul—
Haven't you
wondered how to make
it STAY charming?

Take a tip from the stars
and screen beauties who **ALWAYS**
keep their hair looking
well-groomed—**ALLURING**—
no matter how active they are.

**Just Spray on
Fixo-gén**

It stays instantly, and then holds the hair
exactly as you have arranged it—in the natu-
rally rippled yet most enticing that the alluring
woman must always have.

Fixo-gén is a perfect "setting lotion" which
"permans" the permanent wave. It keeps a
good wave always at its best, and permits the
repetition of a poor one. And in addition,
ALL the beauty of naturally wavy hair too,
and keeps a bob neat. Originated by Charles
Perrin, Wave Specialist of New York and
Paris, and used everywhere in the smartest
ladies' shops.

3 Seconds Makes Your Coffure STAY exquisite

Keep a little atomizer of *Fixogen* on your
dressing table. Then, when your hair is ar-
ranged just as you like it, a few sprays of this
wonderful liquid will keep it so, yet leave
the hair soft and alive, rippling exquisitely,
without the least artificial look. Absolutely
safe, effective and odorless.

Ten Days Trial FREE

End your hair worries now. Send only \$1.25 to
Cluzelle, Dept. 77, 45 West 57th Street, New York City
to receive a full-size 4 ounce bottle of *Fixogen*—
a full-size 4 ounce bottle of *Fixo-gén*—a full-size
4 ounce bottle of *Fixo-gén*—a full-size 4 ounce
bottle of *Fixo-gén*. If you are not satisfied
within ten days, we will refund your money.
Test *Fixogen* without obligation. Money
back if not satisfied.

Cluzelle, Dept. 77, 45 West 57th Street, New York City

CLUZELLE 45 West 57th St.
Dept. 77, N. Y. C.

Please send me, postpaid, a full-size 4 ounce bottle of *Fixogen*—
a full-size 4 ounce bottle of *Fixo-gén*—a full-size 4 ounce
bottle of *Fixo-gén*. I enclose \$1.25. My name is _____
address _____

readdressed them to a hotel in New York. Then I threw my remaining things in a large bag and phoned for a taxicab. There was no one I wanted to say good-bye to, not then at least. I got the first train out for New York.

The next morning life seemed a little brighter. There was sunshine streaming in my windows when I awoke. The tap, tap of a riveting machine across the street made a terrific noise, but I was glad. Anything was better than just silence.

At ten o'clock sharp, I put in a call for Amy's house. It seemed hours before a voice answered. I asked for Amy.

"She left early this morning for New Hampshire," the voice informed me.

Scarcely able to speak I asked for Sid. "They all left, the whole family, for the summer. Is this Mr. Gates?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Sidney said he forgot to tell you yesterday that they were going this morning, but he said he would write you at the Brighton Club."

I don't know how long I sat there on the edge of the bed, my head on the telephone stand.

I have only a faint recollection from then on. I went downstairs and went in the bar. Two fellows from Sid's club were there having an early cocktail. I started to go out to avoid them. They saw me and called loudly.

"Awful party last night!" one of them informed me. "Got a little hangover yourself, haven't you?"

"Haven't had a drink—just a shock!" I said to him, almost venomously. "But I'm going to have one—going to have a lot of them!" I could feel the liquor burning through me already. They slapped me on the back and gave a boisterous cheer. One of them called the bartender and ordered three Bronx cocktails. I poured mine down in a gulp and called for three more. My own face stared at me from the mirror across the bar. It was drawn and white and my eyes looked back at me like dull raisins in a batch of dough. After another cocktail they insisted on having some luncheon. It was fortunate for me, because my head was beginning to reel and buzz already, having had no food since the night before.

In the middle of the afternoon there were twenty lined up at the Knickerbocker, and at six, just Dave Phillips and I remained. We were both having difficulty with our legs and our tongues. Dave suggested thickly that the bartender mix us something to sober us up a little. Then we called a cab and went to a restaurant famous for its unattached women. We hadn't been seated fifteen minutes before two girls from another table were smiling at us, openly. Dave beckoned them over to our table and in less time than it takes to write it, they were ordering a dinner that staggered us both.

THEY followed along with us to a half a dozen cafés and restaurants during the evening. At two o'clock they suggested that we all go to their apartment. I had crushed every quail of conscience that presented itself during the day and had managed to curb my natural dislike for liquor enough to stay thoroughly "tight." A taxicab whisked us uptown. I rested my head against the back of the cab and fell into a slight doze. As long as I stayed awake I couldn't keep terrible thoughts out of my mind. I knew I was taking the easiest way out. Tomorrow it would be worse.

A colored elevator boy grinned and winked as he took us upstairs. The girl with the black hair and overly painted face smiled at me—a paid smile; more dollars,

more sweetness. I had an insane desire to call her names and tell her how low I thought I was for being with her. I toyed with the idea in my mind for a moment, then sank into a chair as the lights flashed on in the apartment.

The next thing I knew there was someone shaking me. Dave was standing above me with a tray of glasses and some ginger ale and rye. I opened one eye and gazed at him speculatively. He grinned back and said, "Come on, old topper, it's time for your bedtime medicine!"

I looked around and saw the girl with the black hair arrayed in a suit of black and orange pajamas. She sickened me and made me want to laugh at the same time. My eyes went slowly around the apartment and rested on a vase, a tall blue vase with a single rose sticking from the top. I gazed at it, fascinated. It was a yellow rose—Amy! I got up from my chair and walked toward it as it drew me like a magnet. I fingered the rose between my hands for a moment. It was artificial. It was like everything else there—everything in life, for that matter.

A thousand thoughts came tumbling through my head and before they could stop me I had dashed across the room and was turning the lock on the door. I rang for the elevator and then ran down the seven flights of stairs to the street.

I hurried down the street, calling a taxi on the corner and climbing in. I almost cringed in the corner until I arrived at my hotel. In my room I stripped to the skin and scrubbed myself until I felt clean again. Then I fell into bed, asleep the instant my head touched the pillow.

When I awoke in the morning my head was splitting. Bits of the previous day floated before my vision. The girl with the black hair and the painted face. The artificial yellow rose—imitation! I shuddered and climbed out of bed and doused myself under a cold shower until my body tingled.

Through breakfast I realized that I couldn't ever drown my troubles with liquor. Maybe my father had and my grandfather, but I couldn't!

If I only had some one in all the world to go to and tell and ask for advice! If there was only some one back home who had cared enough to keep in touch with me.

It had been thirteen years since I had been there. Perhaps people had forgotten about my father. I decided to take a night train home. Perhaps my happiness was there, waiting for me. I didn't see how because I couldn't imagine any happiness any place, ever without Amy.

The next morning I stepped off the Pullman at eight thirty-seven. The little wooden depot was just as I remembered it. The sheds across the tracks still bore the tattered and torn signs of a one-horse circus. Up the track was the same old red mill with the water pounding down the little runway to the wheel.

A few minutes after the train had pulled out the crowd dwindled away to the two or three loafers who had been sitting on the baggage truck ever since I went away.

I wandered down across the tracks toward town. A new manufacturing plant had sprung up on Troy street and there was a macadam road running down the center of town.

I went by the old printing press across from the post office and stopped to see if the same man ran the press. A younger edition of the same man stood there.

The same trees lined Wyoming Street, a little more majestic if anything. Funny I hadn't noticed how much all the houses needed paint when I was a youngster! My heart beat a little faster as I got up

near our old home. The Methodist Church on the corner below our house had never been painted either, but the place where the farmers used to hitch their horses had been supplanted by a row of small garages. Tears came to my eyes as I stood in front of our old house. On the front porch the upper floor was a sign, "Boarders." I stood there for only a moment. The grass had grown up where there used to be a well-kept lawn and the whole place seemed about to tumble apart. It hurt me and I turned and went down Cedar Street toward the other end of town.

WHEN I came to the little paint factory down by the creek I took the road that curved up over the grove of trees to the place of no returning. Mother and dad and grandfather, all my family were buried up there. If dad could only tell me, only come to me for a minute to touch his lips to my hair and whisper all of it in my ear!

Everything seemed to be so much simpler now. I almost ran down the hill and stepped across town. If I hurried and the train schedule was the same as when I was a child, I could get a train at eleven o'clock that would take me back to New York. I heard it blow for the crossing and ran down when I was a block away, and I was into a run.

Late that night I got a sleeper from the Grand Central Station headed for Boston. My heart was singing and I knew that nothing in the whole world could keep Amy from me now. I made connections with a train at Boston and landed in Woburn on Lake Winnepisaukee at noontime. A local taxicab was backed at the station. I inquired if the driver knew where the Baldwin house was. He said, "Sure!" I hopped in, and we went bumping and rattling along over the country road out along the lake.

I met Amy driving a station-wagon into town. Her eyes flew open as wide as saucers when she saw me. I shouted at my driver and thrust a bill in his hand. He tossed out my bag and I put it in the back of Amy's station-wagon.

"Amy!" That was all I could say. She reached down and helped me up beside her. I felt her hand steal up over my arm and stroke my cheek and hair and her lips touched mine, oh, so sweetly and tenderly.

"I thought you wouldn't ever come, Ray," she whispered. "I wrote you and Dad wrote you—"

"Wrote me? Where? I asked. "At Brighton—that's the only place we knew. Sid tried to find you, too. He stayed over a day in New York and then came on yesterday."

"Do—do they think it's all right?" I stammered.

"Yes, dear," and laughed so that her brown eyes twinkled at my worrying again. "Sid told Daddy a lot of things that he found out—things he was sorry that he ever believed true. Dad has been nearly heartbroken."

Something snapped in my brain then and set up a cadence in time with the horse's hoofs. "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

But I held her face close to mine and told her about my trip home, about my trip to the cemetery and the quietness of it all and the power it gave me and the happiness to carry on.

"I don't think I ever want to go back again," I finished. "It might spoil the beautiful illusion."

But we do go back. Sid and Amy and I. Every year, and it's great to see the youngsters coming in, each having the same worries that I had and living the same life, suffering the same hardships.

Beauty Insurance



"Insure" your skin and complexion against the blemishes of summer weather. Do not let the sun discolor or dry out your skin. Tan, Freckles and Sunburn destroy your natural Beauty quickly, encouraging muddy, rough complexions.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

M-23-6

is your "insurance" that you can enjoy all Summer sports without fear of the effect of the sun, wind or water. The subtle film of alluring Beauty which Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders, fully preserves and protects your skin and complexion against all weather conditions. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in Compacts.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, 430 Lafayette Street, New York

"It's The Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

"AND I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have style!"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn at home to make stylish clothes and hats at great savings, or ear money as a dressmaker or milliner.

Write for Free Booklet

Mail the coupon today for a Free Booklet which describes the Dressmaking and Millinery Courses of the Woman's Institute and tells how this great school has helped to solve the clothes problem for more than 200,000 women and girls.



WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 6-G, Scranton, Penna.

Without obligating me in any way, please send me a copy of one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address

Send no money Charge it!



PA3—Lady's wrist watch latest style solid 14 Kt. gold highest grade 17 ruby and sapphire jewel movement, life-time guarantee. Featured at \$22 \$2 on delivery, bal. \$1.67 monthly

PA4—Flery blue white diamond—best quality 18 Kt. white gold—artistically carved, hand pierced, lady's mounting. Featured at \$49.50 \$2 on delivery—bal. \$3.96 per month.

PA7—Three large perfectly matched genuine blue white diamonds, two French blue sapphires, 18Kt. white gold dinner ring, exquisite design. Price \$42.50 \$2 on delivery, bal. \$3.38 Monthly

PA8—Three perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in a beautifully hand pierced mounting—18Kt. white gold—latest creation. Price \$36.75 \$2 on delivery, bal. \$2.90 Monthly

A full year to pay
All transactions strictly confidential
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Don't pay now—send name and address, your choice comes to you parcel-post prepaid on 10 Days Free Trial. Pay postman \$2 on delivery, then after free trial pay balance in 12 monthly payments. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

FREE
"Royal Book of Gems"
Thousands of special valuations genuine diamonds, watches and jewelry illustrated. Your copy sent immediately on request

No red tape. No delay

Established 1895
ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
Address Dept. 1620 170 Broadway, N. Y.

his laughter drove me mad with horror. I had done wrong, been foolish; but I could not be that I was to be so terribly punished. In the next room I could hear Greta's high-pitched laughter. The kid didn't know or realize her danger. I again I determined to save her too. What could I do? Could we escape? I were to pretend to agree? Could I win by pitting my wits against this man's? Hope to win? A slim chance, but I must take it.

So I shrugged my shoulders as if with indifference. "Let's have another drink," I said; "I'm thirsty."

HIS eyes narrowed as if he were sizing me up, then he laughed again, and I had a feeling that he could see through my mind and was so sure of winning that he was willing to bide his time.

Back in the other room Greta and her man were dancing. I tried to pull her one side to explain to her the mess we were in; but Greta was too drunk to know my care. She flung me to one side and told me a pride, saying she was having a time of her life and wasn't going home for hours yet.

What could I do? Even if I were able to escape myself, and it didn't look much that way, how could I go off and leave Greta? If I did I'd never know a minute's peace of mind again as long as I lived.

"Let's dance," I said to George, but I managed to pour my drink out under the table without his seeing me do it. As he danced my anguished eyes searched the room looking for some means of escape.

I noticed then that the door was not so an ordinary door. The windows were heavily curtained, and the inside of the doors had a lock and a little thing called a handle. We were not in a room of two unfortunates, but in a strange and evil place.

My hope of escape as I pretended to get more affected by the drink. Greta was herself we would have had a better chance; but she was lost to me. I felt that if that yet she was staying much longer I would go.

Suddenly Greta collapse on the couch.

There was a glass pitcher on the table and I picked up a glass of water.

"Let her drink," said to me. "She'll come round." and he picked her up and set her down in the next room. I followed, but George caught me by the wrist and pulled me back.

"If she doesn't come round there I'll scream for the police," I said.

With that he came at me. I caught up the glass pitcher and flung it at him with all my strength. It crashed against the door with a rattling racket.

"So, you want to break up our crockery, will you, will you?" He jerked me out into the middle of the room and the expression of his face was wicked. "I'll show you how a man act like that. I'll break you!" and he raised his hand to strike me.

"Go on, then, George," Willis interrupted.

"There's no time to get to beat to bring round. Go on, stand to your own affairs."

I felt like a trapped animal. There was no use, I knew appealing to George, and though this Willis seemed a better sort, I could see that he was completely under the domination of George. Desperate, I looked around for some one in hopes that I might find the police, but there

Lovely, Satin-Smooth Skin

—thanks to Del-a-tone

SUMMER days and freedom! Days when wonder-working Del-a-tone is especially needed by lovely women who know that the slightest trace of offending hair on face, arms, limbs, back of neck, is a mar to beauty that captivates.

No half-way measures will do. Harsh methods of removing hair are being discarded. They have been by the millions who now rely solely on safe, sure, effective Del-a-tone. The marvel to many first-time users is the quickness of results. Apply, rinse; after 3 minutes, hair all gone. The skin is left white and velvety smooth. No other method is so quick, so certain, so pleasant to use, so helpful in retarding growth of thicker, coarser hair.

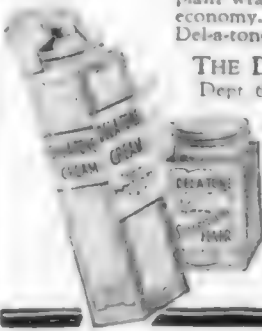
Your Choice—Del-a-tone Cream or Del-a-tone (powder)

You may know of old, reliable Del-a-tone (powder) a standard for nearly twenty years. Now, too, there is Del-a-tone Cream, the only snow-white, fragrant depilatory cream. Something you've always hoped for!

Removes Hair DEL-A-TONE CREAM or POWDER

At Drug or Department Stores or sent prepaid anywhere in U.S.A. in plain wrapper, for one dollar—an economy. State whether you wish Del-a-tone or Del-a-tone Cream.

THE DELATONE COMPANY
Dept. 657, 721 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.



FREE TRIAL



Send this coupon for 10c Package FREE
The Delatone Company,
Dept. 657, 721 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
Please send me FREE, prepaid, in plain wrapper, the 10c size I have checked herewith.
☐ Del-a-tone (powder) ☐ Del-a-tone Cream
Name _____
Address _____



10c Package Free
The coupon below is for your convenience in requesting us to send you free a 10c package of Del-a-tone or Del-a-tone Cream. We are confident you will like the results and will become a permanent user.



"FOR THE HAIR OF WOMEN WHO CARE"

Frederics Method PERMANENT WAVING FACTS *every woman should know*

AMONG permanent waving authorities the Frederics Method is known as "the Method of the Masters." This is because it is always used by better hairdressers for the more beautiful waves it gives and the greater safety it affords.

No need to send away for tests to make sure of safety. The Frederics Method allows large, soft waves of lovely charm for every woman. It protects and enhances the natural lustre of your hair. Wherever you see this method used, you are sure of greater satisfaction than you ever before have known. For it marks the expert hairdresser who offers patrons only the best.

We will gladly send you the name of a nearby Frederics Method Parlor on request

E. Frederics Inc.

53 West 37th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR PERMANENT WAVE" mailed free if you write to us. Tells how to keep your permanent wave always like new and explains the many superiorities of the Frederics Method.





Lovely
as a Princess
... this woman
of enchanting beauty!

YOU see her wherever smart society congregates. Instantly her regal loveliness captures your eye. You silently acclaim her radiant beauty. It is perfection! Cool . . . majestic . . . a true American princess . . .

At first perhaps you do not fathom her secret. You steal another glance. Her hair—perfectly coiffed, of course. Her gown—rich simplicity. Her skin—ah—that is it! Her soft, luxuriant skin—clear, smooth, exquisitely lovely.

You ponder. Surely no ordinary powder could possibly impart such radiant, vivacious beauty. And yet . . .

Most clever women already know of Peter Pan, that strange new powder impregnated with myriads of elusive OPAL HUES. These rare, precious, cleverly blended OPAL HUES impart to the features instantly a smart new beauty that reveals utmost loveliness in any light—even the harsh, unflattering light of the sun at high noon.

Of course, Peter Pan must be more than a face powder. It is really a beauty treatment—every time you powder. Of finest ingredients—stays on for hours. In four new shades—sealed in silk—at \$3.00.

NATURAL OPAL HUE
RACHEL OPAL HUE
ROSE OPAL HUE
WHITE OPAL HUE

No other powder like it. Imparts brilliant beauty—instantly. Read the amazing story that comes with each box. At finest Beauty Shops and Toilet Counters everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon for generous trial box—TODAY!

Created by Fallis, Inc., Cincinnati
Copyrighted 1928, Fallis, Inc.

Peter Pan
OPAL HUE
BEAUTY Powder

Sealed in Silk—\$3.00 the Box
In a box of glistening black and gold

Generous Trial

If your dealers cannot supply you send \$1.00 for a generous size box of this exquisite powder, and the amazing story of its creation. (Trial size not sold in stores.) Mail coupon at once.

FALLIS, Inc., Perfumer

1623 Riverside Drive, Cincinnati, O.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for generous Trial Box of Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder and the amazing story of its creation.

Give shade wanted.

did not seem to be any. Just then a phone rang. It was in the hall quite out of sight. I sprang to reach it, but George dragged me back and lunged me violently on the couch. "You answer, Harry," he said, and tightened a cruel grip on my wrist.

I could see Willis' face blanch with fear. He was stuttering with excitement, and when he turned around to tell George the message, his teeth chattered so he could not be understood.

"What is it, you blithering fool?" George roared, and just then there was a pounding at the front door, the shouting of many voices and the splintering crash of wood.

"Beat it!" George hissed through his teeth. "The fire escape." He tried to drag me along with him; but I fought him off with all my strength. Suddenly he raised his clenched fist and struck me; but before he could pick me up, an arm reached out and jerked him back by the collar. I wondered if I was crazy but the man who had broken in through the door and stopped George from hitting me again was no one else but Big Frosty from the Chinese restaurant! I was too unmoved and sick to quite know all that was happening. The small room seemed full of policemen and Frosty had me in his arms, protecting me from the swing of clubs.

"Greta, my friend, she's in the next room," I managed to say; but a patrolman had already found her and brought her in and laid her, still unconscious, on the couch by me.

"Rounded them both up, have you, boys?" Frosty asked.

"Yes sir," one of the policemen said and saluted. "We've nailed 'em both this time, at last, and with your help, sir. We've been laying for these two birds a long while; but they was too slippery for us, till now. Come along, you!" and the policeman jerked the shivering Willis to his feet. George seemed entirely possessed. He faced Frosty defiantly and sneered.

"So you landed us at last, did you? A lot of good it'll do you. You ain't got nothing on us. These two janes came here of their own accord."

"Never mind the janes," Frosty said, quieting me, when I tried to interrupt to deny this. "It's not on that charge we're going to get you this time. Something more serious. How about dope peddling, eh?"

Even George's face blanched at that, though he tried to keep his air of scorn. "You got nothin' on me," he muttered.

"We'll see about that later," Frosty said, and then to the policeman, "haul them off, boys."

"How about the janes? Want them nabbed too, boss?"

I CRIED out in terror, but Frosty calmed me. "I know these two girls, Flannery. I'll be responsible for them. They're all right."

When the policemen and their two captives had gone I turned to big Frosty, the tears streaming down my cheeks.

"How can I ever thank you enough," I sobbed.

"There, there, little girl. I guess you have plenty to thank me for, all right; but I have to thank you too, though you don't know it. Tonight I was watching you and your friend dancing at Lin Chung's. There are plenty of girls go there, but I kind of watched you especially—you took my eye; being just my notion of what a real pretty girl is. I was watching the place, because at headquarters we knew it was a center for the dope ring. I'd been there, presumably as bouncer for a long while; but somehow I couldn't seem to

get a thing on any one, though I was sure the stuff was being handled right under my nose. Then I saw those two birds pick you girls up and all of a sudden in a flash it seemed to come to me that those were the boys I was after. Funny how a hunch like that will strike you; but if the tall gink hadn't been getting kind of fresh with you and rousing my anger at him, I'd never have seen him slip the package to the Chink as he went by for his hat. It was done so slick I all but missed it. I had those two birds placed then. George the gunner, and his kind of soft witted partner, Dopey Harry. Wanted them for assault on a girl, too, about a month back. So I trailed you and when I saw you come here I fixed things to raid the joint and grab the two of them. Unluckily we were a bit delayed, and I was that anxious about you." He mopped his forehead and then took his handkerchief and wiped my tears.

"Don't cry. No harm's done, glory be! But the chances you girls'll take! I hope you and that little fool of a friend of yours have learned your lesson."

I flushed scarlet.

"Not that it wasn't pretty," he added with a trace of embarrassment. "Only they're too nice to let everyone see. And now I got to get you two girls home before I go to headquarters to turn in my report. This'll sure mean promotion for me." He looked around the room and then began making a swift examination of the premises.

I tried to leave Greta, but had quite a time to bribe.

"She's been doped," Frosty said. "Ordinary booze wouldn't knock her out like that."

Suddenly Frosty swooped down on the cushions of the couch. He ripped the back off one and plunged his large hand in the opening.

"As I thought," he said, and went to the phone. In ten minutes there were two plain clothes men.

By this time I had managed to bring Greta to and we took her down and put her in a taxi.

"I'll see you safely to your door," the big detective said.

It was not till then that I realized I was clinging fast to his arm and had been holding his hand for the last ten minutes. It somehow seemed the one thing in the world worth holding on to. But as soon as I knew it I blushed and tried to draw it away. But he smiled down on me, his kind, friendly smile that I had liked from the first.

"No need of that. A girl like you ought to have a big fellow like me to watch out for her. You've none too much sense."

He said it so comically I had to laugh.

"I'll not be seeing you at that Chinese place anymore," he said regretfully. "On account of this haul I'll likely go up on the Narcotic Squad; but if you'd not mind, I'd like to drop in and see you once in a while, young lady, to see how you're behaving yourself."

"I'd like to have you come," I answered, my heart beating fast.

"How about tomorrow?" he asked. "I'm off then. Or is it too soon?"

"No, it's not too soon," I said softly. Nor was it. The oftener my big detective's name is James Frost, comes, the better I like it. Only I hate to see him go. And he won't soon; for we're to be married in June. We've the first payment made on our bungalow already.

And Greta. When she found out what had happened she came to her senses with a jolt. She is to be our maid of honor, and is almost as happy in my joy as myself.

I offer you a chance to make



\$100 a week!

Simply by handling my business in your locality!

I need 700 men and women. I need them right now. I need them in every locality in the United States. If you are interested in a high-grade, clean-cut proposition that will bring you an income of \$100 a week, I am ready to make you an offer. I don't care what your age, experience or schooling has been. I need men and women who are ambitious and energetic. That's all. If you are that type, here is an amazing opportunity for you.

I will give you the same opportunity that enabled Christopher Vaughn to suddenly increase his income to \$125 in a single week; the same offer that caused Frank M. Brown to increase his earnings from \$25 a week to \$27 in an 8-hour day; the same offer

that brought John Scotti \$97 in his second week; and that enabled Mrs. K. R. Roof to make \$50 a week in her spare time and \$15 in a single afternoon. Yes, you today could be making profits like these. The opportunity is waiting for you. If you want it, write to me at once.



\$27.35 Profit In 10 Hours

Del Hebert of New York says, "I think yours is the best money-making proposition I have ever had and I would recommend it highly to anyone. I have made as much as \$27.35 profit for 10 hours' easy, pleasant work."

Here Are The Facts

I am the President of a company that has resources of more than a million dollars and that has back of it more than eighteen years of successful experience. We are the originators and the manufacturers of the famous "Zanol" line of products. You have heard of these products before. You have seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, the Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's Magazine, and other leading publications.

Maybe you already know that the American Products Company is the biggest business of its kind in the world. We have hundreds of thousands of customers located in every city, county and community in the United States. Last year we spent more than three hundred thousand dollars in advertising, telling of the wonderful values offered by "Zanol" Products. Our established customers bought more than ten million "Zanol" products last year. The enormous demand for "Zanol" products is already established in every community.

How You Can Earn \$100 A Week

With the tremendous growth of "Zanol" business we find it necessary to appoint one man or woman in each community in the United States to serve as our representative and handle our business in that locality. "Zanol" products are never sold in stores. By dealing direct with us our customers are assured of better values, fresher merchandise and low prices. If you become our representative you will be given a generous profit on all the business that comes from your territory.

Get Your Share Of Two Million Dollars

That's all there is to it. It is a simple, straightforward, clean-cut business proposition. It is the biggest opportunity you have ever been offered. It is your chance to make \$100 a week in the easiest and most pleasant work that you have ever done. You will be amazed at how easy it is—at how quickly the money rolls in.

This year the "Zanol" Representatives will make more than two million dollars, and you will have an opportunity to get your share of this tremendous profit. You will have the same opportunity as Henry Albers who worked in a factory for small wages. He became a "Zanol" Representative and succeeded beyond his fondest dreams. He has made as much as \$125 a week, and even \$47 in a single day.

That's the kind of money you can be making too if you will write to me today.

No Capital Or Experience Needed

"Zanol" Representatives who have made the greatest successes have come to us without previous experience. We furnish the most complete equipment for doing business.

We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. Everything is so clear and simple that within one week you can be making big money.

Tremendous Profits For Spare Time

If you cannot devote your entire time to this business at the start, I will show you how you can make from \$8 to \$10 a day as our representative just in your spare time. I will show you how A. O. Adams, of Ga., made as much as \$24 a day; how Frank Woodal, of Pa., made \$10 clear profit the first five hours; and how this same proposition has brought hundreds, yes, thousands of dollars of profits to men and women located in every part of the United States.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the details. I will show you how you can make at least \$100 a week, or from \$8 to \$10 a day in your spare time. I will show you how you can establish yourself in a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business, that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible.

It is your chance to get ahead. It means thousands of dollars to you. And I do not ask you to risk a penny. You do not have to agree to pay anything or do anything. Just mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
Dept. 5292. Cincinnati, O.



This Car Free!

We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this new six-cylinder closed car without expense and an income of \$100 a week, or more.



© A. P. Co.

Albert Mills, Pres.,
The American Products Co.,
Dept. 5292. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir: I want to know how I can earn \$100 a week as the "Zanol" Representative in my locality. Send me all the facts about your money-making proposition, without cost or obligation.

Name

Address

\$50 Profit Her First Week

Mrs. K. R. Roof of South Carolina is the "Zanol" Representative in her spare hours. She finds this work pleasant and profitable. Her first week she cleared over \$50.00.



1,000 Customers

Clarence T. Stites of Illinois became a "Zanol" Representative one year ago. Today he has 1,000 customers who order from him regularly. He has a new car, a profitable business and finds it easy to clear as much as \$27 a day.



What the modern bathing costume exposes—DeMiracle beautifies! For more than twenty years well-groomed women have used this *liquid* that quickly and gently removes hair *below* the surface of the skin.

60c, \$1, \$2—Everywhere, or direct from DeMiracle, 138 West 14th St., New York

DeMiracle

Short-Story Writing



One pupil won a \$2000 prize. Another pupil earned over \$5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Eesenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

The Home Correspondence School
Dr. EEEENWEIN Dept. 47 Springfield, Mass.



Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to stare. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Koss Co., 618 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

**Golden Glint
SHAMPOO**

For the Sake of Julie

[Continued from page 67]

as I had once before tried to keep from hearing Armand make love to Julie, and failed, because he made love so ardently, and so beautifully, I now tried to shut that loud call out of my heart and soul.

Do you wonder that I failed then to keep from hearing a voice that still drifts to me down the roads of all the world, and will drift to me through the valleys of eternity? I could not deny that call.

SO I answered Julie's calling in my imagination with steps that seemed to catch up the echo of her voice.

I halted in the bend of the road, just where I could see the light gleaming through fields and trees. For a long time I stood there, shifting from one foot to the other; my whole body laboring with emotion, my hands continually twisting my overalls as cap into knots and balls. But, not for a tiny moment did my eyes move off that flowering point of orange. Not even when my whole being started forward as the point spread into a yellow square that suddenly became shadowed by the form of a girl and a man kissing each other at the door. More than ever, my eyes devoured that square of yellow light and what it held. Julie in a man's arms! Kissing him! Had Armand come back to some mysterious way? Or good God! Could there be another man unknown to both Armand and myself? Could some secret lover have stolen away my friend's dream of love with Julie?

Half frenzied by those unanswerable questions, I broke into a run toward the farmhouse, my fists clenching at the picture Julie and the man made in the door.

I halted a few yards from the Perrone farmhouse, suddenly realizing that the man with Julie was a French soldier old enough to be her father. I would have turned and slipped away if she hadn't seen me and called me back to introduce her uncle from the next village. He was on his way to the Front again. A moment later he said "good-bye" and struck out for Verdun. I turned to Julie. There was anxiety in her eyes, and they showed the effects of recent crying. Armand! I thought. She has been crying over his going! If only Armand, back in the hell of Verdun, could have seen Julie's eyes red from her tears over him! Surely then his dream would live again!

"When you did not come for supper, I—we grew worried, Dinco," she said.

"I had the whole fooding detail for the picket line tonight. We were late with the work, Julie," I answered, feeling as if the truth in my heart were making a last stand against suppression.

We sat on the steps underneath the stars where I realized the utility of trying to say things. The silence deepened just as the night deepens toward twelve. I wondered then would it ever lit as the shadows lit toward dawn. If not, I wouldn't be able to stand the strain of trying to imprison my feelings.

The clatter of hoofs approaching from Fleury saved me. Horses were coming at the gallop! I arose swiftly as a man does when he senses something is going to happen. A pair of horses dashed around the bend and into full view. The off horse was rarerless. He was Jimmy, my mount. My heart began beating like that old town-crier's drum had beat in Fleury. I knew what was up. Orders had come. We were going in again!

"Julie, we're going back to the Front!" I said in a voice that at last seemed free.

"Dinco, you—you are going to leave me!" she asked in a constrained voice. I wheeled sharply to see if her face would confirm the revelation of her voice. Before I could be sure, Corporal Bates was coming in almost on top of us. I grasped the bridle of Jim and waited for Bates to get his breath.

"The regiment's moving out of Fleury at six tomorrow morning. Orders are for every outfit to be harnessed, hitched, and hooked-in by five forty-five. I figured you'd want to know."

"Thanks, Bates. Any more dope?"

"Lieutenant Waters says we'll be in position beyond Verdun inside of thirty hours."

I turned to Julie. "Would you care to walk a little way toward Fleury with me?"

Julie nodded for an answer. I would have gone into the house to bid farewell to old Madame, but she was asleep. We started down the Sacred Road without a word. Jim followed me as he was used to doing. A hundred yards or more were covered and still not a sound from either of our lips. The white road began to bend toward Fleury. I took three steps before realizing Julie was not at my side. She was standing in the turn of the road, hands covering her face.

"Julie, Julie," I called, my voice losing its surety again.

She swayed toward me, then almost staggered backward as it suddenly caught between two great conflicting forces. Her voice reached me like that of a girl in pain who tries to muffle anguished outcries.

"Dinco . . . Dinco—I cannot let you go like this. It will kill me—"

I caught Julie in my arms to keep her from sinking to the road. But, at my touch, strength flared into her body. She suddenly pressed against me: her arms went around my shoulders; and I felt her warm, sweet breath mixing, merging, blending with mine until both became like flames.

"Dinco, I love you—I love you—I love you—my sweetheart," I heard her cry, and yet I could hardly believe my own ears. But certainly came when our lips pressed together, trapping the flame of our breath.

"Julie, Julie, oh! my girl—my woman—I've loved you from the first day—"

"Dinco . . . Dinco," she sobbed, her tears mingling with my own.

We were still clinging to each other, both of us sobbing out the feelings we had suppressed for days, when a bugle blew through the summer night. It was the call to quarters. Of course, I could have stayed away until reveille. But, the bugle suddenly brought a vision of Armand's face as I had seen him in the larkspur and goldenrod.

"Julie—"

"I love you—I love you, *mon American*," she answered.

"But, Julie, what about Armand?"

"Armand! Yes—yes—I love him. Dinco, I love him. I've always loved him since we were children in the fields. Once, it seemed like love enough. Then . . . all my sweetheart, when you came my love for Armand was not enough. Armand was not enough."

"My darling," I said, drawing her younglingly into the depths of my arms. No longer could I deny myself the sweet reduction of her love. To this day, I do not know how I ever let her go. But such a parting moment came. It had to come. War is like that.

[Turn to page 94]



New Way to Make Money at Home

COULD you use extra money? You can make it in spare time in a pleasant, new way. No previous experience necessary. Complete outfit, worth at least \$10.00, furnished with no money down. Extra cash to receive at home. No need to leave home. No need to travel. No need to work. No need to wait. No need to worry. No need to risk. No need to lose. No need to fail. No need to be disappointed. No need to be embarrassed. No need to be ashamed. No need to be humiliated. No need to be scorned. No need to be despised. No need to be hated. No need to be feared. No need to be loathed. No need to be reviled. No need to be cursed. No need to be damned. No need to be damned.

There is no need to be disappointed. No need to be embarrassed. No need to be ashamed. No need to be humiliated. No need to be scorned. No need to be despised. No need to be hated. No need to be feared. No need to be loathed. No need to be reviled. No need to be cursed. No need to be damned. No need to be damned.

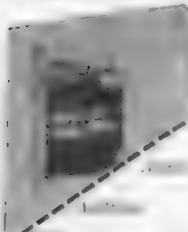
Money Back Guarantee

Money back guarantee. If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money. No questions asked. No need to return anything. No need to wait. No need to worry. No need to risk. No need to lose. No need to fail. No need to be disappointed. No need to be embarrassed. No need to be ashamed. No need to be humiliated. No need to be scorned. No need to be despised. No need to be hated. No need to be feared. No need to be loathed. No need to be reviled. No need to be cursed. No need to be damned. No need to be damned.

Write for Free Book

Write for free book. No need to pay. No need to wait. No need to worry. No need to risk. No need to lose. No need to fail. No need to be disappointed. No need to be embarrassed. No need to be ashamed. No need to be humiliated. No need to be scorned. No need to be despised. No need to be hated. No need to be feared. No need to be loathed. No need to be reviled. No need to be cursed. No need to be damned. No need to be damned.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES



Dept. 69-H, Adrian, Mich. Write for free book. No need to pay. No need to wait. No need to worry. No need to risk. No need to lose. No need to fail. No need to be disappointed. No need to be embarrassed. No need to be ashamed. No need to be humiliated. No need to be scorned. No need to be despised. No need to be hated. No need to be feared. No need to be loathed. No need to be reviled. No need to be cursed. No need to be damned. No need to be damned.

Learn Classic Dancing At Home!



Only \$5.00 A Month

You, like thousands of others, will find it amazingly easy to learn classic dancing at home by this wonderful new method. The cost is surprisingly low. Charts, photographs, easy text, and phonograph records make this home instruction method delightfully simple and fascinating.

FREE OUTFIT

Complete studio outfit including costume, phonograph records, dancing bag, and slippers are sent absolutely FREE with your lessons. Write at once for full information about this wonderful new method. No obligation. Learn at home. Write today. M. Sorel Marneff School of Classic Dancing Studio 2-206 1824 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Play JAZZ

3 LESSONS FREE on a BUESCHER Saxophone

ALWAYS A HIT
Be the King of Jazz—Have all the fun. Make everyone like you—and play Buescher.

EASY TO PLAY
Can you whistle a tune? Then you can learn to play a Buescher. Learn at home. Teach yourself. Quickly, Easily.

3 LESSONS GIVEN
Request with each new Buescher Sax. They start you. One hour each evening—only a few minutes.

EASY TO PAY
Six days' trial at home. Easy terms. Send postal today for beautiful free book. Mention favorite instrument. Send Today.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
1756 Buescher Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

For the Sake of Julie

[Continued from page 92]

"Good-bye, Julie. I will come back. I will come back to you," I said slowly.

"Good-bye—my sweetheart. You will never—never forget that Julie loves you with all her heart?"

"Never—never—Julie."

"May the Blessed Mother keep you safe for Julie. Good-bye, Dinee!"

There are times when love is madness, the madness of flames fanned by hot winds. I was that way then when I looked into Julie's passion-laden eyes and saw my longings reflected in their appeal.

"Julie!" I breathed. "You mean—you love me enough—"

"Oh! my Dinee, come with me. Come with me and hold me—"

"Julie!" was all my love could find to say as I lifted her and started toward the old farmhouse. Just before going up the steps with her still in my arms, I stopped long enough to bend my face over Julie's. Closing her eyes she lifted her red lips, and my kiss trembled against them.

In my room at the farmhouse a consciousness that this night was over came with the crimson proclamation that dawn was abroad in the fields of Fleury. At a gentle tapping on my door I arose, and together Julie and I watched the stars pale in their far-off places; watched the exquisite pageantry of light moving across creation, enchanting earth and sky with changing color.

Infantry swinging down the Sacred Road greeted our eyes in the lifting light. I saw Julie wince at what the scene suggested now, a journey into the vale of war; another heartbreaking wait while love and life trembled tearfully in the awesome balance!

Then her eyes caught a view of the church tower of Fleury. Although it was little more than a sombre shadow in the struggling light, the steeple became like a finger beckoning to both of us. She turned to me:

"Dinee, we must go down to the church and find Père François. He will marry us and keep our secret, for, of course, it must not be known until the war is over and Armand comes home. I alone must tell him. Père François knows life and love. He will be glad for me—glad to consecrate this past night that shall be our eternal bond."

Together we tiptoed out into the dawn, and with my horse following, we went down the Sacred Road to stand before the priest of Fleury.

Our walk to Fleury was one of strange silence. Silence that made me feel as if we were on our way to eternity. Only once was it broken, and then by Julie whispering as the red-roofed village lay before us in the rising tide of golden sunlight.

"We must not be seen going to Père

François' together. Even the village street has ears and a tongue. Armand's mother, must not know, nor any one else. I will go to the priest's house by the front way. You, Dinee, must slip into the church by the rear and wait—"

We dared to kiss each other before the waking village of Fleury; we dared to stand there in the road and search each other's eyes, although reveille was blowing loud and clear through the Grande Rue and my bubbles were already swarming out of their hay-bolls.

The din and commotion of my regiment answering roll-call in the streets seemed hushed and far away as I knelt in the church of Fleury and waited for Julie and the priest.

My head was bowed when I felt a light touch upon my shoulder. Looking up, I beheld Julie standing over me alone. Stark terror filled her dark eyes.

"Père François was called to the bedside of a dying man in the next village. He will not be back in time to marry us," she said, twisting her hands.

I was holding Julie in my arms the next second. As if my touch were magic, she calmed her hands and the stark terror fled from her dark eyes. As her lips moved again I saw the soul of France looking up at me through Julie's eyes: the France of the North; the France of the Great Shadow; the France that waited for men to come home from hell.

"Kiss me, Dinee, here in God's church—and I shall not be afraid, for God will know what is in our hearts," she said.

We kissed, standing there in the aisle under a sanctuary lamp, and though there was passion in our kisses, it was passion that was made soft and holy.

"Julie, our chaplain will marry us," I said, lifting my face from her's at last.

But, Julie shook her head slowly, her hair seeming more blue-black than ever in the shadows:

"Non—non—my Dinee. Julie's love does not demand that now. You will come back to me some day and good Père François will be here."

It was Julie who pushed me toward the door at last. It was Julie who tried to smile through blinding tears; Julie who made the last strange sort of sound between us, then turned back into her church.

I stumbled through the doors and into the golden September morning, my ears suddenly assailed by the rattle of mess-kits as the men waited for their last breakfast in Fleury, and by the sounds of artillery horses being harnessed and hitched over in the gun parks. That rattle and that sound from the gun parks suggested what lay before and behind me—war and Julie.

[To Be Concluded in the August Issue]

"Let Them Go!"

[Continued from page 45]

man boss her." She is always going to remain in a position where she "can make the man look foolish" and if by and by she wants to mate, she intends (so she says) to choose one who will know his place! She does not want to be bad; she just wants to be free!

The truth of this is that gratification of every whim has engendered such selfishness that she prefers to express herself, than to experience any tender devotion or passionate love-thrills which might make her want to subserve her will to another.

Well, let her be, her sort do not help on race. They are the means of its decay and Nature takes care of all the obstacles to her purpose of evolution. So that's that! One more letter is whimsical! This girl says since men give her pleasure and women love her, she would sooner panders to their desires, and keep them, than assert herself and remain lonely and alone! This girl seems to be no girl at all, she at least knows what she wants. Girls, analyze what you want—and if you stick to the basic virtues you will receive it!

Intrigue

[Continued from page 61]

ment. Was she quite sure that she loved him well enough to break up our little home and to give the two boys a step-father granted that her lover wanted to marry her? She was quite sure. She loved Frank madly, desperately. She loved me, but she didn't love me; she did love upon a time, but—as she told me, everingly—"Youth calls to Youth." Frank was twenty-six, six years younger than my wife.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" I asked her, dully, my heart sinking within me. The very foundation of the earth seemed to split open and I seemed to be falling down—down—

"Yes. He told me if you would release me, he would marry me immediately."

I wanted to know the details. Could he support her, not necessarily with luxuries, but with the ordinary essentials of life? Could he provide for the two boys? It would mean forever. I told her to summon him, which she did. Coolly, without hesitations, just as though we were discussing weather or other disinterested topic, she had a little session together, but my heart was bleeding—torn apart, it seemed.

I COULD understand the reason for Mary's infatuation—at least externally. What a good-looking chap he was, although in a rather effeminate sort of way! He told me of his willingness to marry Mary, if I would betake myself out of the picture. He spoke convincingly and assured me of his ability to provide well for his wife and the two kiddies.

I gave my consent.

However, the next day, I determined to make a few inquiries regarding the fellow. I had a right to know something of the man who was to be the step-father of my two children. Fortunately, I had become friendly with his friend who often came out to the summer resort with him. Twenty-six years old; a youngster not twenty-six years old; a youngster not fully sure of his mind. Moreover, he was not the reliable sort: he was wont to drift from "flower to flower"; that it was only the unattainable that he craved and as soon as he obtained that, it was off with the old, on with the new." As far as he knew, he believed that the fellow was merely having a "wonderful time" with my wife, and that he meant nothing serious in the relationship.

Well, what would any red-blooded man do under the circumstances? I had told my wife that she was free to do as she pleased; her happiness came before mine—but, privately, I preferred to see both of us in purgatory before I would let another man put his hands upon her unless he meant to do the right thing unequivocally by her. And, how on earth could I do that, making \$45 per week in the city, support her and the children, when she had made both ends meet at my \$100?

That night, the eve of the presumable departure of mine, I took my foolish, silly, loving wife into my lap, and comforted her sobbing.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she told me, "but Youth calls to Youth." That was an unkind cut, but I forgave her. "You understand, don't you? And you'll forgive me?" Instead of berating her, I comforted her, held her tightly to me as though I wanted to let her go, lavished kisses upon her and—cried a little. She completely wiped away my tears. "It is my way, Daddy; I cannot help the dictates of my heart."

My heart was well-nigh broken that night. I pretended to let my wife think

EASY NOW TO GET A PERFECT MARCEL While You Dress or Sleep!

Marvelous New Invention Gives Beautiful Professional-Like Wave Without Muss, Bother or Expense.

NOW in a few minutes' time any woman can give herself a Perfect Marcel. All Milady has to do is place in her hair a *Ready-Set Marceller* which immediately conforms the hair into a series of beautiful waves similar to those given by the most experienced of beauty specialists. It's no trick to put it in. The illustrations show how neat it looks in the hair while in use and what a beautiful wave it gives to perfectly straight hair.

The READY-SET Marceller Can't Go Wrong

Regardless of what texture hair you have, the *Ready-Set Marceller* never fails. It will delight you. It comes in two parts. One for the side of the head as shown in illustration. The other for the opposite side and back. It is adjustable for those who prefer the back shingle bob with sides waved. The secret of the *Ready-Set* is the folding crossbar which "automatically" puts each one of the flexible combs in the hair at the proper angle flat to the head and in the proper place to give a perfect marcel. The crossbar works bellows fashion. When you close up the crossbar the hair [which should be dampened] works up between the combs forming beautiful waves.

The *Ready-Set* must not be confused with cloth waving caps—hot oil—hot irons—or intricate adjustment of combs. It is automatic, self-waving, self-adjusted silver-like waver with flexible special made combs. It weighs but a few ounces; comfortable to put on; nothing to get out of order; produces an automatically perfect marcel.

Any woman who has lost time and patience with so-called home wavers is invited to try the *Ready-Set* entirely at our risk and expense to demonstrate that it is based on an entirely new and different principle.

Your mirror tells the story! By the time you are dressed, your hair is beautifully done! Or put it on at night—you'll never notice it—and in the morning you look as if you had just stepped from the beauty shop.

Note: For re-setting permanents there is nothing better or more economical than *Ready-Set*. If you have a permanent you need one. Ideal for re-tracing. For those with naturally curly hair who use the Finger wave, the *Ready-Set* will delight you. It is a way to safely marcel white hair. It gives the perfect wave to any type of hair.

50



These Pictures Tell the Story!

1—Straight Undressed Hair. 2—The *Ready-Set* Slipped Over the Hair in 3 Seconds. 3—The Result—A Beautiful Toilet Everytime!

Miss Ray Morse, well known beauty specialist, says: "After seeing the wave any woman can so easily get by simply using the *Ready-Set Marceller*, I would be selfish if I did not admit that it will save American women thousands of dollars formerly spent with beauty parlors."

Send No Money

We want you to be convinced the *Ready-Set* will give satisfaction. Later we plan to sell through stores, and we want your good will. We are offering a special introductory price to women who make this test. Send in the coupon today for a 5-day trial of the *Ready-Set Marceller*.

THE READY-SET MARCELLER CO.
1027 Colonial Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me your *Ready-Set Marceller*. I agree to deposit \$1.97 (plus postage) with the postman upon delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return outfit within five days and you are to refund the purchase price.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$4. with order and the *Ready-Set Marceller* will be sent postpaid.

Cash must accompany all orders outside of United States.

Banishes Gray Hair in 15 Minutes



WITH the use of a few drops of INECTO, gray hair is banished in 15 minutes. INECTO is a powerful, yet gentle, hair restorer. It contains no harmful chemicals, and its use is completely safe. It is the only hair restorer that actually penetrates the hair follicle and restores the natural color of the hair.

It is not a temporary dye, but a permanent restorer. It does not wash out, and it does not fade. It is the only hair restorer that actually restores the natural color of the hair. It is the only hair restorer that actually restores the natural color of the hair. It is the only hair restorer that actually restores the natural color of the hair.

Send No Money

Merely fill out the coupon below

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th St., New York

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th Street, New York City

she was going to go through with it. I was sure that when the crucial moment came, the others would show what a coward he was. In the morning she went down to the office and told him of my readiness to depart. To her boundless surprise, he told her the truth, deeply and honestly, that he had met in youth with his folks about it and thus threatened to leave her if he dared to marry a woman with two children. He asked her to wait—"Wait to make matters."

At her insistence, he told her he regretted that after all it was not the best way to see each other again, but he felt he would be hurting too many people were he to actually marry her.

An attitude that complete change of heart on his part, it seemed.

Her pride hurt beyond repair. Disillusioned and unhappy, she came stumbling into our room, where I sat up at night smoking my pipe. This was the following week-end.

One night of her tear-stained and weary face, and all my bitter, resentful feelings toward her vanished in thin air. She was after all just a girl, perhaps no better than other women, but a woman, anyway. After all, I was getting on in

years. I am forty-eight, but look all of forty-two, and who could possibly love a sticky, quarrelsome old fool as I was? I held out my hand to her. "She slipped into them, and without a word on either part for over an hour I held her, locked in my understanding embrace. Then, quietly, I told her to pack all her belongings and get the children and nurse ready for departure. We were going far, far away together. The children were to go home with nurse and I would go direct with my wife to the Thousand Islands, where all her money was stowed. This was to be a second honeymoon for us. Here she would forget all about this little escapade. I helped her to the best of my ability, only gently and lovingly did I speak to her.

I can only say, dear Editor, that the happiest, the most, and most jubilant moment of my entire life was mine when my wife, with penmanship written all over her sweet, childish face, kissed the bald spot on the top of my head and earnestly told me:

"Daddy, dear dear Daddy. You're the dearest Daddy and husband in all the world. I love you."

J. F. Brooklyn, N. Y.

The August issue will contain the other prize-winning letters on "How I Regained Her Love."

Playing with Matches

(Continued from page 26)

They think it's fun, smoke and bootleg gin and find talk. Mock hilarity, every lot of it. I've a car outside. Are you going to slip away from it all, out into the country, into the cool of the night-wind, out into nowhere? Ride and ride, and ride?"

"You tempt me strangely," I mocked. "But I couldn't. It isn't done, and you ought to know it."

"It isn't, eh? You don't know what you're talking about. Suppose I put that question to any one of these girls?"

I looked into his eyes, mistrustful of what I saw there. Something within me seemed to meet their fire. I well knew that it was sheer madness. He was quick to catch my hesitation.

"Slip away," he urged. "Slip out and get your wraps, and meet me by the stairway. They'll never notice you. Look at them!"

The party was becoming maudlin. Half-intoxicated girls clung to fully intoxicated men, who frankly caressed them. Kisses were given and received without any attempt at concealment. On a divan in the corner, two couples sprawled amorously. One pair was made up of June and a lackadaisical young fellow who dandled her on his knee. Mayo's lip curled. "That synthetic gin works fast," he observed.

I turned away, bored as much as dis-
gusted. "I'll come," I whispered.

Mayo guided me to a big blue roadster, which was parked just around the corner. After the alcoholic rock of those rooms, the clear night air felt glorious. He jerked me into the seat and pressed the starter.

The big car purred like a sleeping tiger, and swung away from the curb. The part developed into a roar as we glided through the streets, out through the suburbs, past sheltered residences set far back from the street, with broad lawns and flower-beds, out by small cottages

with garden patches, out into the open.

The powerful motor roared loudly, its headlights cut the darkness ahead, enclosing wonderful woodland pictures. A rabbit scuttered across the road, half-blinded by the glare. Mayo opened the throttle wider and wider. The great car lurched sidewise in a tremendous burst of speed.

"Too fast for you?"

"It's glorious!" I shouted back.

We had left the river and were gliding through a wooded hillside country. We were going slower now, for that first mad burst of speed could not keep up forever. The dark wrap slipped back from my shoulders and the wind cooled my flushed throat. The sweet scent of new-mown hay hung heavily to the air. He slowed down the machine, and finally came to a stop just where a dusty country road branched off from the main one.

"Is—is everything all right?" I demanded.

"Of course, everything is all right. Why shouldn't it be?" He fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a silver monogrammed case. "I want a smoke. He extracted a cigarette, and held the box toward me. "Have one?"

I didn't want it, but I took one from the box, and put it between my lips. He struck a light and held it for me.

"You've never smoked before," I taunted. "Just as well." He lit his cigarette and tipped the match out into the night. "You're not so sophisticated as you would have me believe. I'm not sure that I don't like you better for it."

"That isn't what they say of you," I countered. "You were pointed out to me as the past master of sophistication."

"Give a dog a bad name," he drawled. "A reputation like that is easy enough to acquire. But, honestly now, I don't like this letter. Just you and I, in moonlight, and the wings of the wind. Back there, now, they've reached the

\$1 Brings your Choice of these 7 Big Specials

Simply pin a dollar bill to this ad—indicate your selection, and put it in an envelope with your name and address—mail it TODAY. Your choice of these Big Specials will come prepaid for your approval and 15 Day Trial. If you can duplicate your purchase for less money elsewhere, send it back and your \$1 will be refunded. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments.

No Red Tape—prompt delivery—Transactions confidential. Rush your \$1 TODAY

Sweet's Bargain Bulletin

A19 Ladies 14 K White Gold Ring 3 Blue-white diamonds. \$42.50 \$1 18 a month

A20-14K White Gold Wedding Ring set with 5 Blue-white diamonds. \$29.50 \$2 85 a month

A21 Engagement Ring 14K White Gold 3 Blue-white diamonds. \$48.50 \$1 18 a month

A22-14K White Gold Ladies' Ring AAA Blue-white diamond with diamond on each side of shank. \$32 \$5 10 a month

A23 Heavy Ladies 14K White Gold Ring 3 Blue-white diamonds. \$37.50 \$1 18 a month

A24-14K White Gold Ladies' Ring open work design 3 AAA Quality Blue-white diamonds. \$44.95 \$5 40 a month

A25-14K White Gold Watch 4 Blue-white diamonds. 15 Jewel Guaranteed Movement. \$42.50 \$4 18 a month

FREE Complete booklet: 3000 other bargains. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. Ten Months. To Pay On Everything.

L.W. SWEET INC. 1106-M 1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

maudlin stage. They passed the silly one an hour ago. In a few minutes more—"

Without realizing it, I hid my hand on my arm.

"Don't! You're spoiling this, to come here at all. There's as much difference between roses and patchouli."

His arm had encircled me, and he drew me to him. For a moment I yielded.

"There's a very devil in your eyes," he muttered.

His arm tightened. I sought to draw away, uneasily conscious that this sheepish devilry had roused his own dormant furies, and that to resist was well nigh impossible now.

His lips met mine, hot fire against unused flesh. For an instant, I felt near stung. Then I realized that he was going to take liberties that I had not dreamed of allowing any man. I fought him off with all the power in my arms.

"You're a witch, with your smoke-black hair, and that rose and tur in the moonlight!" he muttered thickly.

He caught at my hands. I snatched one free, and struck again and again as hard as I could on those hateful lips. His blood eyes narrowed to pin-points. The cruel laugh was gone. In its place was a snarl.

"So! You're nothing but a bluff, after all, like the rest of them! I thought here was one girl bold enough, novel enough to be something more than sham. Well, you going to call that bluff. If you don't like the way I treat you, get out! The fellow's good and it's a damn long walk back to your friends! I'm not leaving, even if you are!"

"You wouldn't do that?" I gasped.

I had struggled to my feet. I swerved away, backing toward the running-board. He lurched toward me, and clutched at me as I leaped and fell from the car into the road. There was a deep puddle just where the car had stopped and I was sucked into it.

I ran in a frenzy into the darkness. I knew not whither—anywhere to get away from this calculating genius.

I listened to the roar of the engine, saw the headlights swing, and heard the car come slowly up the little road.

The car was almost upon me. The glaring headlights picked me out. To run in the road was useless. I fled into the tangle of undergrowth which fringed the road. Every step was horror. Every vine and twig was a monster which caught and tore with relentless fingers.

The car had stopped. I realized that the beam of a spotlight was flashing, here, there, searching me out in the thicket. The car door opened, and I heard him striding noisily through the bushes. He slipped and crashed and stumbled, nearer—nearer—nearer! I crouched in the shadow of an alder thicket like a hunted rabbit. He came so close that I could have put out my hand and touched him. I held my breath till it hurt, he was so near. I heard him lurching by, a foot or two away. Then all was quiet. I started, fearing a trap. I was numb with the cramping pain of crouching so closely. Then, when I was about to move, I heard a blast of obscene profanity a few yards away, and his step crashing back to the car.

Even then I feared lest the rustle of a twig might betray me. But I heard the car door slam, the starter whirr, a noisy clatter of gears, and the powerful car backed drunkenly down the road to the highway.

He had gone and left me, as he had threatened he would. Miles from nowhere, on a deserted country road far after midnight; I could only wonder what

would be the end of it all. It was a deserved ending to a mad yielding to my rash impulses. I had no money with me. My silly little mesh purse was tucked into a pocket in the cloak I had left in Gerald Mayo's car.

I CREEPT along until I reached the main highway again.

From somewhere on the right came a doleful shriek. Shivering with dread, I ran out into the road, heedless of what people might think. The light of a car appeared far down the road. Again the scream. Would that car never come? I stepped out into the center of the road and waved my hands. The car slowed up. A red flame stabbed the dark, and I heard the whine of a bullet. I heard something about "a trap," and a drunken laugh as the car swerved by me. I thought of tales I had heard of hijackers and auto bandits, and I ran down the side road in panic. Even that frightful scream was preferable to passing autos at that time in the morning.

The ghostly shriek again was nearer, more piercing, more blood-curdling this time! But the clutch of fear loosened around my heart as I realized that it was nothing worse than a screech owl. I ran on. There must be shelter somewhere.

The woods grew darker. Childhood tales of bears and witches and werewolves, flooded my brain. I was shivering now, with cold and fear and lack of clothing. Then I fairly cried with joy as the trees thinned, and a clearing appeared ahead. A house was silhouetted against the sky.

A dog barked.

There were times when I would have welcomed a dog, but at this time of night! He was growling; a big shaggy animal that seemed to me as big as a wolf, and twice as dangerous. I screamed, and fled for the house, with the dog after me. I tried to push the door open with one hand, while I warded off the dog with the other.

Would that door never open?

It did. A man's voice shouted: "What in the devil's name is all this?"

It was no whiskered farmer, but a young fellow in rumpled pajamas who listened with masklike face while I told my story. I was not proud of my part in it. But I knew it was no use to he.

"You don't believe me?" I almost wept.

"Why should I? I've met clever blackmailers before this. The old badger game works even now. It isn't usual for a girl to wake you up at three in the morning and ask for shelter on this back road."

"If you think I'm what you insinuate," I flamed, "all I want is to get out of here! If you'll tie up that dog, I'll go somewhere else where they won't be so hard-hearted."

"I wouldn't," he observed dryly. "The next house is over a mile down the road, and the only one there is a deaf old man who baches it."

It was the last straw. Something seemed to snap, and I lost consciousness. When I came to, he was stroking my hair, and saying, "There, there," and forcing something between my lips.

Half an hour later we were sitting at the table, calmly discussing ways and means. Ralph Vincent, for that was his name, was an artist, and had a camp in this old farmhouse. It was thirty miles from town, and he hadn't a car. For the first time I became acutely conscious of the remnants of my scanty costume, and the appearance I should make at home in broad daylight. "I don't care," I asserted defiantly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "If you don't care, why should I? If you girls



"Had my Mother only told me..."

By ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse

SO did the heroine of Frank Wedekind's great drama, "Spring's Awakening", speak against the ignorance of her age. Even in this day many women are the victims of false prudishness, unenlightenment and old-fashioned custom.

But the spirit of the age encourages frankness and revelation—and the prime causes of much of woman's discomforts, weaknesses and loss of beauty and happiness can now become her property.

Personal cleanliness and daintiness are as essential to preserve health, activity, happiness and charm as dental hygiene. Germs and bacteria find easy lodgement in delicate internal membranes. Methodical cleansing is necessary from the buoyant days of girlhood to the twilight of life.

The Marvel Hygienic or Whirling Spray was designed by science to preserve internal cleanliness. And I know of no instrument that does it so well or so effectively. By its whirling spray action the membranes are flushed clean and medication is thorough and complete. There is no danger of injury. And any reputable antiseptic or germicide can be used without harm to bulb or tube.

Send for Booklet—Read the virile and forceful facts on feminine hygiene as set forth by a prominent physician. These are available in a booklet which we have printed. A copy will come to you in a social correspondence envelope on receipt of the signed coupon below.

The famous Marvel Spray is obtainable at any drug store for \$1.50. Should your local druggist not have it, send direct to us.

THE MARVEL COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

MARVEL

HYGIENIC SPRAY

COUPON

ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse
The Marvel Co., Dept. A, New Haven, Conn.
Send me in plain envelope labeled "Social Hygiene" your booklet on feminine hygiene.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____



Stillman's Freckle Cream

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

95

clean odor
lingering
world was
the little
local to
one more
atches isn't
up on the
ddenly he
er me, to
girl, they
out—and
out. Not
red head-
dress. I
thions and
away in
that he
matches
own heart.
my way
another
able to
of his ex-
eries. I
e luxuri-
d seemed
ed Ralph.
n a dark,
d. "I'm
a rotter,
lvial!"
dreadful
I wasn't
hrew on
a stand-
about
ght his
bent his
in sweet
e toward
only paid
e stock.
will, or
business
at?"
in be-
ind who
they do
ook out
aid Ed.
is busi-
t, now.
s what
me like
temper.
cheat,
ow you
ot, be-
ss the
side of
heavy
first of
r three
He was
I went
t three
e right

after Ed, so that there was an audience. For an instant Will was dizzy with the blow, but in the next moment, losing his temper completely, he reached out like a flash and swung those records on top of Ed's head, breaking them into a hundred pieces.

That must have startled Ed, and probably hurt him more than it hurt him. But before he knew what else was coming Will climbed up on to the counter and then jumped on Ed from the elevation, for all the world like a little rooster, raging mad, as one of the persons in the store described it. To understand this you should know that Ed was a big, robust-looking fellow, while Will was slender but clean-cut, and probably weighed about forty pounds less. Of course, Ed stumbled backward with this human wildcat landing on his chest like that, and they both spilled over on the floor. Ed got to his feet as quickly as he could, but before he could get his balance, Will, again like a fighting rooster, jumped at him and sent him stumbling backward, toward the door. And then again, before Ed could quite get his balance, Will had jumped at him and upset him.

There were a couple of screen doors, swinging either way, and the last time Will rushed and jumped at him Ed turned half-way round, as if to see where he was going, or how much farther he had to go, and because of that, when Will flung against him he stumbled worse than usual. The result was that he struck those screen doors in just the right place to send them flying open and he shot out on to the sidewalk as if a half a dozen policemen had thrown him out.

And then Will came flying out after him. But just as it happened, little "Chubby" O'Brien, our sergeant of police, and Officer Harrigan were walking by the store at that precise moment, and Ed bumped square into them, almost knocking "Chubby" into the gutter. Instantly they grabbed Ed and looked around to see what had happened. When Will saw the officers he hesitated, although still full of fight. And when they saw Will standing there, full of pep and fire, and realized that he alone had done this thing, they both began to laugh. And how they laughed! Then everybody on the street began to laugh. And that only incensed Ed. He wanted to fight Will even with the officers on the spot, but they held him back.

Ed Ramsey never married, as if to atone me for his bachelorhood and loneliness.

There was one time that I had the foolish notion that Ed might be ready to listen to reason, after so many years. He now had plenty of money—perhaps he would relent. It was at this same time when he bought the building where our store was located, and had given us notice. Will was sick with the grippe, and worry. I think my own judgment was upset, thinking about Will and the store. Anyway, he seemed to be resting easily this Saturday night, and I told him I was going to the store, where Jane was all alone, leaving Hazel home with him.

I went to a drug store and telephoned Ed's place, but was told that he had gone home, not feeling very well. Then I called up his house and asked him if I could see him. To my surprise he was rather cordial, and said that he would be glad to see me if I wanted to come to the house. I walked through back streets to avoid being seen. I was even disturbed at the thought that his servant would open the door for me. But it was Ed himself. He took my hand with both of his, and looked at me for what seemed like a long time, until I felt uneasy. I withdrew my hand and we sat down to talk.

"Ed," I said, "we can't gain anything by quarreling."

He shrugged his shoulders, though still beaming on me.

"I came to see you about the store, and your giving notice—"

"Oh, that," he exclaimed, a little impatiently. A frown crossed his face, there was a dark expression in his eye and his lips twitched, something like a spasm. And then he quickly clapped his hand to his mouth, like one having a toothache.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Oh, I bit my tongue," he said. "You know, I am always biting my tongue. And it gets sore."

"Can't you keep from biting it?"

"Oh, when I eat too fast, sometimes when I'm talking, first thing I know I bite it."

I said to myself that it probably happened when he got excited, or lost his temper. Then he began feeling in his pockets.

"Excuse me," he said, and he got up and went over to the mantel where he took a cigar out of a handsome little copper-trimmed box. It was a big, almost black cigar, and he bit hard on it as he shoved it between his teeth. He put three or four more cigars in his pockets, found some matches, and came back to his chair.

"I can't get along without my smokes," said Ed, as he lit up.

"What I wanted to see you about, Ed, was whether you wouldn't reconsider the matter of our store. It's a purely business matter—"

"Not with me, Louise," he said. "If it was just you alone, Louise, you could have anything in the world you wanted to ask of me. But I'm dealing with *him*—in this."

"Oh, Ed, but —"

"Now, wait a minute," he interrupted. "It's no use talking about that. I'll show him no favors. Why should I?"

And then he quickly grabbed the cigar from his lips with one hand and clapped the other to his mouth again. It must have been really painful, from the expression on his face. "Oh, d—," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "Why don't you try to talk more slowly?"

"No use, I'm always doing it. It doesn't matter." And now he took a long pull on his cigar, and his eyes relaxed a little.

"But Ed, I thought that on my account, and the girls—I thought you might consider me—"

"Consider you? That's the trouble. I think too much about you. That's why I hate him. If there was any reason why I should consider you—"

HE LOOKED over at me, as if a new idea had entered his mind. And all of a sudden I felt afraid of him. I had been uneasy at first. Now I was frightened. Oh, why had I been such a fool as to do this crazy thing? It was hopeless, anyway. My one idea now was to get safely away. But I must be tactful.

"Oh well," I said, "I thought that you and I, at least, might be friends." And I stood up, as if getting ready to go.

"Oh, that was just what I was thinking, too! You and I might be friends."

He laid his cigar down on the ash tray, got up and came over to me, grasping my shoulders tight.

"You and I—you and I—can be friends," he was saying.

Then I met his glassy stare, and commanded: "Let me go!"

He remained silent.

"Ed, we can only be friends," I said, looking him straight in the eye. "Remember that I am married. I am Will's wife."

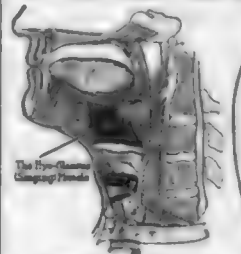
I knew that the mention of Will would have its effect, and it did. He let go of

Discovered!

The Scientific Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power



Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M., Musician-Scientist, who discovered a method for developing the singing or speaking voice of any man or woman by strengthening the Hyo-Glossus muscle.



The arrow points to the all-important Hyo-Glossus muscle. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, harsh or melodious, depends upon the development of that muscle.

The Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A.M.—famous in the music centers of Europe—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

Opera Stars His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America, orators, choir singers, club women, preachers and teachers—over 10,000 happy pupils have received his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about Physical Voice Culture. It is ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are positive.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Physical Voice Culture will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Send for FREE Book

Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work, "Physical Voice Culture." Prof. Feuchtinger is glad to give you this book. You assume no obligation but will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay.

Perfect Voice Institute

1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio B206 Chicago

Perfect Voice Institute 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio B206 Chicago

Please send me a copy of your new FREE book, "Physical Voice Culture". I understand that it is mine to keep and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name

Address

Age



Amazing Discovery Whitens Skin Almost Overnight

No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin. A new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach, whitens skin almost overnight. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight.

Make This 3 Minute Test

There are three before bedtime, apply this cream to your face. Golden Peacock Bleach. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight.

It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight. It's the only skin cream that whitens skin almost overnight.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY

487 Oak Street, Paris, Tenn.

Paris Toilet Company, 487 Oak Street, Paris, Tenn.
Please send me a box of Golden Peacock Bleach cream. When package arrives I will pay postman \$1. If not delivered, no return will be included.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Dealer's Name _____

50 Cents Down **Beautifully Engraved Rectangular Wrist Watch**

14Kt. White Rolled Gold High Priced Fine Jeweled Movement. Regulated. Perfect Time-keeper. Each Watch Guaranteed for 5 Years. Free of repair. **SPECIAL PRICE \$14.50.** Send 50c with order. Balance \$1.00 monthly. A limited amount at this special offer. **REGENT WATCH CO., 93 Nassau St., Dept E4, New York.**

The Truth about Hair Coloring
NOTHING EQUALS
Genuine B. Paul's HENNA

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair?
B. PAUL'S HENNA
ALL SHADES FROM BLACK TO BLOND

COLORS
gray hair in **ONE APPLICATION.**
Returns youthful color so you can bob it. Bobbed hair takes years off your age, but not if it's gray. Not affected by salt water, perspiration, oils, tonics, shampoos, previous dyes. Does not stain scalp or rub off. Composed Henna Herbs; Harmless. Easily applied at home. **14 shades. P. P. \$1.80.** **White Henna for lightening hair grown dark, \$2.25.** **Pilocarpine Hair Tonic (powerful stimulant), \$5.00.** Free Advice—Booklet.
B. PAUL, Dept. 3-S., 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.C.
AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

me almost roughly. But I stood perfectly calm and still. I was not sure, even yet, that I would not need the scissors. And then he went over and picked up his cigar, and I moved away from the table.

"I think, Ed, that I will have to be going."

"Wait a moment, Louise. I'll drive you home."

"No, no."

"I've got to go down to the store, anyway. The car is right here, waiting."

I hesitated to tell Will. What would he think? After all, I might not have been noticed. But in this I was wrong. People never fail to notice such things. But, since he now owned the building we were in our landlord, and it was a business-like Saturday night, it would, of course, be regarded as a business contact.

However, one evening about a week later, Will had recovered and had gone to the store again. He came home demanding to know what I meant by riling around with Ed Ramsey, while he was sick and helpless at home. I really would not have thought that he would be quite so upset about it. I realized that after all, Will might be jealous of his former rival. "Ed Ramsey, of all people," he kept saying. I told him all about it. Of course it was a mistake, and I acknowledged that it was. But he kept wondering what would people think?

After we moved into our new place, in the better location, and Jane spent all her time at the store; the business was better. There, there was talk of Ed not feeling well. He was losing weight, he who had seemed so strong, with such an iron constitution. He went away to some sanatorium for his health. Finally, and this was about two years ago, we were told that he had come back home to die. Cancer of the tongue! The doctors had said that he smoked too much. But at once the thought of his biting his tongue, when excited, popped into my mind.

To know that a man was staring death in the face—even Ed Ramsey—seemed rather appalling. Death seems to pay off all scores, wipe out all grudges. At least, that's how it seemed to us. There would no longer be anything to fear from him and it seemed well, kind of terrific. We thought it would ease our minds if only we could bury the hatchet. So with this sentimental spirit we went to see him, only to be rebuffed as I have already told.

In another three weeks he was dead. I would not say that we were glad of it. That is not quite how we felt. We had a feeling of sorrow that any man should live his life in such a way as to make trouble for others. And at the same time there was something of a feeling of relief.

"In any event," said Will, "now we can live our lives in peace."

And then the blow fell.

It was, as it happened, on a Friday, the thirteenth of the month. Will was coming home from his vacation on Friday, a couple of days in advance of the others, so as to be at the store on Saturday. We thought that Will would be home in time for supper, and so I left Jane at the store that afternoon and planned a big supper. Hazel was busy cleaning up the house.

At about five o'clock I called up the store to ask Jane to stop at the dairy just around the corner from there and bring home a bottle of cream, and to make sure right away that they had cream. When I asked her how things had been going at the store, she said that there had been no customers in, all afternoon, and with that remark came some strange foreboding of trouble. I felt disturbed, though I could not imagine why.

"That's funny," I said.

"It isn't merely funny, Mother," she

said. "It's almost queer. People go by and they look in, but they don't come in. I can't understand it."

"Oh, it's quiet now and then, Jane," I said. "And we can't expect people to buy records all the time."

I had thought that Will might bring home some fish, which I could fry quickly. But now it occurred to me that with poor luck he might not bring any, and even if he did, they could be put on ice for the next day. He might be tired of fish. But he was fond of chicken. Perhaps I could get some nice broilers at the butcher's.

So to the butcher's I went. Mr. Schwarz was always so very friendly. But this evening I felt a change, even before he spoke to me. He said, "Good evening," but in a different way. I told him what I wanted, and he tried to be polite. What Jane had said about the situation at the store came back to me. Was there anything wrong—and if so, what was it?

AT HALF past six the telephone rang. I hesitated to answer. But it was Will's cheery voice on the wire. He was at the railroad station.

"How's everything, Louise?" he asked.

"Fine," I said. "I'll be so anxious to see you."

"Not so glad as I'll be to see you, dear," he said. "I'll stop around at the store first, and then I'll be right home."

"Did you have a good time, Will?"

"Great." I'm hoping we can buy a car soon, and then I'll take the bunch of you next year. I'll see you in a few minutes, dear."

That cheered me up. I immediately put the broilers on the range. It was foolish to worry. Everything was all right, of course. It would be a nice little family party. Twenty-five minutes later Jane came in. Had she seen her father? Yes, he was happy and would be right home. Then she helped me with the dinner while Hazel finished dressing. But the minutes passed and Will did not come. Half past seven, and no Will. The food was waiting, being kept warm. Seven forty-five—eight o'clock—a quarter after, and I was disturbed more than ever with that strange sense of trouble in the air. Why didn't he come—why didn't he phone? Could anything have happened to him? The suspense of waiting was painful. He had said he would be right home.

Finally, at nearly nine o'clock, I heard his footsteps. After all, he was here now, and everything was all right. I ran to the door, with joy.

But he stood there on the porch, scowling at me. His eyes were blazing. His manner was forbidding. I dared not touch him. Will was never like this. Could it be alcohol? No, it did not seem like that. He stood there a moment, as if uncertain whether to come in. And then he suddenly stamped in and I shut the door.

"Will, what's the matter?" I asked, still trying to smile, but with some strange terror in my heart.

"What's the matter? My God!" he said, and then he turned and looked at me. "You—you seem glad and happy enough!"

"Why, of course," I said. I meant, naturally, that I was glad to have him home again, but he thought I meant something else—what he had in his mind.

"For heaven's sake, Will, what's the matter with you?" I asked.

"What do you think is the matter?" he said. "How do you suppose I feel?"

But I couldn't understand—it was all so mysterious. And just then the doorbell rang. At the sound Will jumped.

"Good God!"

Then he ran upstairs. I heard him shut the door of our room. I wondered.

It was Mr. Pemberton, the editor and

go by
one in.
ane." I
to buy
bring
quickly.
h poor
even if
or the
n. But
I could
er's.
Schwarz
at this
ore he
ning."
What
at the
e any-
as it?
rang,
it was
e was
asked.
ous to
e you.
at the
me."
a car
of you
minutes,
le put
odish
ht, of
family
Jane
Yes,
home.
while
minutes
if past
itting.
eight
s dis-
range
didn't
Could
e sus-
d said
rd his
y, and
o the
wling
man
touch
uld it
that
ertain
denly
t, still
range
he
t me
ugh!"
meant.
him
some-
l.
s the
"he
s all
door-
d.
shut
and

er of *The Survey*, our local paper.
"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Orton," he was
saying.
"Mr. Pemberton, please," I said, "will
kindly tell me just what it's all about?
How that something must have hap-
pened. Everybody acts as if—oh, I don't
know what. Is it something scandalous?"
"He did not deny it," I can see, Mrs.
Orton, that you know nothing about it.
I am sure that you were blameless. I
said to myself, the very first thing, that
was all a trick, a malicious trick, the
work of a madman. Otherwise, I don't see
how he could have done it."
What trick? What had Will been do-
ing?
"Had he been found out in some dis-
reputable thing?"
"Perhaps," said Mr. Pemberton, gently,
perhaps it would be easier to speak to
me alone."
And then I realized that both the girls
were behind me, clinging to me, apparently
alarmed as I. They took the hint. As
they left the room I heard a sound in the
hallway. At once Hazel came running
back to me.
"Mother, father just came down the
back stairs with his suitcase and went out
the back door."
"That's all right, dear," I said. "He
probably knows what he is doing."
It seemed to me that if there was any
reason for his trying to escape, it would
be proper for us, his own family, to
know, no matter what it was that he
was doing.
"Mr. Pemberton said, strangely, 'Oh,
Mr. Orton, of course, knows what he
is doing. I can understand how he feels.'
This only mystified me further. Hazel
left the room and closed the door.
"Now, let's see," said Mr. Pemberton.
Apparently—or you have not even heard
of this thing. Do I take it that you know
nothing at all about it?"
"Mr. Pemberton, I haven't the slightest
idea of what you are talking about. Please
tell me, and end the suspense."
"Well, well," he said, still hesitating.
"I am sure that I had the right hunch. As
a rule, a newspaper is only too glad to get
hold of a thing like this, but I said to my-
self that perhaps it would be better not
to publish it."
Whatever it is, it seems to be all
right now," I said.
"But it is now only rumor. When it is
published, it is on record. At least I do not
want to publish it."
"Thank you."
And then he plunged into it. "You see,
Mrs. Orton, in Probate Court this morn-
ing they read the last will and testament of
Edwin Ramsey—or they read the last will and
testament of Edwin Ramsey."
"But surely that has nothing to do with
this," I said.
"I'm sorry, Mrs. Orton, but that's just
it. He gives instructions for his attorney,
Mr. Jacobs, to sell his store and all his
estate holdings, and then to place the
money in our First National Bank here,
at your disposal."
AT MY disposal? I questioned,
startled, but still mystified and not
catching the full significance of it.
What should that half-crazy man do such
a rash thing?
"Yes, you see, he has made you and
the two girls the beneficiaries of his will.
Everything—his house and all—will be sold.
The money is yours."
"But how can he do such a thing? We
don't belong to him. We don't want it."
"It is yours, nevertheless."
"But we won't take it."
"Well, there it is, Mrs. Orton. Of
course you realize the unfortunate position
it puts you in."

And then, in a flash, I saw clearly what
had so terribly disturbed me from the
moment of the first mention of Ed's will.
I saw why Mr. Pemberton had hesitated to
publish the story. I saw the dreadful im-
plication, the scandalous, poisonous im-
plication that this legacy conveyed. All of a
sudden this struck me, and it made me
sick with a deadly nausea. It put the girls
and myself in eternal disgrace, even
though we were innocent.
Apparently everybody believed it. I was
the last to hear of it. And everybody re-
membered the feud between Ed and Will
on my account. Doubtless they even re-
membered the Saturday night that Ed drove
with me through the main streets, when he
maliciously tried to convey the very im-
pression that he had now established by
means of this wicked last will and testa-
ment.
And what was more, Will believed it.
That was why Will had acted as he did this
evening. It was because of nothing that
he had done. It was what he thought I
had done—the horrible, unspeakable
thought. Even Mr. Pemberton had said
that he could understand how Will would
feel about it. How could the people of
the town expect him to remain in his home
when he believed—and they believed—that
I had cheated, and when he suspected that
his daughters were not his own daughters
at all, but were those of his lifelong
enemy? How could—oh, how could Will
think such a thing? And yet, clearly, he
did believe it.
"Oh, it can't be, it can't be!" I moaned.
I could gladly have died right there.
We have not seen Will since that night.
Only once, a year and a half ago, we
thought we had word about him. Some
phonograph salesman in Chicago told a
druggist from here that while he wasn't
quite sure, he thought he had seen Mr.
Orton one night, hopelessly intoxicated. I
advertised in the Chicago papers, then,
trying to locate Will, though we couldn't
afford to spend the money for it, but it
was of no use. Oh, if only he might have
had faith in me. I am sure that, if the
situation had been reversed, I would have
believed in him.
That is why the girls and I cannot touch
that money. It is legally ours, but really
not ours. Of course, we had to close up
the store. The business dropped to nothing,
anyway. We could not even sell out the
business, since it belonged to Will and he
was gone, and there was now nothing to
sell except the stock. We had to practi-
cally give that away to the man who
bought Ed Ramsey's store from the estate.
He put our stuff on quick sale at bargain
prices and he, not we, got the money for it.
So here we are, penniless. It is hard
for Jane and myself to find any worth
while employment here in this town, after
what happened,—we even shrink from
asking for it. For two years we have
hesitated to go away and lose ourselves,
because if Will should come back he would
then be unable to find us. But now we
have just about given up hope of that.
I am inclined to stay on here, waiting and
hoping, and even scrubbing for a living.
But as Jane says, what is the use of brood-
ing? Dear, dependable Jane,—with her
youth and her glorious spirit, she says that
we must go away, as far away as possible,
and start life all over again. Why should
we let ourselves be crushed, especially by a
dead man?
Jane is right. We have decided to go to
a large city where no one knows us, and
where we can work and earn our way and
be happy. We are going as soon as we
can scratch up a little money. We three
still have each other. We will yet find
happiness.



YOU CAN MAKE GOOD U. S. Government Jobs \$1140 to \$3300 A YEAR PICK YOUR JOB

**Railway Postal Clerks
City Mail Carriers
City Postoffice Clerks
Clerks at Washington, D. C.**

STEADY POSITIONS

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor busi-
ness conditions, lockouts or politics will not
affect them. U. S. Government employees get
their pay for twelve full months every year.
There is no such thing as "HARD TIMES" in
the U. S. Government Service.

\$1,900 TO \$2,700 A YEAR

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being
paid on the first and fifteenth of each month, \$78.00
each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased the max-
imum being \$2,700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.

PAID VACATION

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees,
are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18
days). On this time they usually work 3 days and have 3
days off. Later on in the same proportion. During this
paid vacation, their pay continues just as though
they were working. They travel on a pass when on
vacation and see the country. When, away from home,
they get extra allowance for hotel. When they grow
old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS POSTOFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year
and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and
\$2,500. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. Exem-
plifications are frequently held in the larger cities. City
residence is unnecessary.

CLERKS AT WASHINGTON, D. C. (Open to men and women 18 or over)

Salary \$1,140 to \$1,860 a year. Pleasant clerical
work in the various government departments at Washington,
D. C.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your
prospective condition, perhaps changing positions fre-
quently, making account from past to future, no chance to
slight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out
of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO
YOU EARN \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU
ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM
NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

These positions are not hard to get. Country residents
and city residents stand equal chance. Experience is
unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail
it today—now, at once.

DO IT NOW—This investment of two cents for a
postage stamp may result in your getting a Government
Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. S321, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge: (1) a full de-
scription of the position checked below, (2) Specimen
employment conditions and time schedule, (3) Free
copy of illustrated book, "How To Get a U. S. Govern-
ment Job", (4) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs
now obtainable, (5) Tell me how I can get the position
I have checked:

- .. Railway Postal Clerk.....(\$1900-\$2700)
- .. Postoffice Clerk.....(\$1700-\$2300)
- .. City Mail Carrier.....(\$1700-\$2100)
- .. Rural Mail Carrier.....(\$2100-\$3300)
- .. Clerk at Washington, D. C.....(\$1140-\$1860)
- .. Income Tax Auditor.....(\$2040-\$3000)

Name.....

Address.....
Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It.

How Very Old-Fashioned!



To Have

Gray Hair

TODAY you won't see any gray heads in society, on the stage, or in business, because women know better. They use a scientific hair color restorer when the gray first begins. You can learn what it is and does by mailing coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

This dainty hair cosmetic (clear, colorless) combs away the gray! Quickly it disappears, natural color returns. No streaks, discoloration, dyed look or interference with shampooing.

Mail Free Bottle Coupon

You get Special Patented Free Trial Kit by return mail. Test on a single lock of hair—see how modern women stop gray hair. Then get full-size bottle from druggist, or direct.

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
965-J Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

HOW TO OBTAIN BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED LIPS!



M. Trilet's new lipshaper, which with its thick lip material, will give you the most beautiful lips in town. It is made of a special material that is soft and comfortable. It will also make your lips look like the most beautiful and attractive lips of a queen.

Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

M. Trilet Dept. 138-SP, Binghamton, N. Y.



FREE Book on Deafness

Write today for 168 page FREE book giving full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of grateful users whose hearing has been restored by use of our "little wireless phones for the ears."

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
822 Todd Building LOUISVILLE, KY.

5-Room ALADDIN \$478 NOT PORTABLE

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You can buy all of the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits, on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Freight paid to your station. Permanent Homes—NOT PORTABLE. Many styles of year-round dwellings, summer cottages and garages to choose from. Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 1602.

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

My Rich Fiancé

[Continued from page 60]

Then taking me back to my room, she asked me to unpack everything I had in my bag and show it to her.

After a while, Mrs. Saunders came back with a maid whose arms were loaded with the daintiest little frocks, stockings, evening slippers, even lingerie. With a smile, she laid them out on the bed while I stood by with my eyes wide, my hands clasped before me in sheer ecstasy. It was like a fairy tale in a book of dreams. I could only gasp and try to keep back the tears that kept brimming in my eyes while Mrs. Saunders took the frocks and held them up before me.

Then she came to a thing of blue, all folds at the bottom with a tight bodice and just little straps over the shoulders—a blue so dainty that it seemed to be the color of the sky and the sea at sunset. I cried out with joy and wondered what Dad would say if he could see me. When I turned to Mrs. Saunders, she had gone.

When I was ready, the maid helped me arrange it and then I hurried downstairs to find Murray. He was waiting in a little nook in the spacious library. When he saw me, his eyes became wide open and he just stood looking at me as though he couldn't believe what he saw. I walked slowly toward him. He gathered me into his arms and held me so close to him that I could scarcely breathe.

I fairly trembled with joy. He led me out on the porch and down a little flower-bordered path to a summer house covered with honeysuckles.

He told me to close my eyes tight. I did, and then he turned me around twice and said, "Now open them!" He was pointing down across the rolling lawn that seemed to be a carpet of soft velvet, and at the end were the waters of the Sound with the moonlight playing golden shadows across its ripples. We walked hand in hand down to a stone bench beside the water and I told Murray all that had happened. At first, his hands clenched and he swore beneath his breath, but after a bit he began to laugh.

The next morning while Murray was unpacking the half-dozen trunks that had arrived with his notes and specimens, I wandered down across the perfectly kept grounds to a little rustic bench beside the swimming pool. I was thinking of Murray and the sweetness of his lips, and the wonder of his love when I heard someone coming up behind me. I turned and saw Florine, Murray's sister. She came toward me hesitantly and I moved over on the bench so that she might sit down. We talked for a moment, and then she put her hand on my arm. There were tears in the corners of her eyes as she said, "Marion, I'm so sorry for what I did yesterday. Don't you see, I didn't stop to think how rotten it was of me. I—I, well I just didn't stop to think about any of it. All last night I lay awake after I began thinking about it and after awhile I began to feel ashamed of myself when I thought that I might have been in your position. I almost got up at daybreak and came in to tell you, only I was afraid that I would waken you."

I SMILED and said, "You needn't have worried over that. I was also awake, thinking about it. But it doesn't make any difference, Florine. Murray has told me so much about you, and I thought that we might be friends because I knew it would make Murray happy."

"We will be friends," she said, and she pressed my arm as she touched my cheek with her lips. "There! that seals it. Now

let's go dig Murray out of his preserved polliwogs and toasted toads!"

We sauntered across the lawn to the garage where Murray was directing the unpacking of his specimens. When he saw us arm in arm, he beamed from ear to ear and from his glance at Florine, I knew that he had made her come to me to apologize. I wondered how much real truth and sincerity there was in her apology and promise of friendship.

A few days later, Mrs. Saunders gave a tea in Murray's honor—and mine. Only I didn't want it! I hated the thought of having to meet a lot of people and being scrutinized from my head to my toes—whispers, meaning looks, catty digs!

I tried to get away in the farthest corner of the library to avoid as many people as I could. Murray came over to dig me out and make me an object of interest, but I refused to budge. I couldn't! I was too frightened. Some of the people came over to talk to Murray about his trip and others came out of curiosity to see the "wild specimen" he had brought back with him. It was the first real lesson I had ever had in discipline. Their patronizing, tolerant little smiles nearly drove me frantic with rage. But I smiled back at them while I whispered to Murray, "I'd like to shock them with some of Dad's picturesque language when he has the rheumatism!"

The girls strutted like peacocks, and foppish-looking men ogled them.

And while he looked into my eyes I heard a voice say, "And here's my Murray!"

I looked up to see Mrs. Saunders appear in the doorway and at her side was a girl of about twenty-five with the most gorgeous brown eyes I had ever seen. And when she smiled at Murray, she seemed to encompass all of him and make him a part of her, leaving the rest of the world out, including me! Murray went forward and she lifted her lips to his. He hesitated for a fraction of a second, and then brushed her lips lightly while I tried to keep the thing that bobbed up into my throat from choking me.

Mrs. Saunders went out of the room and I was left there alone. I could feel the blood rush to my face as I clenched my teeth over my lip to keep from calling Murray. She began to maneuver him into a chair, but he swung about and came back beside me.

Something in my eyes must have warned him, for he said quietly, "I'm sorry, dear."

I made myself smile back at him and followed him over beside her. The lids of her brown eyes drooped down, half-closing, studying me while I came toward her.

In a moment I heard her saying, "I think you children are very romantic to have fallen in love as you did. You always have been fortunate in the things you've found on your expeditions, Murray! Murray beamed at her, thinking she meant it, but I could feel the irony behind her words and it made my blood boil within me.

It was two or three days later that I got word from Dad that he had orders to sail immediately for the West Indies. He had gone when I received his letter. I felt as though I were left entirely at the mercy of strangers on a desert island.

And the next day, when Murray told me that he had to go to Boston to see his publishers about his book, I became almost panic-stricken.

"Oh, Murray, Murray," I almost cried, "you can't leave me here alone. Why



WEAR ONE 7 DAYS FREE

If You Can Tell It From A Genuine DIAMOND SEND IT BACK These Amazingly Beautiful CORODITE GEMS match the scintillating beauty of GENUINE DIAMONDS in every way. They have the same gorgeous blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. Standing the terrific Acid Test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself. **MAKE THIS TEST** Wear a CORODITE and a Diamond side by side on the same finger, for SEVEN days. If you and your friends can tell the difference send it back, you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring the price printed here is all you pay. No installments. Remember CORODITES alone have the same facet cutting as Genuine Stones.

A. Ladies Hand Carved Basket Ring, Platinum effect	\$3.52
B. Ladies Pierced Filigree 4 Post Ring, Platinum effect	\$3.84
C. Ladies Filigree Ring, Blue Sapphire Set Sides	\$3.93
D. Ladies Bridal Blazon Hand Chased Solitaire	\$2.84
E. Mens Heavy Belcher 14K Gold Filled Ring	\$3.48
F. Mens Manly Carved Hexagon Gypsy, Sapphire Sides	\$4.18

Carat Size Gems Beautiful Hand Carved and Engraved Rings reproducing in exact and faithful detail the most modern high priced and fashionable Platinum Diamond Creations.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name and address stating which ring you want and size as shown by slip of paper fitting end to end around finger joint and your ring will come by return mail. Deposit amount shown above with postman. You do not risk a penny as our binding legal guarantee to refund your money in full is attached to every ring we sell. **SEND TODAY.**

E. RICHWINE CO., Dept. C51 19 West Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Original and Sole Importers of Genuine CORODITE GEMS



Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other methods. Dr. Quinn's famous Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced player. Highly endorsed. Success radiates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio SA 27, 598 Columbia Rd., Boston, 25, Mass.

Get Rid of Your FAT

Free Trial Treatment

sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, without starvation diet or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician
State of New York, 286 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., Desk M.

Over 600 Pages

Your Fortune is Told by Your Dreams

DOES HE LOVE YOU? WILL YOU BE LUCKY? WILL YOU BE MARRIED SOON? WILL YOU BE RICH?

Thousands of such questions are answered in your dreams if you but know how to interpret them. How to foretell the future; how dreams may put you in touch with the absent or departed; explain dream warnings to business men, lovers, gamblers, people engaged in hazardous work; also warnings against faithless lovers, false friends, enemies, death and disease, meaning of nightmares, etc. Worth \$10.00.

Send No Money. Simply pay postman \$2.48 plus 17c postage when he brings your big book.

SINCERE PUBLISHING CO.
24 E. 21st St., Dep. 19, New York

AGENTS Some Seller at **\$150**

Looks Like \$5.00 Worth Gives You 75c Profit

PERFUMES, TOOTH PASTE, FACE POWDER, FACE CREAMS, SOAPS, EXTRACTS, Etc.

YOU should see this "Super 8" Package. Also our 11 piece Assortment selling at \$2.00 with 2 piece Carving Set FREE to each customer. No fancy talk — Experience Unnecessary. Harris in W. Va. sold 500 in 6 weeks. Profit over \$100 a Week.

MAKE BIG PROFITS right from the start. What more could you ask while introducing line of Soaps, Toilet Articles, Food Specialties, Polishes, Remedies, etc., at ATTRACTIVE PRICES?

100% Profit, 250 Products — All Repeaters. 30 years on Market. Write today for Illustrated Circulars and UNIQUE SALES PLANS. ACT NOW.

E. M. DAVIS COMPANY, Dept. 7643 CHICAGO, ILL.

wouldn't dare. It's bad enough when you are here, but if you go away they'll be even worse!"

Then I realized how unfair it was of me to try to keep him when he should go. I turned my sob into a laugh and pretended that I had been joking. But I wasn't. I would rather have faced a den of lions than face those searching, sneering eyes and the whispers behind my back.

A DAY or so after he left, Nita came to me and said, "Maybe you won't believe me, but I think it's a darn shame!"

I looked at her, puzzled, and asked what was a darn shame.

"Why, what Murray has done—and he's always put on such a puritanical air!"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, Nita."

"Silly, I mean, Murray running off up in New England, pretending to go to his publishers."

"Pretending? What do you mean?"

"Oh, dear! I thought you knew!" She looked into my eyes with anxious concern.

"I never would have spoken, only I thought of course, you knew."

"Knew what, for heaven's sake!"

Nita bit her lip for a moment and then looked around her to see if anyone was near.

"Well, if you don't know, you ought to! Remember the girl who came to the tea Mrs. Saunders gave—the pretty girl with the brown eyes, who kissed Murray?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, her people have a summer place up on the North Shore, near Boston. That's where Murray has gone. But don't you tell a soul I told you!"

I looked at her for a moment with my lips parted in consternation while her words filtered through my mind. Murray

gone up on the North Shore to see Elsie Maynard! I repeated it over a half-dozen times in my mind. Then I began to laugh.

and I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks and Nita regarded me with angry perplexity.

"Do you think it's funny?" she snapped.

"Funny!" I had to stop and catch my breath. "It isn't half so funny as you are. Why, I wouldn't believe that if Murray's whole family came to me and swore it was true——"

"Are you calling me a liar?" Nita jumped to her feet, her eyes spat fire.

"I most certainly am!" I assured her and began to laugh in her face again. She went white with rage and sneered some insulting remark as she went flouncing off across the porch, but I couldn't hear it for my own laughter.

That was the funniest thing I had ever heard. Murray! My Murray leaving me and going to see Elsie Maynard! I knew Murray too well for that. Then I began to get angry at the idea of Nita's trickery, trying to undermine my trust and belief.

But she had done her work better than I thought. She had planted a seed and all during the day I caught myself wondering. I had only had one little note from Murray since he had been gone. But it was only, let me see, three days. In three days there should have been at least two letters.

At luncheon I asked Florine if she had seen Elsie Maynard in the past few days, casually I thought, but she glanced at me quickly and I turned a flaming red.

"She's up at their summer place in Massachusetts," she said shortly, and I thought I saw her glance at Nita in disgust. The rest of my meal was a nightmare, and after luncheon I went to my room. I tortured myself for the rest of the day thinking, thinking until it seemed that I couldn't stand it any longer.

After dinner, I walked down across the lawn to the Sound and saw the moon come

WURLITZER



Girl of 13 Makes

\$75.00 a Week!

Alice Higgle, a 13-year-old Chicago girl, makes \$75.00 a week in vaudeville. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio studios and private entertainments. For a 15-minute act she receives \$15.00—a dollar a minute! Read what she says—"Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, especially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play."—Alice Higgle.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You may now have any Wurlitzer instrument for a week's free trial in your own home. Examine the instrument, note the fine workmanship, the full, rich tone value and especially how easy it is to play. No obligation to buy—no expense for the trial. We make this liberal offer because we want you to try for yourself a genuine Wurlitzer instrument, the result of 200 years' experience in musical instrument building.

Easy payments are arranged to suit your convenience. This is your opportunity to try a famous Wurlitzer instrument in your own home.



Send for Free Book

Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—more than 3000 articles, many of them shown in full colors. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete outfits.

We also give you our Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan. No obligation.

Send Coupon Today!

Send this Coupon

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. B-191
117 E. 4th St. Cincinnati 139 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
120 W. 42nd St. New York 134 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

Send me your Free Book on musical instruments. Also your Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan. No obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Instrument _____

WURLITZER

Copyright 1925, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Be a Wesch Trained LETTER WRITING EXPERT

Make Up to \$10,000 A Year and More

Expert business letter writer. Write letters that sell, collect, adjust. Every business at the point of sale. Sell, Collect, Adjust.

Men and Women—Thousands Needed

Get my Free Book. See thousands of men and women, ages between 15 and 65, who have learned to write letters. Easy, Fascinating, Quick to learn, my way.

Highest Priced, Easiest, Cleanest of Wonderful Occupations

Who is C. E. Wesch?

Expert letter writer. Write letters that sell, collect, adjust. Every business at the point of sale. Sell, Collect, Adjust.

Fascinating Short Hours

Expert letter writer. Write letters that sell, collect, adjust. Every business at the point of sale. Sell, Collect, Adjust.

I Help You to Positions No Charge

GUARANTEE SURPRISING SATISFACTION

C. E. WESCH, Chief Consultant, 4363 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago

SCISSORS HERE FREE LETTER AND AD BOOK

C. E. Wesch, Chief Consultant
Chicago Letter and Advertising Co.,
Noting: 4363 Kenmore Ave., Chicago
Send me your Free Letter and Ad book.
"Amazing Facts" without obligation.

\$25 ONYX RING \$1.98

Words will not do this beautiful imported ring justice. The setting is an unusual example of fine workmanship and is wrought in genuine Platinum 14. In stylish basket design, set in the black stone is a gem of dazzling brilliancy that only a diamond can equal. Ideal gift.

Send No Money Just your name. When the ring arrives, deposit \$1.98 with your postman. Wear the ring for five days. Money back if not delighted. So send today.

ONYX IMPORTING CO., Dept. 1303, Arlington Heights, Ill.



Has No Gas Now!

Once a woman of her age had to be careful. Today, she eats anything she wants! A Stuart tablet—and after-eating distress vanishes.

Chew a Stuart tablet after the heartiest meal, and you, too, can smile at indigestion. Stops all gas and belching. Ends sour risings, belching. A little alkaline is all your stomach needs!

Full Box FREE!

Every drug store has Stuart's Tablets, 25¢ and 50¢. Or, a full box for 99¢ with the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 108, Merrill, Mass. Get a full box of Stuart's Tablets for the price of a single tablet! Heartburn, sour risings, belching, gas—gone! Stuart's Tablets are the only ones that work!

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

peeping up over the rim of the world, reflecting its own beauty on the dark, lapping waters.

I closed my eyes and said a little prayer, a prayer to Murray, begging him to come back to me, to hurry back and take the awful torture out of my mind—silly, weak torture I was sure, but nevertheless torture.

"Hello," came from behind me. Startled, I whirled and saw Randy standing behind the lurch.

"My!" I said. "You startled me, you came so silently."

"Always come silently," he assured me in a thick voice, and I knew he had been drinking too much again. "Beautiful night, isn't it?"

I truly. The moon on the water makes the boat rock for the sea."

But I saw a lot of the world while you were with your father."

"Almost every country that has a seaport," I said proudly.

WE WERE silent for a few minutes and then he said, suddenly, "Want to take a little drive down to the club with me? I'll do you good. Been hanging around here for three days looking as though you'd lost your best friend!"

I hesitated for a moment. But it was nice of him to even think about me, and I was desperately lonesome. "Sure," I said, "if you'll get me a wrap, or something."

We swept out the driveway with the brakes screeching as we barely missed another car on the main road. My hands went to my face to stifle the scream that came to my lips. Randy slowed down and put one of his hands over mine.

"Don't cha worry, Marion. Wouldn't hit anything for world—you're too sweet." And he smirked at me while the car nearly lost off the road, careening on two wheels as he wrenched the wheel around. I dug my hands deep down in the pockets of Murray's coat, because the touch of his hand on mine made the goose flesh rise all over my body.

In a few more minutes, I saw Randy look at me out of the corner of his eyes as the needle on the speedometer began to climb. The wind came rushing by us, tearing at the top as though it would wrench it loose. At sixty-five miles an hour the car began to lurch. I begged Randy to slow down. I heard the accelerator come up as he took his foot off it; I breathed a little prayer of relief. The car moved along slower and slower until we were down to twenty miles an hour. Then he tried to put his arm around me. I laughed at first, thinking it best to humiliate him. But when he leaned over to kiss me, I pushed his face away. I saw his lips come together and felt the car gaining speed again. The motor began to roar as he opened the cut-out and we went lurching and swaying from side to side. I begged him to stop, to slow down, and he only laughed at me and tried to put his arm about me again.

"Randy! Please, please," I begged. He looked at me strangely for a moment, and then as the lights of a roadhouse loomed ahead, he began to slow down. When we were opposite the driveway, he swung the car in and came to a grinding stop in the parking place.

While the attendant was coming toward us, he said, "Gee, I'm sorry, Marion. I don't know what the devil got into me."

I looked into his eyes and in them was real contrition. After a moment I said, "It's all right, Randy. But why are you stopping here?"

He threw back his head and laughed, that gay, reckless sort of a laugh that everyone loved.

"C'mon, we'll go in for just one dance!"

"Oh, Randy! I couldn't—really I wouldn't for the world!"

"Oh, c'mon!"

I shook my head emphatically. "All right, then we won't dance, but come while I get just one drink—only one, I promise."

To appease him, I climbed out and we made our way up the steps of the gayly lighted veranda.

The head waiter and the proprietor bowed until they nearly bumped their chins on the floor when we entered. Off on one side was a dance floor with an orchestra, but there were no tables to be seen. Instead, there were little rooms bordering it all the way round. When the music began, the people came swarming out, crowding the floor until it seemed there wasn't a square inch to stand on.

We were led to one of the little rooms and Randy ordered a highball for each of us. I protested that I didn't want it, but he only laughed, and when it came tried to urge me to drink it. I took two or three little sips to stop his insistence. He excused himself and went out the door, saying he wanted to speak to the head-waiter for a moment.

And suddenly above the music, I heard a scream from the next room. There was a crash as though a table had been overturned. Frightened, I stood undecided what to do, when the door that separated the rooms suddenly opened and a girl came running through. Her hair was streaming down over her shoulders and her eyes were wide with fright. And directly behind her was a man with tousled, grey hair, his eyes red and watery from too much liquor.

The girl ran out the door of our booth, and the man with a curse, went back into his room and slammed the door behind him. During all this, I had just stood there, my eyes wide, my heart pounding. Then, without another thought, I went rushing out of the room and out the front door. I told the motor attendant to get Randy.

He came out just a little more wobbly than when we had gone in, and I damned myself for even getting out of the car. What would Nita think and Mrs. Saunders, with Randy drunk? I saw by the little clock on the dashboard that we had been gone nearly two hours.

I told Randy about the girl and the man in the next room, and he chuckled, but he didn't offer any comment other than, "Probably just drunk!"

I wondered whether I ought to go back and see if I could do anything to help the girl. Then she went out of my mind entirely, as Randy went shooting out of the driveway on two wheels.

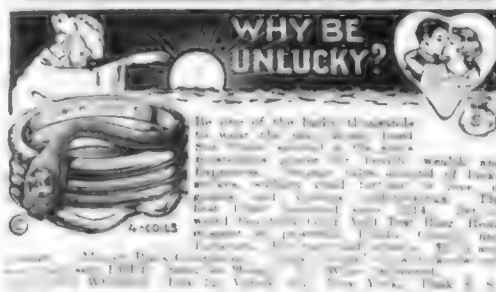
Again, he began to tear down the road, whizzing by cars with a rush, taking the corners on the wrong side in order to keep the road. I begged him to stop, and when he looked at me, I smiled at him, hoping to humor him into driving more slowly. Mistaking my smile in his half-intoxicated condition, he leaned toward me and mumbled some foolish words of endearment. We were going sixty miles an hour. Another car came shooting around a bend, its headlights directly in our eyes. I felt the car lurch as Randy swung by them. For a moment it held an uncertain course and then there was a terrific bump, a crash of glass and the car seemed to come up in the middle, buckling like a pony. I felt myself tear through a part of the top and go flying through space.

That was all I knew.

When I opened my eyes, I felt myself being carried. I could see forms about me, like shadows against the light of an electric torch. I felt myself being lifted higher, and a frightful pain in my shoulder brought a gasp of agony to my lips.

How to make delicious SALADS and Sandwiches

Every detail of making and serving Salads and Sandwiches is told in one book. Amazingly simple directions. Pictures make everything clear. Scores of recipes presented as they have been presented before. Success made certain. Price only 50c. Or send only \$1 and we'll send you three of these wonderful COOK BOOKS—(1) Salads and Sandwiches; (2) Pastries and Pies; (3) Cold and Frozen Desserts. Send money order, check or stamps to
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 806-G, Scranton, Pa.



Agents \$90 a Week and New Automobile

Take orders for New Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women, children and infants. All styles and colors. Written guarantee to wear 6 months or new hose free. Lowest prices. (22)

Silk Hose FREE! We give you extra fine silk hose for your own use. Write today for special offer. Men and women Representatives wanted to act as my Local Sales Agent. Your pay daily in advance—extra bonus besides. No experience needed. Credit given. New plan puts you above competition. Samples furnished.
F. B. Jennings Co., Hose 1258 Dayton, O.

A Romance of PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

Parisian Flesh Food is the secret of...
MME. FUOLAIRE, Cleveland, Ohio
AGENTS WANTED

BUNIONS

SENT ON TRIAL
KAY LABORATORIES

MUSIC LESSONS FREE

You can read music like this quickly
IN YOUR HOME. Write today for our FREE booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 2c per day for music and postage used.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 43 Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

RUBY FREE

To introduce our imported Mexican-BLU-FLASH GEM, the only low priced gem exactly matching genuine diamonds, with same blue-white brilliancy and rainbow fire, guaranteed for life, we'll send free this beautiful, flashing fiery red Mexican Ruby. Just clip out this ad, mail with your name, address and 10c to partly cover handling cost and we'll mail FREE with catalog of gems and special half price offer. Write today.
Mexican Gem Importing Co., Dept. U-5 Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

The voices seemed to die away for a moment and the light became dimmer. Then the sound of a motor came to my ears, and I tried to lift my head and look about me.

I heard a voice say, "She's coming around," and a light flashed in my face. I looked up, blinking into the light, and tried to speak. One of the men leaned closer and I asked him what had happened. He straightened and laughed, mumbling something under his breath.

THEN they lifted a form in the back seat beside me, and my eyes grew wide in amazement. Randy! There was blood flowing down over his face from a laceration on his forehead and his head slumped to one side like a scarecrow's. Then I remembered! Randy had been drunk—that sickening crash!

"Is he dead?" I asked them and began to cry.

"Naw! Hardly a scratch on him. He's just drunk! You got the worst of it with that shoulder. Believe me! God takes care of the drunkards!" and he laughed.

I started to tell them that I hadn't been drinking, but what was the use? What if they did think so every one else would understand. So instead, I told them where to take us. Two of them climbed in the front seat and the other got in between Randy and me, and they headed for the Saunders' house.

When we arrived, I was sick with pain and could hardly hold up my head. One of them climbed out of the car and went up on the porch. In a moment, there were a dozen people swarming around us, hysterical, asking a thousand questions. I tried to stand on my feet after they lifted Randy out. I took one step forward. Then everything went black again.

For a day and a half I lay there deliriously calling to Murray, praying, asking for Dad. When Murray came, he dropped on his knees beside the bed. He laid his head on my arm and I could feel his tears running down his cheeks. I smoothed back his hair and pulled his cheek over against mine and told him that I didn't mind.

Then he stood up as his mother came in, and as they looked down at me, their eyes held an expression I couldn't understand—as though I had done some terrible thing. There was silence until I wanted to cry out and ask them why they looked at me with such accusing eyes. Finally, I asked about Randy and they told me that he hadn't been injured at all.

"Drunkard's luck!" Murray said bitterly, and his mother looked at me in scorn.

In a moment she turned and went from the room and Murray dropped down beside me again and said, "Oh, Marion, why did you do it?" and his eyes were full of suffering and pain.

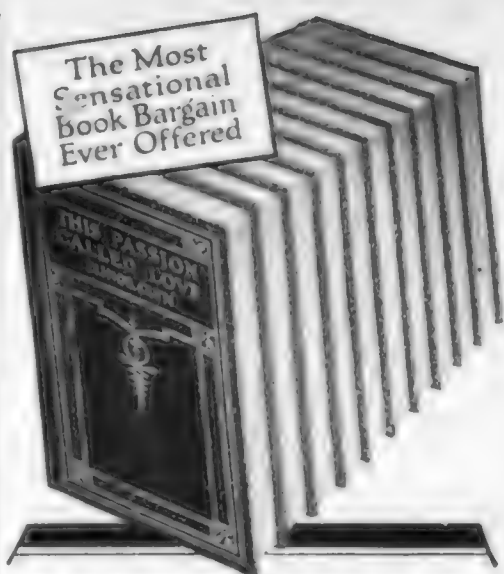
"Do what, Murray?"
"With Randy, or all people?" he said.
"But Murray, I didn't do anything! He just asked me—"

Murray put his hand over my lips as his mother's voice sounded outside the door. Then the door swung open and she came in. Beside her was a man with grey hair and a jolly smile. As I looked at him, Murray said, "This is Dad, Marion."

For a moment I couldn't think. Everything stood still.

Murray's Dad! It was the man with the grey hair and the watery eyes from the next room in the roadhouse!

[To Be Continued in the August Issue]



ELINOR GLYN'S 10 BIG NOVELS

formerly \$20.00
All For
ONLY \$2.98

NEVER was there such an amazing offer! Think of it! Ten volumes—a complete set—of the most startling, most heart-gripping love romances that Elinor Glyn has written—at the astounding low price of only \$2.98 for all.

How can we do it? By paying Elinor Glyn only a few pennies royalty—by printing carloads of books at one time—and by selling great quantities at small profit.

Elinor Glyn's fame as a daring writer of flaming love stories is well known. If these 10 volumes do not measure up to her reputation, simply send them back and you won't be out a penny.

Thrilling Stories That Hold You Spellbound

A mere glance at the titles of her books in the panel below is a foretaste of what the books themselves contain.

Every one of these great novels have sold in bookstores for \$2.00 each. Yet for only a dollar more, you can now get the entire set of 10 volumes—all for only \$2.98.

These are NOT cheap dime novels with paper covers—they are handsomely bound in genuine Royal Blue Cloth over stiff board covers—artistically stamped in gold—finely printed from FULL SIZE PLATES on high-grade Antique book paper. Better looking books than the original \$20.00 edition!

But if you want to take advantage of this extraordinary offer, you will have to act quickly!

SEND NO MONEY

Simply mail the coupon and the books will be shipped to you at once. When they arrive, pay the postman only \$2.98, plus a small amount for postage. If you are not delighted with your purchase, simply return the books within five days, and your \$2.98 will be promptly refunded. So don't put it off—hurry and mail the coupon. Now. Authors' Press, Dept. 855, Auburn, New York.

10 THRILLING BOOKS

1. "The Price of Things"
2. "The Man and the Moment"
3. "Guinevere's Lover"
4. "The Reason Why"
5. "His Hour"
6. "The Seventh Commandment"
7. "The Point of View"
8. "Red Hair"
9. "Love Me"
10. "The Passion Called Love"

The Authors' Press, Dept. 855, Auburn, New York.

Please send me the set of Elinor Glyn's famous books in 10 volumes. On arrival I will pay the postman only \$2.98, (plus a small amount for postage), with the understanding that I may return the books within five days if not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

IMPORTANT: If you mail this coupon by postman call, send cash in advance. 10¢ fee outside U. S. A. \$3.50 cash in advance.

Every Woman
may now
**HAVE
LASTING
CURLS**



for \$1.00 —curls that stay curled to the very ends of your hair without the necessity of "touching it up" every day.

DURAWAX
the curl that sheds water

the most beautiful aid, and the simplest to employ, in-
stantly counteracts the straightening effects of
warm weather, and against the trials of wind and
damp, rainy weather.

Do away with frowzy ends forever

A perfect marcel or a permanent wave is most un-
likely if the ends of the hair are "frowzy" or
"straightened out." One touch of Durawax to the hot
iron and applied to the hair will make the curl stay
for days longer.

Beauty specialists are enthusiastic over Durawax.
Beauty shops find it of great assistance in making
marcels more beautiful and more lasting.

Use the coupon to secure a Dollar trial stick

Durawax Co., 162 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Durawax Co., 7C, 162 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me a stick of Durawax. I enclose \$1 or
will deposit \$1.12 with the postman on receipt.

Name

Address

City

State

Make \$2.50 an Hour
YOUR PROFITS IN ADVANCE

STAY-PREST TROUSER
PRESSELT sells quick—every-
where. Thousands in use. Sales-
men and saleswomen cleaning
up. Sells on eight-minute dem-
onstration. Reasonable price.
40% clear profit for you. You
take orders. We deliver.

Wonderful New Invention
Puts perfect creases in trousers.
Takes out wrinkles and baggy
knees. Easy to use—takes less than a
minute. Folds into small size. Finely
finished. Looks rich. Saves clothes and
tailor bills. Every man wants one or two.

Make Big Profits—Others Do
Jack Ames made \$24.00 in four hours.
Hendle sold twenty-five the first day.
Mary Roberts made \$10.00 in one eve-
ning. Others making good in full or
spare time. So can you.

FREE Write us quick for free
sample offer and full
details.

The Getzoy-Jung Co., Dept. 152 G. & J. Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

One Year To Pay

No. 39—\$61
\$1 Deposit—\$5 a Month
This exquisite diamond ring is con-
sidered extremely handsome. The best
quality genuine blue white diamond is
full of fiery brilliance and sparkling col-
ors. It makes a wonderful engagement
ring or friendship ring. Your friends
will think you paid \$100.00 for it.
Everyone will admire it. The
gift case is free. Write
for Catalog.

SEND NO MONEY Pay only \$1.00 to postman after you get
this ring. If you keep it, pay only
\$5.00 a month for 12 months. If you
return it in 10 days we will return your money—every cent.
PRICE CUT TO \$61; WORTH \$100
You now can buy this gorgeous ring at the wholesale
price. Compare it with similar rings at \$100.00. We
guarantee it to stand any test or comparison. It
is the greatest bargain ever offered by any Diamond
Importer. We will give you 8% more than you paid for
it when you exchange for a larger diamond ring.
FREE Every customer who answers this ad will get
a \$7.50 value premium as a gift from us.
Thousands of bargains shown. Write for Catalog
in this very interesting book.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
(Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1878)
1840 Broadway Dept. 2155, New York

The Man I Couldn't Marry

[Continued from page 35]

remember me? I asked this as if I
had just called him up to pass the time of
day. His voice came to me, warm and
reassuring, Scotch and full of burrs.

"Come up to see Sam, didn't you?" he
said carelessly—oh, so carelessly.

Hilton eyed me at that in apparent won-
der—ruffled his sandy hair, considered,
pondered on something.

"Don't you know," he asked me at last
slowly, "that Sam takes dope?"

Something flipped over inside of my
heart and pounded fiercely at its thin
walls. I put on my poker face; he
shouldn't know—he shouldn't know!

"Well, of course I've suspected it," I
said evenly.

"He's been taking it quite sometime, I
believe," Hilton went on, apparently re-
laxed that I wasn't going to create a
scene. "Two or three months—ever since
he's been up here."

There was silence. I moved my fork
about aimlessly, and kept my face expres-
sionless. Sam, arrogant, lovable, loving
Sam—and this thing—this thing—worse
than drink—worse than women—

"Still want to see him?" asked Hilton.

"Yes," I said, and pushed aside my
plate.

"Really, my dear," said Hilton slowly,
"he isn't worth your love. I know him."

"So do I," I cried fiercely at that. "And
you can't tell me anything about him that
would change me. I can't help loving Sam
any more than I can help him being what
he is. It's just one of those things that
happen to you and you have to carry
through. If you can find Sam, get me
to him. For God's sake, let's go!"

My nerves were snapping. Hilton
helped me into my wrap and went out
with me. We walked up the street to
the Clarion office.

Upstairs the girl shook her head at
Hilton's request. She was sorry, but
Mr. Tarrant had gone out. No, she didn't
know where he might be. Hilton stood a
minute, then with a murmured word of
excuse, he went on and left me. I saw
him go past the rows of desks and bat-
tered typewriters, to where he conferred
with a rumped-haired, rushed-looking
young man in a green eyeshade. He re-
turned to me, looking thoughtful.

"He's not here," he said slowly, and
eyed me again. "But I know where
he is," he went on. "Do you—do you want
to see him—at his worst?"

I nodded into his eyes. Hilton told the
man to wait. Then he took my arm in a
steady, reassuring hold and guided me up
the broken sidewalk to a decrepit house.

It seemed to me that the largest negro
woman in the world opened the door.
Her face broke into an understanding
grin at the sight of us, but Hilton spoke
sharply to her, thrusting a bill in her
hand.

"We want to see Sam Tarrant," he said
to her briefly.

For a moment I thought she was going
to shut the door in our faces; she eyed us
with disfavor and open suspicion, but
Hilton nonchalantly turned back the lapel
of his coat, and she sulkily stood aside
for us to enter after that.

"He's in de back room," she said in-
differently, and thrust the bill into her
bosom.

The house seemed choked with heavy
soiled odors; the rooms reeked with some
strange sickening scent. It made me feel
like a strange dream moved about me. I
found Hilton's hand and clung fiercely.

We passed through the crowded rooms;
men and some women were lying about
on soiled beds, breathing heavily. In the
back room we came upon Sam. He lay
sprawled across a bed, breathing with
catchy unevenness. His shirt was pulled
away from his splendid shoulders . . .
they were pricked with numberless little
holes; one sleeve was partially unlaced as
if he had tried to take it off and had been
overcome by the drug before he could
do so; his hair was rumped across his
head as if some loving woman had
fondled it with tender fingers; I felt my
eyes go blind with tears for him.

Hilton paused by the bed. "See?" he
said to me simply, as if there were no
more to be said.

I clung with trembling fingers to the
foot of the rickety bed. My heart was
breaking.

"Sam!" I called to him. "Sam! Sam!"

He must speak to me—he must fight off
this thing that made him like this and
speak to me! Sam opened his eyes,
searched the room, found Hilton's face.

"That damn girl!" he confided to Hil-
ton, and groaned. "That damn girl. . .
Wish she'd die . . . Why can't she die?
. . . Damn girl . . ."

He appeared ready to cry for a second.
Then he closed his eyes again.

"What girl?" I whispered to Hilton.

You see, I had known all the time that
there must be a woman. Hilton's Scotch
mouth twisted and he shook his head at
me.

"It doesn't matter," he said.

I let it go at that, and began moving
around the bed. Hilton put out his hand
as if to stop me, and then seemed to think
better of it. I came a last to Sam's pil-
low, reached out and smoothed his hair.

"Sam," I murmured gently. "Sam—
Sam—"

He opened his eyes again and saw me.
His glance flickered about my face
drowsily.

"I used to know a girl . . . looked like
you . . ." he mumbled. "I loved her . . .
only girl I ever really loved . . . but she's
through with me now . . . I'm in such a
damn mess . . . such a damn mess . . ."

He lay supine an instant, then grabbed
me convulsively.

"I'm going to get shot!" he wailed to
me wildly. "Going to get shot! Going
to get shot!"

He looked terror stricken. I raised up
and questioned Hilton swiftly.

"What's wrong? What's the matter
with him?"

Sam was repeating his refrain over and
over. Hilton looked away, shook his head
"I'll go mad if he says that one more
time," I said frantically. "What's he
done? Who's going to shoot him?"

"Let's go!" said Hilton suddenly. I
could see that he regretted bringing me
here at all. "Let's get out of this dive,
Corinne." And he took my arm and
pulled me toward the door.

"No," I said. "I can't leave him here
like this. I can't leave him here like this.
I can't. Sam—wake up, Sam; let's go.
Wake up, Sam, it's time to go. Sam,
wake up!"

"Where'll you take him?" Hilton de-
manded. "To his home?"

"No—no—to the hotel, I guess. Yes,
we'll take him to the hotel. I've got a
room there. Help me wake him, Hilton."

Sam's drug-soaked mind rose groggily
from unconsciousness as Hilton shook
and prodded him. But when at last his
brain had cleared a little and he saw me

GRAY HAIR

IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's Liquid

EAU DE HENNA

Hair Color Restorer



...in 10 to 15 minutes so that you can know it even as you look. It is liquid application with a toothbrush does it all. No mess. You get the natural color. No one will suspect you have been dyed. It is in soft and dead color on the roots—no spots—no color.

ANY ONE CAN PUT IT ON

It is not only oil. It stays on several months. It is not a dye, but a restorer. It is not a hair cream, but a hair restorer. It is not a hair oil, but a hair restorer. It is not a hair cream, but a hair restorer. It is not a hair oil, but a hair restorer.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used on hair dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

It is in each box in English and French. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Dark Blond, Auburn, Peach, C. O. D. Send. In ordering please state your order through your Department Store, Drug Store, Beauty Parlor or direct from us. A perfect substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Hair Cream.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 293 H, 112 East 23rd St., New York

As women use Eau de Henna to advantage

THICK LIPS REDUCED!

FREE FOLDER TO WOMEN

The lips make or mar the face. If you have a beautiful mouth, let us tell you about "Glorie" for reducing thick, protruding lips, making them shapely and adding beauty to the mouth. No plasters, rollers or cutting; just a harmless, painless lotion. Results in 10 to 15 days and watch results. Particulars free. Send today.

CLORIE OF NEW YORK
47 West 42nd Street (Suite 466) NEW YORK

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$18 to \$40 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. Aircraft Studios, Dept. 35, 3900 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



You Are Wanted

Girls, Women, 15 up
LEARN GOWN DESIGNING

Why not have many fascinating Gowns? You can learn Gown Designing and Creating

In 10 Weeks at

Your Own Home

Gown Designers-Makers get
\$35 to \$75 a Week

Over 22,000 girls—women, having had this training, now design and make their own gowns and hats. Many start exclusive Gown Parties in their own homes.

Mail Coupon today sure. Act immediately

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. S-637
Rochester, N.Y.

Valueable, if not interested hand to a friend

he turned from me swiftly burying his face in the dirty pillow, sobbing in his shame.

"Go away, damn you," he cried to me. "I hate you for seeing me like this—I hate you. Go away, damn you—get on out of here go away and leave me alone."

"Sam—" I pleaded. "This is your damn doing, Hilton," he stormed out. "I hate you both—get away from here."

"Sam dearest," I begged. "Sam, please come with me. Please, Sam—please come with me—please Sam, please—please—"

HE STILL moved clumsily and it was with an effort that we got him into his coat again. I was not aware of the commotion our entrance into the hotel caused until I saw Hilton hit an eyebrow at the desk clerk and make a motion signifying that Sam had been on a spree. The clerk laughed at that, and sent a bell-hop along with ice water. They seemed to know both men well here, and for that reason did nothing about Sam's erratic entrance. We had to almost carry him across the lobby floor to the elevator. Once in my room, Sam flopped on my bed limply and slept again with a leaden intensity that defied further efforts for the time being.

Hilton made me sit down, and then he sat beside me, smoking in a comforting silence.

"He'll probably sleep for an hour or so," he told me.

It was nearly five o'clock before Sam stirred. He moved groggily, struggling to a sitting posture, blinking. When he met my eyes, he turned a slow red, fumbled hurriedly at his shirt to hide his arm.

"Don't bother, Sam," I said gently. "I've already seen your arm."

"There aren't many places on it," he said sullenly, still pulling at his shirt.

"I know it," I said, and came and sat down by him on the bed. "But, Sam, dearest, I wish those weren't there. What made you do it, anyway?"

He made an angry, impatient gesture. "Start preaching—" he muttered.

"I'm not," I said hastily. "Really, I'm not preaching at you, Sam. But I only wanted to know so I can help you. What's troubling you, Sam?"

He hunched his shoulders hopelessly. "It doesn't matter, Corinne. You couldn't help me—nobody could help me. I'm in a damn mess—a terrible mess—I'm going to get shot."

"Don't say that again," I said to him sharply. "Just tell me what's wrong and let me be the judge as to whether or not you can be helped. That's what we're here for, Sam—Hilton and I—to help you. We—we love you, don't we, Hilton?"

Hilton cocked a quizzical eye to the ceiling.

"Oh, yes, I'm simply wild over him," he commented sarcastically. "Absolutely wild!" I gave him a pleading look, and he arose then. "I've got to get back to the office," he said to me. "I'm overdue there now, and I've got to trot. I think you'd better come along, Corinne."

But I shook my head at him.

"You've been terribly decent to me," I said to him in low tones. "I—I love you for it. And I'll be along in a little while. Thank you."

Then I came back to Sam. "Now, dear, tell me all about it, from the very beginning," I said. "It's a woman, of course. I know that."

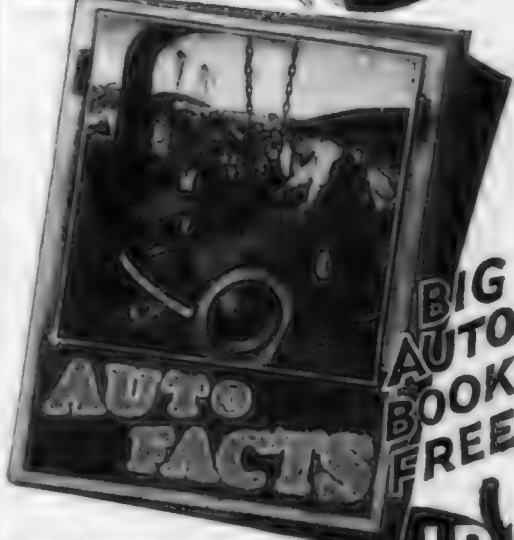
He was sitting on the side of the bed, his head in his hands, and his eyes, when he peeked through his fingers up at me, were bloodshot and miserable.

"I never could figure out why you

R. W. COOKE
CHICAGO



BE AN
AUTO
EXPERT



Use Scissors NOW
for this Amazing

FREE AUTO BOOK

If you're earning a cent less than \$75 a week, get this Free Book now! See the million amazing opportunities for Quick Raises in Pay in Automotive Field. See how Ernest B. Tucker, Cotton, Minn., jumped from low pay to \$215 in a week—in only three months! See what you can do.

I'll train you
AT HOME

Don't sell your time for low pay! You don't need to with R. W. Cooke "Job-Way" Training. Get my Free Book. Find out how you can become a Big Pay man in amazingly quick time! Keep your present job. Stay home. You don't have to leave your doorstep. Master every Branch of Auto Work right in your own home. See how I train you QUICKLY and EASILY to ROSS the job, or GO INTO BUSINESS where Big Pay comes QUICK—and up to \$10,000 a year can easily be made!

Coupon brings full details of my wonderful 6 Outfits Offer. Includes Tools, Tool Bag, Portable Electrical Test Bench, Radio Receiving Set, 303 Wiring Diagram Charts, Ignition and Socket Wrench Sets, and Tire Repair Outfit—all FREE of Extra Charge. Send for it now!

The World's BIGGEST BUSINESS Needs You!

Get into this gigantic Auto Business! IT NEEDS YOU! Think of it—5 Thousand Million Dollars paid to Auto Men every year for upkeep alone! That's why there are so many Tremendous Opportunities for Big Raises in Pay QUICK for the trained Auto Man—opportunities waiting for YOU! If you want to boost your pay QUICK, clip coupon now. Common schooling all you need. I help you do it. I give you Lifetime Employment Service—Lifetime Consultation Service too!

Get the FACTS!

Don't wait. Make your start for a QUICK RAISE in pay TODAY. CLIP COUPON NOW!

Make Money QUICK

Send for this amazing Free Book right NOW! See how hundreds of men are boosting their salaries, making big extra spare-time money, and getting into Money Making Business of their own—NOT IN YEARS—but almost right from the start—in a FEW SHORT WEEKS, OR MONTHS!

B. W. COOKE DIRECTING ENGINEER
CHICAGO MOTOR TRAINING CORP.
1916 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. B37, Chicago

MAIL THIS "JOB-WAY" COUPON

B. W. COOKE, Directing Engineer, Chicago Motor Training Corporation, Dept. B37 1916 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me FREE Auto Book and proof that I can become an Auto Expert at home in spare time. Also send your 6 Outfits Offer. It is understood that this obligates me in no way.

Name

Address

Town State

Are You Blonde or Brunette ? A New Rouge

One special is prepared for the blonde and one for the brunette. A beautiful new shade of rouge is being introduced. Yet soft enough to protect the skin from the sun and harsh enough without rubbing.

Two new beautiful tones, one that brings out the blonde's beauty and one that enhances the blonde's coloring, appearing and delightfully blended in perfect harmony with these two types of complexion.

This rouge is packed in small, attractive, light-colored, cylindrical containers with caps that screw down and it is easy to use. It is not sticky and does not leave a greasy film on the face.

Bonella Laboratories, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Strawberry rouge for Blonde ()—Raspberry ()

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Peacock Ring

183

SEND NO MONEY.

FRANKLIN JEWELRY CO., New York



Nature Will Do It Tonight!

Next time you retire with that "all-gone" feeling, try this wonderful means of assisting Nature to drive away all sluggishness by morning! Take Nature's Remedy, and know the joy of perfect elimination—brought about in a perfectly natural way.

An occasional NR tablet ends constipation and biliousness. A gentle laxative that's purely vegetable; so it can't harm, nor form a habit. In fact, it trains the intestinal tract to function normally. Proof of this fact is the number of doctors who constantly employ it.

FREE BOX if you write A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., Dept. 103, St. Louis. Or any drugstore now—pocket tin for a quarter. Then you, too, can say—

"That's what
Nature's Remedy
did for ME!"

loved me," he said with the first touch of humility I had ever known him to exhibit. "I'm such a low-down cur, Corinne."

"Let's not worry about that now," I said. "Let's get down to brass tacks, as the boys say. What's your trouble, and what can be done to get you out of it?"

"Nothing nothing can help me," he protested a little hysterically. "It's such a damn mess—I'm going to get shot."

"Stop saying that!" I snapped at him. "It's not getting you anywhere. Who's going to shoot you? Have you gotten some women into trouble, Sam?"

"Three of them," he blurted out suddenly, and then buried his face in his hands again.

I sat down limply. For an instant the room swam. Then something came up-closest and took over the situation. I found myself viewing it detachedly and from afar, speaking lightly: "Well, I must say, Sam, that you're a bear for trouble. But tell me about it. I'll do my best to get you out of this."

"It was for you I did it," he said in muffled tones. "I thought perhaps if I had a lot of money you'd marry me. And so when I had to leave town and come here, I decided to make my philiandering pay. I picked out the three richest women in town and started rushing them. . . . women do fall for me easily, Corinne. . . . and I thought perhaps they'd give me money. . . . if I worked things right. . . . between them all maybe a lot of money. . . . and then you'd marry me. . . ."

I got up suddenly and walked away to the window. I was torn between a gripping desire to laugh wildly and weep openly. Sam's voice came to me, still muffled.

"I guess I'm a damn fool."

I wanted to shriek aloud at that. He guessed he was ye gods, I knew it! "Anyway, things didn't turn out like I thought—and now they're all after me—like wolves—and they say their husbands and fathers are going to shoot me on sight. They will, too, when they find it out—that's why I started taking the dope—when I saw what a mess—oh, Corinne, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Husbands?" I echoed rebelliously from my place at the window. "Sam, don't you know better than to run with married women?"

"It's the single one that I'm scared about. She was the richest one of the lot. . . . Damn little fool—believed everything I told her," he said.

And hadn't I? And hadn't I? If Sam had knelt on the floor beside this other girl, and held her knees tight in his arms; if Sam had called her his moon-princess, his beautiful, wonderful one? Of course, she had believed him. Hadn't I? I bit my lips.

"Oh, God, Corinne, I'm living in hell—plain hell. What shall I do—what shall I do?"

I saw it all as clearly as if I were not I at all. There was only one thing that Sam could do. I spoke: "Simple, Sam, very simple," I said lightly, moving away from the window. "Marry the girl."

He yelled at me then.

"Marry her? Hell, I wouldn't marry her, not if she was the last person on earth! You are the only woman I ever wanted to marry."

Shattered little dreams of mine—they tinkled to the floor of that plain hotel bedroom, and lay there, their bright broken fragments catching the light of the dying sun. I could almost hear them crunch under my feet as I moved over the carpet toward Sam. I marry Sam—now? Never! Never, never, never! Yet I had come to Blue Pines for that very

purpose come, hoping timidly that I would ask me again. Strange—strange life! And stranger love that could make us both so mad. Poor Sam! Poor Corinne! Poor unknown little girl with her trouble unshared. . . .

"I couldn't marry you, Sam," I heard myself saying. "That's all over with—"

"Why?" he broke in sharply.

I struggled about in my mind for reasons.

"Because. . . . because. . . ." I said lamely. "It's not on account of the women, Sam challenged me. 'It can't be that, Corinne, because you've always known there were women. I never lied about it.'"

"YES," I agreed passively. "I've always known about the women."

He caught my hand and pulled it down against his cheek, holding it tight. I shut my eyes and clenched my teeth. I could feel Sam's wet tears searing my palm, his tender lips burning their imprint against my fingertips.

There was a step behind me, quick and frightened, a little gasping voice, raging breathless. "What—what are you doing to my sweetheart?" it demanded fiercely.

I turned swiftly. The girl was small, almost tiny, her eyes were a deep blue. Now they looked black with her emotion, her hair was the silky, curly gold that can never be duplicated by art. Her face, small and dainty featured, was twisted this moment with pain and outraged love. This, I knew instantly, was The Girl! All of the pull of Sam's magnetism let me instantly, never to return. My mind worked swiftly, faultlessly, and I spoke still lightly.

"Ah," I said, "we were just talking about you. My brother has been telling me all about you. Won't you sit down?"

She stood a moment uncertainly, looking at me.

"Your brother?" she said. "Why—why you do look like him. When—when did you come? I didn't know Sam—had a sister."

"Well, Sam must certainly have," I answered her firmly. "And whenever Sam gets into trouble, he remembers it very well, though he may forget it otherwise. I just came this morning. Sam wired me to come. You see, he realizes that he must marry you—at once."

Sam made a sudden sharp negative gesture, and his eyes met mine in horror, but I stared back at him coldly. The girl seemed puzzled.

"But—but I daren't marry right now, she stammered. "Father—father has arranged for me to go to college this fall. He doesn't even know about Sam; he doesn't know I know him. Why, he'd be furious! Oh, I daren't marry Sam right now. Isn't there—can't we—can't we do something else?"

Such a little innocent, so unsophisticated that it was laughable, only it was so pitiful. I could easily see why she would believe what Sam said; I could easily see why she would love him. And knowing women as he knew them, I still was willing to sacrifice this baby!

"Well," I said slowly, feeling terribly old and wise and superior, "you'd scarce dare to go to school under the circumstances, would you?"

She shook her head, blushing shamefully under my eyes.

"How old are you?" I asked her. "Eighteen? I guessed as much. At what is your name? Vera? Well, Vera, what do you mean to do?"

Her childish chin began to wobble a bit. "I—I don't know."

"Don't blame him," she sobbed. "It was

"It is



"Real Money in the Bank"

"Think of it, Nell—\$460! And to think that just a few months ago we couldn't save a cent."

"Remember the night we talked it over and you persuaded me to send in that I. C. S. coupon? It was the best investment we ever made."

"The boss says if I keep on showing the same interest in my work there will be a still better position open for me soon. It certainly does pay to study in spare time."

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, peaceful homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare time for bigger work.

One hour after supper each night, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your home, will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

This is all we ask: Without cost or obligation, put it up to us to prove how we can help you.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6262-E, Scranton, Penna.

Oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world. Without cost, please tell me how I can qualify for the position of my choice. I have marked an X:

- | BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> National Cash Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Teachers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | |
| TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pipefitting | <input type="checkbox"/> Signaling Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mill Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | |

Name _____ 6-26-25
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Occupation _____
If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal

30 Days' Free Trial

DOWN

\$1

Latest Popular Rectangular Wrist Watch
This watch is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to be accurate and reliable. It has a gold-plated case and a leather strap. The watch is water-resistant and has a shock-resistant movement. It is a perfect time-keeper.

25-Year Guarantee Given Each Watch
We guarantee this watch for 25 years. If you keep it, and \$3.00 a month for balance, full price only \$14.65. If you please, return watch and your deposit will be promptly refunded. The offer may never appear again. Stock is limited. Rush order at once.

FREE
GUARANTY WATCH CO. 154 Nassau Street
Dept. L-7, New York

should have seen her eyes. Imagine loving like that, and then he hated her for it. Considering everything, still he hated her. Wasn't that funny? Isn't life funny? Yes, I think I'll go to Panama on the next boat. Hurry, Hilton, I want to catch the night train south."

Few people go to the Isthmus in the summer, and my boat only boasted six passengers beside myself.

For four days and most of four nights I lived with the lure of running water beneath the boat rail, running water beneath a blue and gold bowl in daylight; running water beneath a silver canopy at night. And each night after dinner the captain joined me on the deserted deck and paced slowly up and down beside me, talking. I was silent often.

"Life," said the captain, concluding a story one night, "human life is held very lightly in the tropics."

"It is a negligible quantity always," I said suddenly. "Living—what's there to it? Dead illusions, still-born hopes, shattered dreams."

"Still, most of us like to cling to it," said the captain calmly. "There are few wounds that just living a few years longer doesn't heal."

"But there are the scars," I reminded him. I felt impatient with talk suddenly, drifted toward the rail. He followed me, his tall figure throwing a shadow on my face.

I looked down. The boat lay low in the water, laden with cargo. The waters rushed along its side gently, seductively, invitingly. They looked soft—like silk—like waves and waves of rippled silk.

"I'm going in," I said suddenly. "Good night."

The captain seemed a bit startled. "Why, it's early yet," he protested. "Scarcely midnight. Why leave the moon on a night like this?"

I SHRUGGED, and moved away. "I'm tired tonight," I said. It amused me that he should find it necessary to escort me to my cabin door. Once inside the room, I shut the door firmly and stood listening till I heard his steps up on deck again. Then I whipped out of the cabin, and slipped like some slyly substantial ghost along the deck to the prow, out of sight of the promenade.

Out here the boat met the water, parted it with a little soothing swish—a little singing, bubbling sound, like happiness—and then swept on through more soft silky water—on—on—on—I leaned far over the side, watching. It fascinated me. The movement of the boat; the movement of the water; the whole song of the rushing sea stirred a resonant song within me. I felt an unconquerable desire to melt myself into the water; to merge my moving with its moving; to sink into it, become one with it, dreamily happy, dreamily singing, dreamily rushing on. Here—here was beauty for the taking: beauty of dying, beauty of death. I slipped to the rail . . . leaned over . . . leaned out . . . far out . . .

Directly above my head like a voice from God, came the words in deep commanding tones: "Don't jump! Remember that you are in the Caribbean now, and before you could drown, a shark would bite your leg off!"

I slumped down on the deck like a pricked balloon. My head swam giddily, my knees shook. I lifted my eyes. Above me on the bridge stood the captain. Even as I looked he swung one leg over the rail. "Wait there," he called, "I'll be right down." A second later he struck the deck beside me, caught me under the elbows, lifted me to my feet.

I stood an instant, feeling more utterly

foolish than I had ever thought a human being could feel. I had no word to say. I couldn't cry—I felt too silly; and I was unable to manage a laugh—the business had been so near tragic. "How did you guess it?" I babbled. "Had you been watching me?"

Said the captain casually, supporting me along the deck toward the companionway, "I always watch folks when they come aboard with that funny look in their eyes."

BILL covered the Inaugural Ball this year for the *Sentinel*. It was considered rather an important function as the new governor was a lady, the first that Texas had ever had. It was too bad of course, but I wasn't able to go. Corinne Jr. was only six months old and not particular about attending balls. But Bill came back just bursting with news, so I enjoyed the affair vicariously from his narrative.

"Honestly, honey, the ball was a scream," said Bill, heartily attacking his waffle, the third one. Sam Tarrant and his wife stayed at the same hotel with me." Bill stopped to butter a waffle for Bill Jr. and pour him a glass of milk.

I lifted another waffle from the iron and turned off the current. "Want another one?"

"Don't care if I do," Bill acknowledged, and buttered it lavishly. "Say, honey, didn't you meet Sam's wife? I thought you said you were in Blue Pines around about the time he got married."

"Yes, I did meet her," I said, and smiled down into my plate. "Once—up at the hotel, the day she was married. But she was so flustered she may not remember it."

"Well, I asked her and she said 'no,'" Bill went on. "She said she didn't recall the name at all. But I guess she'd remember you if she saw you again."

"Yes, I think she would," I agreed, and lifted Corinne Jr. out of her chair.

"She's grown a foot," Bill said, meaning his daughter of course, and not Sam's wife. "Miss me, honey?"

"You know it, Blarney," I replied.

"Well, I just wanted to be sure," Bill said comfortably. "Say, Corinne, you'd die if you could see Sam with his family. And you remember how he rode roughshod over everybody when he was on the *Sentinel*? Well, believe me, his wife sure leads him around by the nose, now. And she's the cutest little trick you ever laid eyes on—pretty as a baby—but what she doesn't know about henpecking might as well be torn out of the book. Sam sure walks the straight and narrow path, too. She makes him wait on her like she was Cleopatra, and nurse the kids to boot."

"Have they more than one?" I inquired interestedly.

"They've got three—all exactly like Sam."

"And how does Sam take his bossing?" I asked.

"Simply revels in it," Bill told me with a delighted chuckle. "He's perfectly foolish over his wife—told me she had all the brains there was in his family. She is smart too—this terrible highbrow smart such as you like to strut—reels off the classics by the yard and won't listen to anything that isn't Greek or Assyrian. I'm sure you'd have the same tastes."

Strange love that could make me think I wanted to spend my life with Sam Tarrant; stranger life that could give me the glorious devotion of Bill. The giggle just would creep into my voice. "Well, not exactly the same tastes, Bill," I said. "I remember right, Sam's wife is a great admirer of Lord Byron, and you know never cared for him."

YOU Can Now Watch Them Fall Off!



**New Outer Skin in 3 Days!
Blemishes Vanish — You
Look Clean, Fresh, More
Youthful and Beautiful**

**You'll Hardly Recognize Yourself!
Thousands of Women and Girls,
Young and Old Men Amazed
at Wonders of Harmless,
New Discovery!**

WORRY no more over your poor complexion, un-
treated skin, blemishes or wrinkles. Learn **FREE**
how to have a clear, new outer skin on face, neck,
hands or any part of body. Makes you look
years younger. Brings out clear, smooth, unblem-
ished new skin and uncovers the natural, beautiful,
attractive complexion. Pimples, blackheads, large
pores and surface wrinkles are **GONE**—because
they're off! No bleaches, no clays, masks or other
"coverups." All explained in wonderful new book
—**"A New Skin in 3 Days."**
FREE Send no money, just name
and address, to

**MARVO LAB., Dept. 26-J
1658 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**



BE A MAGICIAN!

Case into your mysterious crystal ball. Tell
your friends all the intimate things about them
that you "see" there. You will thrill them.
A wonderful game. **FREE** book on Crystal
Gazing given with each order for an oriental
crystal ball. Send money or pay post-
man. (Ball in 2 sizes: \$2.25 and \$3.25).
Give birth date with your order and get a
FREE horoscope. Write NOW.

**CRYSTAL BALL CO.
901 Broadway, Dept. 709, N. Y. C.**



Play "YOUR FUTURE"

ANYBODY can use these "Ancient Fortune Telling
Cards." Instantly. Directions in English, Spanish,
French, Italian, German, Hungarian, Polish, Russian.
Send birthdate and we will mail you an Oriental Horoscope
Instrument and fortune telling cards for \$1.00 plus
postage C. O. D.
CRYSTAL BALL CO., 901 Broadway, Dept. 121

Why Men Start Failing At 40

Men feel old at 40 because a disorder of the
gland brings on such symptoms as aches in back,
legs and feet, sciatic pains, disturbed sleep. Medical
authorities claim that nearly two-thirds of all men past a
middle age suffer with a disordered prostate. But
now, without drugs or surgery, you can reach the source
of trouble with an amazing new hygiene. Full details of
this treatment are explained in a copyrighted, illus-
trated book, "Why Many Men Are Old At 40." Sent Free,
without obligation, while the edition lasts. Simply write
on a postcard requesting it to The Electro Thermal
Company, 6759 Main Street, Steubenville, Ohio. Western
Address: Suite 67-B, 711 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles,
California.

Summer Sale On All Standard Make TYPEWRITERS

Now is the time to buy
real bargains—low-
est prices ever offered.

Free Trial

No Money Down

Easy monthly payments

—Young Process Re-manu-

factured like new—good as

new—without a new guar-

anteed 8 years.

Free Course in Touch Type-

writing for Beginners.

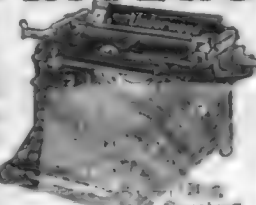
Write now for big Catalog

—fully illustrated—tells features of all types

and how to save money. It's **FREE**. —**SEND TODAY**

YOUNG TYPEWRITER CO.

654 W. Randolph St., Dept. 1037 Chicago



The Gilded Trap

[Continued from page 15]

sweltering city drifted perspiring, gasp-
ing humanity. There was no choice of
places. The flotsam and jetsam of Man-
hattan was abroad.

I crumpled down upon a tiny patch of
free grass between a group of Italian
and Polish families that had been dis-
gorged from the tenement districts by the
heat.

Cars streamed by like an endless rib-
bon of moving light. The people in them,
enjoying the breeze made by motion,
looked out upon the park scenes only
half aware of the miserable discomfort
they witnessed. Big cars, the motors of
the rich, flashed by in the incessant parade.
I caught glimpses of well-dressed men
and gorgeously dressed women. A pang
of envy shot through my heart. Life
had long ago given me to expect a place
in the motors of the rich. But Life had
lied.

For a long torturous time I sat in one
position. At last a sensation of dizziness
overwhelmed me. Nausea swept over me.
The babble of the Poles and Italians be-
came like muffled far-away sounds. The
park lights dimmed . . . then went pitch
black and silence stormed my ears.

That was all of my story!

There seemed to be tears in Mrs. Ray-
mond's beautiful blue eyes as she reached
out and held my hands a moment:
"Betty, I'm sorry I made you go over all
this in your mind again. And, still I'm
glad, because it's not fair for a girl to
carry it all alone. I am not going to let
you go until we can find a way out some-
how."

The tinkle of a telephone bell followed
her words. She got up, graceful as a
dancer, and hurried over to the phone
near the apple-green bed I had occupied.
A few words of greeting and she hung
up the receiver. Mrs. Raymond excused
herself as she left the room, saying she
would return presently.

I was busy looking out of the window
at Riverside Drive and the Hudson when
Mrs. Raymond returned. She lost no time
in telling me that Reggie Eastman, an old
friend, wanted her for the week-end at
Shorridge, his summer place on the
Jersey coast.

"When I said I had a guest, meaning
you, he immediately insisted that I bring
you along. Of course, Reggie throws
wonderful parties and will get hold of
some other man to make a foursome,"
she smiled.

I **PROTESTED** against accepting her
hospitality and that of an unknown
friend, saying I had no clothes for such a
party. But, Mrs. Raymond was graciously
insistent. I finally agreed to go, sensing
somewhat that she had really demanded
it. To tell the truth, I was considerably
pepped up over the idea of a week-end
at the beach in a rich man's summer place.

Answering the door a few moments
after Mrs. Raymond had left for a lunch-
con appointment, I found myself face to
face with a man whose smile and voice
immediately fascinated me. Under the
gaze of his eyes that were blue with
strange wistful sort of shadows playing
in them, I felt much like a person be-
neath a mysterious spell.

"I am Neal Lang," he said, "a friend
of Margaret Raymond's."

"I am Betty Morrison, her guest.
Please come in," I returned, giving him
my hand. The touch of his fingers
against mine left me with the sensation
of electricity shooting through my being.



*Laboratory perfects
a new Cream that
treats the skin and
removes the hair.
And leaves no trace
of treatment.*

Remove hair with cool cream! —a method you will enjoy

Here is just what you have been seeking; a
truly feminine way to remove unsightly hair
growths. A method gentlewomen every-
where have wanted. It is called Pryde . . .
a cream. Harmless to the most sensitive skin.
And as easy to use as powdering your nose.

Removes hair with amazing ease

Pryde Cream combines amazing efficiency
with delightful ease of use. There is no
nicking or nuzzing. And nothing to melt. Like a cold
cream, you merely press it from the tube and cover the
hair to be removed. Then, after a few minutes, with
ordinary water, simply rinse the hair away. The skin
is left cool, whitened, free from odor, and as smooth as
satin.

Authorities now urge its use

Pryde is so much superior to old methods, authorities
now urge its use. The masculine razor, as is well known,
does cause coarser growth. Pryde does not. On the
contrary its formula and principle is not only to remove
the hair, but also to act upon the root, so as to deaden
it; which is the gentle, natural way now advised by the
best authorities.

With Pryde Cream, the underarms, both arms and
the limbs may be entirely freed from hair in one quick,
complete operation, that is pleasant and surprisingly
inexpensive. A large Tube of Pryde, enough for
several times, is only 50c.

Obtain Pryde from your Druggist, Department
Store or beauty shop. Or send in the coupon below
for a supply by return mail, with compli-
mentary copy of "What Every Woman
Should Know." Clip coupon.

MAIL THIS

**PRYDE PHARMACAL CO., SS726
905 Broadway, Hannibal, Mo.**

For the enclosed 50c which you are
to refund if I am not thoroughly
pleased, send Pryde in plain wrapper

NAME _____
Address _____
City and State _____

Removes and deadens hair growths



"Secrets"

"BETTY, that costume is wonderful. It gives you a much better figure
and the coloring is just right for your complexion."

"It is new, isn't it? I am now designing and making a black . . .

—a long gown—until you are that."

What I don't know you could design and make gowns and costumes.

I couldn't. But fortunately I read of a wonderful school that comes

just what I need. I now have three beautiful gowns for the

season. I have paid for one. Over 21,000 women have taken the

course. Every woman, 15 or over, should mail the coupon at once for

Free Sample Lessons from this wonderful system.

Many Earn \$35.00 to \$75.00 a Week

—GUT HERE—

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. 5635, Rochester, N. Y.

Send me **FREE** GOWN BOOK with **SAMPLE** LESSONS from the

training I've checked.

☐ Gown Designing ☐ Millinery.



Why Blonde Hair Requires a Special Shampoo

Nothing attracts more attention than beautifully blonde hair. That is why blondes all ways have a charm all their own. The only unfortunate thing about blonde hair is that it has a natural tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is something but beautiful. But now a way has been found to correct the natural darkening of blonde hair. You simply shampoo your hair with Blondex, a new shampoo for blonde hair only. Blondex not only keeps hair from darkening but actually *brings back* the original golden beauty, even to the most faded and damaged blonde hair. Blondex is not a dye—contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Money back if not delighted. Get Blondex at all good stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Be a Beauty Specialist



Earn \$50 to \$75 a Week
Earn while you learn in spare time. 8 weeks easy lessons make you expert. Manicure, Pedicure, Waves, Lashes, Diet, Facial, Massage, Beauty, etc. Authorized Diploma—Money Back Guarantee. No experience necessary. GET FREE BOOK. Oriental System of Beauty Culture Dept. 447 1548 Belmont Ave., Chicago



Your EYES Never Have a Vacation

Vacation days subject the EYES to added strain. Protect them this summer with **Murine**. It soothes and refreshes EYES irritated by travel—offsets the ill effects of exposure to sun, wind and dust. Contains nobelladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Write Murine Company, Dept. 91 Chicago, for book on Eye Beauty.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

"I can always bank on Margaret's having the most attractive kind of guests," he said, following me into the living-room. I turned upon him at this nice compliment, unashamed of the blush it had brought to my cheeks.

My interest in the tall, blonde young man increased as we sat on the divan and talked. Only a short few moments had passed before I realized that Neal Lang appealed to me as no other man ever had. And yet, as this realization brought me a new kind of happiness it also made me acutely aware of a new kind of heart pang, the pang that comes from a sudden, inexplicable yearning for something that can never be. Neal Lang, like Mrs. Raymond, belonged to another world from mine. It was well enough for me to be masquerading under her roof as a guest in order to thwart the city that waited to claim me. But, it was quite another to be deliberately allowing the voice, the smile, and the touch of a strange handsome man of her circle, to lure my heart.

At five he arose, saying he must keep a dinner appointment. I was sorry and I plainly showed it. As we stood facing each other in the gorgeous drawing room Neal Lang made an impulsive gesture with his hands. Before I knew it my hands were imprisoned by his. I started to snatch them away at first. I shamelessly allowed him to hold them until my composure returned somewhat. His eyes, still haunted by the suggestion of wistful shadows, searched mine for many seconds as if he were trying to find something in their depths.

"What is it, Mr. Lang?" I asked at last. "You ask me that which is difficult to explain, since I do not know just what it is myself; I mean the impulsive taking of your hands a second ago. But, I—I wonder would you care to see me again—soon?"

I nodded for an answer, my eyes now upon the stylish slippers encasing my silk-clad feet. Somehow I sensed it would be dangerous folly to see him again; sensed that I was playing with a fire that burned hearts away in women's breasts. But, this did not matter. I had nodded "yes." The die was cast!

"Tomorrow afternoon?" he asked.

I had to refuse, explaining regretfully that Mrs. Raymond and I were going to Shoreridge for the week-end as Reggie Eastman's guests. My words seemed to agitate him strangely for a moment. He repeated Eastman's name twice, twisting his hands nervously as he did.

"Do you know him?" I ventured, puzzled at the way the shadows had deepened in his blue eyes.

"Yes," he said, "great friend of Margaret's—" pausing a moment, he went on turning the conversation back to its starting point.

"Then meet me Monday in the Biltmore at four. Will you, Betty?"

"Yes, Neal," I answered, calling him by the first name, a happy feeling in my heart.

At the door he took my hand again, saying good-bye with his eyes as well as his voice. Just about to leave he held back as if something had just crossed his mind—something he had almost forgotten to say:

"By the way, Betty, don't mention my little 'pop' call to Margaret. All three of us will meet some place soon at a party or something, and you and I can make believe we've known each other a long time. I want to have a little fun with Margaret. Promise?"

During dinner Mrs. Raymond casually asked if there had been any callers. A

sensation of guilt surged over me as I lied. Somehow that sensation remained with me for a long time. After dinner we drifted in to her room to look over the clothes I was to pick for the Jersey coast trip. If the bedroom I occupied was luxurious, Mrs. Raymond's was the harbor of a princess.

My eyes wandering about the room came to a sudden focus on the silver framed picture gracing her dressing table. I rested on my tracks like a person stricken with momentary paralysis. From that silver framed picture a handsome young man, wearing the uniform of an American officer, gazed up at me. The young man was Neal Lang! Mrs. Raymond turned in time to catch me staring at the photograph.

"Do you see something impressive, my dear?" she demanded easily.

"I—I was struck by the handsomeness of this officer," I replied, nervousness running riot through my voice and body.

"Oh!" came the soft, almost subdued exclamation from my hostess. "That is the picture of—of my husband. He was killed in France."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," was all I could find to say as I put my arms around her, baffled that she should lie about her husband being dead, but determined to play a part.

Dinner at Shoreridge seemed to have more to do with drinking than eating. As round after round of cocktails were served before the soup, Reggie Eastman and his friend, Tom Mayfield, became more and more intoxicated. Margaret Raymond tried to hold them down for a while but after the champagne was brought on she gave up, and began drinking herself, as if in self-defense. I sipped at the bubbling silver that was placed before me. However, this did not please Mayfield. He got up and fairly poured the fizzing champagne down my throat. Something in the eyes of the big man as he bent over me, sent a shiver of fright up and down my spine. In that moment I guessed the terrible things going on in his mind about me. His drink-brightened eyes had become those of the animal stalking what he considers his inescapable prey!

TERROR gripped my soul at the touch of his heavy hand. I looked to Margaret Raymond for help. But, her face was turned. She was kissing Reggie Eastman whose cocktails had already stolen some of my strength away, handicapping me for the moment that would find me at bay. No longer did I misunderstand the kind of a party I was in. Mrs. Raymond was Eastman's mistress! Mayfield expected to take liberties with me. God!

Mayfield did not leave me in doubt very long. Embracing me, he half pulled me through the dimness. Desperate courage burned in my veins. False strength galvanized my muscles. Twisting suddenly I broke from his arms and backed away. He lunged after me. But, I dodged, and ducking past him ran up the wide stairs. Tom Mayfield clambered after me a snarl of rage bursting through his lips.

There would be safety in my room behind a locked door, I thought, gaining the second floor landing, and speeding through the hall. Once inside, I slammed the door and leaned down to lock it against the man whose footsteps came nearer and nearer with each passing second.

"God help me!" I moaned, seeing no key in the lock. Desperate, I turned to pull the bed against the door. But in that spinning moment there was a crash

SAVE YOUR BODY

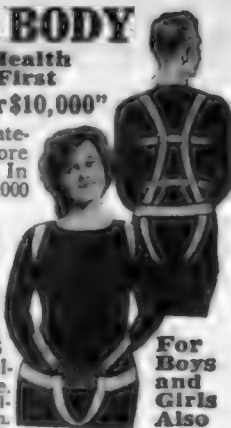
Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I would not part with it for \$10,000"

writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In no manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Gives restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health, strength.



For Boys and Girls Also

Wear it 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and working; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; enlarges abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and heart; relieves backache; curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable, easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

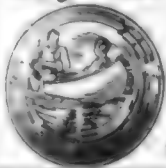
HOWARD C. RASH, Pres., Natural Body Brace Co. 166 Rash Building SALINA, KANSAS

Learn Advertising at HOME

The highest paid men in the world are advertising men. You can learn easily and quickly at home during your spare time. Higher salaries are now in advertising than ever before. Tremendous demand for our graduates at big pay.

Send for FREE Book. Giving interesting information and vital facts—just what you want to know about advertising. Write today! PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING Dept. 206 B 2601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Crystal Gazing Balls



An interesting, illustrated treatise on the amazing phenomena of crystal gazing, together with prices of balls and lists of books on psychic phenomena, will be forwarded to any address for 10¢. This charge will be refunded on any purchase.

West Quartz Co., Box 501-D, Rochester, N.Y.

BIG AWARDS Solve This Puzzle DENCEVALL

The above letters when properly arranged form the name of a late President. Mail in the correct solution at once and you will be awarded a beautiful building but since 20x100 feet, free and clear of all encumbrances in a superb development in New Jersey between New York and Atlantic City.

We will pay \$1000.00

to any person sending in the correct answer to this above puzzle who can verify they have not been awarded a lot, free and clear of all encumbrances for the correct solution.

Solve puzzle and mail today with your name and address. This offer expires Sept. 1, 1926.

BEACHWOOD PARK CO., INC. 299 Broadway, Dept. 27 New York



Two profiles of the same girl are shown above—one before and one after using the Corinthian Combination treatment. See what a difference the youthful chin line makes.

Amazing results are secured quickly with the Corinthian Combination of both medicinal and physical effort. This treatment lifts the drooping chin line by shrinking relaxed muscles and reducing flesh cells. Apply the Corinthian Combination Lotion before retiring. Then put on the net-like band piece with chin strap to hold up muscles and flesh while the astringent lotion does the shrinking—all during the night. Shrink back the fasciculi of that youthful chin line of girlhood. The complete combination costs only 75¢. Mail your order now and pay post office charges when this GUARANTEED treatment is delivered to you.

THE HEALTH APPLIANCE CO., 12443 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio



outside and Tom Mayfield burst in upon me, his great arms reaching out like hooks.

There was a moment of terrible, painful collision—his heavy body hanging against me. We swayed together. But, my strength was gone. He crushed me back, and over, until I thought my back would break in two. Then came a sickening moment of lost balance. I fell across upon the bed. It seemed that at last the city that had beaten me down was about to exact its most terrible toll. But, even in this last moment there was no surrender in my heart. I clawed and thumped at the man in a final outburst of strength. Just as the last ounce of vitality was leaving me there was a great commotion in the hall. I heard shouts: a woman's scream; and then a terrible weight lifted from me.

A tall, broad-shouldered man moved toward me through the subdued rose light of a room that was strange to my tortured eyes. The man bent over me. Then I recognized him by the blue of his eyes. In place of the shadows I had seen loitering in them before, there was a hard look. I drew back against my pillow at this discovery—afraid of what Neal Lang was going to say.

"You're still in Eastman's house. I guess you'll come around all right now," he said.

"But you? What are you doing here—and how did you happen—"

"I came here to trap Margaret and Eastman and force him to marry her," he snapped.

"Marry Eastman!" I cried, my brain going around and around. "How could you? You are her husband—"

"What the devil—"

"She showed me your picture on her dresser and said you were," I insisted.

"I am her brother. Margaret lied if she told you differently. My sister made a terrible mistake sometime ago. She left home to take everything Eastman could give her except a wedding ring. Margaret was used to money before we lost everything. She couldn't stand poverty. I've been trying to locate her ever since last winter. I found her place the afternoon I met you. You told me about this. It was a simple thing after that. I came here after dinner tonight with detectives and a Justice of the Peace. Eastman and Margaret are married. They have gone away. I—I have Mayfield locked in a room downstairs. The—er—Justice said he would come back if—you have any use for him in connection with Mayfield."

THE blood rushed to my cheeks and temples. Then I seemed to turn to ice. Somehow, I managed to tell him that I did not want him to call the Justice—that Mayfield need not be held. The very thought of seeing that beast again made me shrink back into the covers. The look that Neal Lang gave me was a blow that bowed me down and down.

"That is for you to say. Of course, if you care to let him go it would be absurd for me to insist. I am going now. Good—"

A terrified scream broke from my lips. Neal Lang was going after he had saved me! Going with a terrible hard look in his eyes!

"It can only mean one thing. He—believes—the worst about me," I groaned inwardly. Then I mustered voice enough to confess I needed money to get back to New York.

"Is it as bad as that? Here," he said, throwing a yellow bill at me. Then he turned on his heel, passed quickly through the door, slamming it hard be-

FLEUR D'OR Perfume FREE!

A Million Women will know the CHARM of this endearing fragrance.

Fleur D'OR is a new triumph in perfumery. Just a drop on your gown and it adds a carrying breath of a lovely garden.

Only ONE to each PERSON

Mail to your name and address with 25 cents in silver or stamps to cover packing, postage, etc. A full sized bottle of Fleur D'OR priced \$1.00 will be sent to you prepaid. (Outside U. S. A. 10 cents extra.)

Don't Delay—

This is a special introductory offer to create a world wide demand for FLEUR D'OR perfume in the beautiful vial.

MAISON D'OR Parfumerie 147 Fourth Ave. D-29 New York City

ACTUAL SIZE

FREE!

FRECKLES!

of all kinds vanish when Dr. C. H. Berry's Freckle Ointment is used. Your friends will marvel at the change in your complexion. We guarantee it. At drug and dept. stores or by mail Price \$1.25 and 65c. Send for free Beauty Booklet.

DR. C. H. BERRY COMPANY 2977 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

YOUR CLOTHES TALK ABOUT YOU

Every hour—everywhere, your clothes say of you, "She's beautiful"—or "She's old-fashioned"—or "She's poor." Now you can be fashionably gowned at low cost.

Have Beautiful Clothes Quickly At Low Cost

Send for my free book "Fashion Secrets." See how you can create Three or Four BEAUTIFUL dresses or hats at the price of one factory "store" kind.

I Guarantee 100 Per Cent Improvement—in your appearance by "No-Way" Training, or it doesn't cost you a penny! The entire resources of Fashion Institute back me in this guarantee.

30 DAYS IN SURPRISE OFFER

I'll TRAIN YOU AT HOME

—A few minutes a day in all I want. I'll give you Professional Secrets—short cuts to Distinctive Dress. I'll teach you to transformously change in amazingly quick time. I give you Lifetime Advisory Service, Lifetime Employment Service, Monthly Fashion Bulletin—also Three Working Outfits Free of extra charge.

Be Fashionably Dressed—Also Earn Money as a "Modiste-Milliner"

If you're between the ages of 15 and 60—can read and write plain English—if you want to be a fashionably gowned woman or earn a splendid income—clip coupon for my Free Book. I'll send you PROOF. No obligation. Get it now.

FREE BOOK FASHION

MAIL THIS FOR FREE FASHION BOOK

Vera Giffin Moody Director of Instruction The FASHION INSTITUTE Dept. 517 1926 Sunnyside Ave. Chicago

Send me your Free Book "Fashion Secrets" and full particulars of "No-Way" Training, without any obligation on my part.

Name..... Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss

Address.....

Sensational Typewriter Offer

Yours 10 Days FREE



The World's Only Ball Bearing Typewriter

NEVER has there been such a typewriter before. It is the only one in the world. A genuine Ball Bearing L. C. Smith at a 40% discount.

It has all the features of a Smith typewriter. (60% of them) at all points of wear. All the writing is done at the time. Non-stop, continuous, 2-color ribbon. All the best operating features. It is the only one in the world. It is the only one in the world. It is the only one in the world.

If you decide to keep it only **\$3.00** DOWN PAID FOR TODAY

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS

Money cannot buy a better typewriter. Remained for 25 years as the best typewriter sold. U. S. Government bought them. The choice of railroads, the corporations like the Standard Oil Co., etc., because of its exclusive ball bearing feature.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail coupon. Without delay or red tape, typewriter will be shipped you. Use it 10 days. See how speedy and easy it runs, the perfect work it turns out. No one will urge you to buy; typewriter must sell itself. If you're not delighted with it, return at our expense. You'll want to keep it. You can, for \$1 down and \$2 monthly. Now is the time to buy. \$1 down and \$2 monthly free. Send coupon today. Please order in advance.

40 SAVED by Using this Coupon
SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP.
197-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago

Send to the L. C. Smith P. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I will get \$3 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you \$5 a month until the \$66.70 balance of special \$69.70 price is paid; the title to remain in my name. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my \$3. You are to give your standard 5-year guarantee.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____
Inspected by _____

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin. In the privacy of your own home. Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet.



We teach Beauty Culture
D. J. MAHLER CO., 927-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

I Offer You \$12 a Day ~and a



Write back for new proposition. We offer \$12.00 a day and a new Chrysler Coach, for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer Suits. Smart Styles. Wonderful values. Work spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now. COMER MFG. CO., Dept. O-65 Darton, Ohio



hind him. Through my tears, I watched him go, and when the door slammed I held my arms out in dumb pleading. But his retreating footsteps mocked my unspoken plea.

I had loathed the yellow bill Neal Lang threw at me before he left me broken of heart and soul on the bed in Eastman's house. But, I had to use it; had to spend the money of a man whose eyes had grown cold believing the worst of me. Two dollars of it got me back to that cheap dingy room where signs of failure loomed at me, warning that the city still waited three red-bricked stories below to claim me when the last hated dollar was spent, and I crawled out of bed and down below to make a last heartless stand.

Three days passed. I came to hate the yellow sunshine that tried to pry its way through my curtained window. I came to hate the sound of life that drifted up from the streets. I wanted nothing of sunshine and life.

Morning of the fourth day came. At noon there was a knock at my door. The woman coming for her rent, I thought bitterly. But, it was not the rent woman, or any other woman. It was Neal Lang.

He stood in the doorway for a long time twisting a paper in his big hands, and looking at me as if knives were grinding inside of him. At last he came closer and fell down on his knees, still twisting the paper.

"Margaret's letter," he said brokenly. "It came this morning from Canada. It told me all about you. That I'd find you here."

In the magic of his touch, fresh strength came, sending a great break in my heart and I lifted his hands up to my lips.

"I loved you from the first, Betty. That's why I took it all so hard," he cried as I pulled his head down against mine, and smiled at the thought of the city lurking below—the city and its gilded trap that Neal Lang and love had finally saved me from.

My Vacation Boy-Friend

[Continued from page 52]

"They said we might find treasure!" he said.

His voice, I thought, was like a golden violin note.

"And now I've found my treasure," he continued. "I'm going to bear her away to my castle and regale her with baby gin, almost four weeks old," he went on, taking my hand, with a hesitant look to know if he might.

"I suppose 'finders are keepers,'" I said. Things were moving along now.

His 'castle' proved to be a tiny cottage close by the hotel. He was 'batching it' alone.

"Come into the kitchen and I'll mix you up a cocktail," he said, proceeding through the living-room with its soft, shaded lights, to a dream of a kitchen immaculate in white tile and enamel.

"Here is to Charm, the Queen of all the Virtues," sipping his drink. Then he tilted his glass to spill a few drops on my palm. "I christen you 'Delight'—and Delight you shall be," gallantly stooping to kiss away the wet.

"You don't want to know my real name?"

"No."

Taking the cue, I sprinkled a few drops from my glass upon his hand.

"Charming—Prince Charming—from Delight," I said.

"Suppose we take a spin in the motorboat," said Charming, as we came to a little stone wharf. We clambered aboard a trim little runabout and I settled back luxuriously against the cushions. At his touch the engine purred into life and chugged along at half-speed, just beyond the white shreds of surf. About two miles down the coast he headed into a romantic little cove. "To play Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson Crusoe." Beaching the boat, we jumped ashore.

A low murmur I had thought to be the rustling of the leaves, grew stronger. He gripped my arm, and with a finger to his lips, stepped forward a few yards and parting the bushes peered beyond. At his beckon I crept to his side. He pointed to a spot on the beach hardly a hundred yards away. There seven men were unloading something from small boats. Out in the cove, sheltered from sea-view, lay a vessel at anchor!

"Look like rum-runners," he whispered.

"And they don't like strange company."

A new thrill, and not a pleasant one, shivered through me as we quickly made our way back to the boat. Throwing the cushions in ahead of us, Charming fiddled with the engine for what seemed to be hours before it would start. Full speed ahead, we darted for the sea.

The engine was sputtering strangely and Charming looked worried. But I was not to understand till we had gotten well out beyond the breakers that we were out of gas! Helpless, we rolled in the trough of the waves, the current bearing us slowly south.

"What can we do?" I asked. "I can't swim!"

"I can, but not enough for two. We'll just have to trust to luck on somebody picking us up."

"But we may drift all night!"

"Maybe we'd better head in through the surf and take the wetting."

"Please, don't," was my answer. This slight protection was preferable to those green-black waters.

It was eleven o'clock.

Charming put his arm about me and I cuddled to him.

"It might be worse," he said. "If we swam for it we might have been swallowed by a whale with better digestion than the one that tried Jonah."

Slowly the whole eastern sky was threatening with clouds, their great arms seeming to stretch out to engulf us.

Hours passed. It was almost two o'clock. The moon showed only in silvery flickers. I shivered in the cold, though Charming insisted on my taking his coat.

"Better lie down and I'll cover you with pillows," he said. The boards beneath were hard but it was better than being exposed to the damp and wind.

"Lights ahead out to sea!" called Charming, wakening me from a dismal doze. Tearing out of his shirt he began to wave it, shouting at the same time.

"Maybe it's another rum-runner," I thought. Charming blessed me for my 'optimism' but started to paddle. I took duty as shirt-waver and screamed till my throat ached. Suddenly a great searchlight played on us.

"Three assorted cheers," said Charming. "They're heading toward us!"

Ten more minutes and we were bobbing up and down from the swells of a big

Stop that! ITCH!

Are you a sufferer from skin diseases, ulcers, pimples, scales, crusts, or eczema in any form? Do you long for that calm, cool sensation that comes when itch is taken away? Then try the soothing D. D. D. Prescription.

Trial Bottle FREE

This famous antiseptic prescription is a wash, composed of well known healing ingredients—thymol, oil of wintergreen, etc. Given instant relief from that burning, itching torture. The very moment it touches the skin, the itch is gone!

D. D. D. Prescription

Send your name and address for a generous trial bottle of D. D. D. The first touch from this trial will give you instant relief no matter how long you have suffered. Trial bottle is free. No obligation. Write today. A postal will do.

D.D.D.Co., 3845 Ravenswood Av., Dept. B-191, Chicago



Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel
5 Styles 5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic Photo Photo, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Sample to try. Write
ENGEL MFG. CO.
100 Dept. 52, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

I, Stuart Set, published monthly at New York, N. Y., on April 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of the Stuart Set and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the publication for the date shown in the caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magnus Magazine Corporation, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Managing Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given. If owned by an individual, his name and address must be given.) International Magazine Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., sole stockholder, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Hearst Publications, Inc., Hearst Publications, Inc., 705 California St., San Francisco, sole stockholder, Star Holding Corporation; Star Holding Corp., c/o Corporation Trust Co. of America, Wilmington, Delaware, sole stockholder, W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and bondholders, if any, contain not only the list of all such holders and security holders as they appear on the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears on the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and that the said two paragraphs contain statements verifying and confirming in full knowledge and belief as to the instances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said publication, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 100,000. Information is required from daily publications.

R. E. Berlin, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1926.

C. E. Stahl, Notary Public, Queens County, New York.

Certificate filed in New York County Clerk's Office, No. 58, N. Y. County Registers No. 7285. My commission expires March 30, 1927. (Seal).

ship from whose side a boat was coming to pick us up. Two seamen gave us a tow-line and in a jiffy we were up alongside by the ladder. I swayed upward on it. It was a dizzy climb but a glad one.

A man with an authoritative look stood with his arms crossed looking us over as we reached the deck.

"What are you strollin' around out here for?" he wanted to know.

"Out of gas," said Charming. "We're mighty grateful to you for picking us up."

"Must be crazy or in love to forget about that on these waters," he chuckled.

"What's the chances for a warm drink?" Charming asked.

At this moment a big handsome man came up the ladder from below deck.

"Two customers here, Captain," the mate told him. "All out of gas and willin' to be rescued and call it a night."

Charming introduced us with names of his own choosing and the captain gave us a cordial welcome, instructing that we be led below and made comfortable.

"My wife sails with me now and then and you can find most anything you need in her cabin. When you feel better, if you do, come up and have a little visit."

The wife's cabin was a delight, tiny though it was, with its little brass bed and built-in fixtures. I washed the brine off my face and began to feel human, especially after the hot toddy the captain had sent began to replace the chill with a glow.

Romance was back to its own and sleepiness had left me. I suggested to Charming that we go up and see a little of the night under the pleasanter conditions.

THE captain was at the wheel, dressed in oilskins for rough weather. I could feel the storm in the air and the waves were mounting in size. But the big lumber schooner, heavily cargoes, ploughed through with a rugged nonchalance.

"Like to have you two take a cruise with me sometime when you're tired of Fifth Avenue or Palm Beach or the Riviera," he said. "If by that time you still need a chaperon my wife could join us."

I said I would be thrilled and Charming echoed it.

The captain waved a farewell as we shoved off, some hours later.

"Remember that invitation," he called. He certainly was an ideal sea host.

"I have a suggestion to thwart the magpies about the hotel porch," said Charming, as we sped homeward. "Should they see you coming home at this hour in your evening dress they would twitter about it, so you'd better creep into my place till dark."

If in those first golden hours Charming had appealed as a man and a lover, now he took on an added significance. I imagined myself as the mistress of such a cozy home, showing my 'husband' all the little attentions and the big ones—being everything to him. The thought of Jimmy, sincere and trusting, working away at home with my photograph on his desk, gave me a guilty feeling, but I banished it under the glare of a phonograph record or hid from it in Charming's arms.

Charming was becoming more and more ardent. He did not say 'I love you' in just those words, but he expressed it in a thousand ways. But never once did I hear him plan for days beyond. He seemed to live simply in and for the 'now.' In my heart rang the ominous question. Was this hail and farewell? It had been only a day in a cottage—but it promised paradise for other days still to come.

Though those days to me were platinum and jade in their beauty, I could not ap-

Look 21 Jewel Santa Fe Special



Sent on Approval

We will send this famous watch, express prepaid, for you to examine, to inspect, to admire, to approve without one penny advance payment. Examine the watch and be convinced it's the best watch buy you ever saw. Just a small payment down, the balance in easy MONTHLY payments. You use the watch while paying for it.

Just Out!—New "Santa Fe" Watch Book. Send for our New Watch Book—Just off the press. All the newest watch cases designs in white or green gold, fancy shapes and thin models are shown. Read our easy payment offer. Wear the watch 30 days FREE. Watch sent for your examination and approval without a penny down. Nothing to risk. See the watch before you buy. Write for New Book Today—It's FREE. Select Your Watch NOW!

FREE A LIMITED OFFER! With every Santa Fe Special, a beautiful gold chain or strand of exquisite pearls. Write while offer lasts.

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
7115 Thomas Bldg. Topeka, Kansas
(Home of the Great Santa Fe Railway)

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
7115 Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kansas.

Please send prepaid and without obligation your New Watch Book Free, explaining your "No Money Down" Offer on the Santa Fe Special Watch.

Name.....
Address.....
State.....

NO MONEY DOWN

Free \$20.00 Tenor Banjo

When You Enroll

Genuine professional tenor banjo—absolutely free when you enroll in Charles McNeil's famous home-study banjo course. It is a handsome, full-size instrument, worth \$20 or more at any store.

Earn Big Money—Quick! With this course it is easy to earn big money. Simple as ABC—get the course has all technical requirements. Includes phonograph records, demonstrating jazz strokes, breaks and chords, played by Charles McNeil, 6 years with Isham Jones-Brunswick Recording Orchestra. Easy Payments. Write for free book.

Charles McNeil, Director
Chicago Tenor Banjo Institute
1621 N. Lincoln St., Dept. E132 Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

2419 Washington St.
San Francisco, Calif.

1,000 Hotel Positions Open!

Restaurants, clubs and apartments everywhere need trained

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

Room F-Z183 Washington, D. C.

-FREE BOOK COUPON-

VIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS,
F-2143, Washington, D. C.

...and a chance to make money. **FREE BOOK "Your Big Opportunity"**

116

THIS STANDARD TIRE ANY SIZE

Look! Sensational Offer! With each tire purchased we'll send another tire same size for only \$1.00. Thousands of pleased customers all over the country have taken this slightly used Good-year—Firestone—Fisk—U.S.—and other standard tires—treated with our special process. We've sold Chicago Motorists for 10 years. They demand good mileage and get it. We are well-rated and guarantee satisfaction. You take no risk. Order NOW!

LOWER PRICES—MORE MILEAGE

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	3 Tires	4 Tires
2 1/2 x 18	\$7.30	\$12.50	\$17.75	\$23.00
3 x 18	7.50	12.75	18.00	23.25
3 1/2 x 18	7.75	13.00	18.25	23.50
4 x 18	8.00	13.25	18.50	23.75
4 1/2 x 18	8.25	13.50	18.75	24.00
5 x 18	8.50	13.75	19.00	24.25
5 1/2 x 18	8.75	14.00	19.25	24.50
6 x 18	9.00	14.25	19.50	24.75
6 1/2 x 18	9.25	14.50	19.75	25.00
7 x 18	9.50	14.75	20.00	25.25
7 1/2 x 18	9.75	15.00	20.25	25.50
8 x 18	10.00	15.25	20.50	25.75
8 1/2 x 18	10.25	15.50	20.75	26.00
9 x 18	10.50	15.75	21.00	26.25
9 1/2 x 18	10.75	16.00	21.25	26.50
10 x 18	11.00	16.25	21.50	26.75
10 1/2 x 18	11.25	16.50	21.75	27.00
11 x 18	11.50	16.75	22.00	27.25
11 1/2 x 18	11.75	17.00	22.25	27.50
12 x 18	12.00	17.25	22.50	27.75
12 1/2 x 18	12.25	17.50	22.75	28.00
13 x 18	12.50	17.75	23.00	28.25
13 1/2 x 18	12.75	18.00	23.25	28.50
14 x 18	13.00	18.25	23.50	28.75
14 1/2 x 18	13.25	18.50	23.75	29.00
15 x 18	13.50	18.75	24.00	29.25
15 1/2 x 18	13.75	19.00	24.25	29.50
16 x 18	14.00	19.25	24.50	29.75
16 1/2 x 18	14.25	19.50	24.75	30.00
17 x 18	14.50	19.75	25.00	30.25
17 1/2 x 18	14.75	20.00	25.25	30.50
18 x 18	15.00	20.25	25.50	30.75
18 1/2 x 18	15.25	20.50	25.75	31.00
19 x 18	15.50	20.75	26.00	31.25
19 1/2 x 18	15.75	21.00	26.25	31.50
20 x 18	16.00	21.25	26.50	31.75
20 1/2 x 18	16.25	21.50	26.75	32.00
21 x 18	16.50	21.75	27.00	32.25
21 1/2 x 18	16.75	22.00	27.25	32.50
22 x 18	17.00	22.25	27.50	32.75
22 1/2 x 18	17.25	22.50	27.75	33.00
23 x 18	17.50	22.75	28.00	33.25
23 1/2 x 18	17.75	23.00	28.25	33.50
24 x 18	18.00	23.25	28.50	33.75
24 1/2 x 18	18.25	23.50	28.75	34.00
25 x 18	18.50	23.75	29.00	34.25
25 1/2 x 18	18.75	24.00	29.25	34.50
26 x 18	19.00	24.25	29.50	34.75
26 1/2 x 18	19.25	24.50	29.75	35.00
27 x 18	19.50	24.75	30.00	35.25
27 1/2 x 18	19.75	25.00	30.25	35.50
28 x 18	20.00	25.25	30.50	35.75
28 1/2 x 18	20.25	25.50	30.75	36.00
29 x 18	20.50	25.75	31.00	36.25
29 1/2 x 18	20.75	26.00	31.25	36.50
30 x 18	21.00	26.25	31.50	36.75
30 1/2 x 18	21.25	26.50	31.75	37.00
31 x 18	21.50	26.75	32.00	37.25
31 1/2 x 18	21.75	27.00	32.25	37.50
32 x 18	22.00	27.25	32.50	37.75
32 1/2 x 18	22.25	27.50	32.75	38.00
33 x 18	22.50	27.75	33.00	38.25
33 1/2 x 18	22.75	28.00	33.25	38.50
34 x 18	23.00	28.25	33.50	38.75
34 1/2 x 18	23.25	28.50	33.75	39.00
35 x 18	23.50	28.75	34.00	39.25
35 1/2 x 18	23.75	29.00	34.25	39.50
36 x 18	24.00	29.25	34.50	39.75
36 1/2 x 18	24.25	29.50	34.75	40.00
37 x 18	24.50	29.75	35.00	40.25
37 1/2 x 18	24.75	30.00	35.25	40.50
38 x 18	25.00	30.25	35.50	40.75
38 1/2 x 18	25.25	30.50	35.75	41.00
39 x 18	25.50	30.75	36.00	41.25
39 1/2 x 18	25.75	31.00	36.25	41.50
40 x 18	26.00	31.25	36.50	41.75
40 1/2 x 18	26.25	31.50	36.75	42.00
41 x 18	26.50	31.75	37.00	42.25
41 1/2 x 18	26.75	32.00	37.25	42.50
42 x 18	27.00	32.25	37.50	42.75
42 1/2 x 18	27.25	32.50	37.75	43.00
43 x 18	27.50	32.75	38.00	43.25
43 1/2 x 18	27.75	33.00	38.25	43.50
44 x 18	28.00	33.25	38.50	43.75
44 1/2 x 18	28.25	33.50	38.75	44.00
45 x 18	28.50	33.75	39.00	44.25
45 1/2 x 18	28.75	34.00	39.25	44.50
46 x 18	29.00	34.25	39.50	44.75
46 1/2 x 18	29.25	34.50	39.75	45.00
47 x 18	29.50	34.75	40.00	45.25
47 1/2 x 18	29.75	35.00	40.25	45.50
48 x 18	30.00	35.25	40.50	45.75
48 1/2 x 18	30.25	35.50	40.75	46.00
49 x 18	30.50	35.75	41.00	46.25
49 1/2 x 18	30.75	36.00	41.25	46.50
50 x 18	31.00	36.25	41.50	46.75
50 1/2 x 18	31.25	36.50	41.75	47.00
51 x 18	31.50	36.75	42.00	47.25
51 1/2 x 18	31.75	37.00	42.25	47.50
52 x 18	32.00	37.25	42.50	47.75
52 1/2 x 18	32.25	37.50	42.75	48.00
53 x 18	32.50	37.75	43.00	48.25
53 1/2 x 18	32.75	38.00	43.25	48.50
54 x 18	33.00	38.25	43.50	48.75
54 1/2 x 18	33.25	38.50	43.75	49.00
55 x 18	33.50	38.75	44.00	49.25
55 1/2 x 18	33.75	39.00	44.25	49.50
56 x 18	34.00	39.25	44.50	49.75
56 1/2 x 18	34.25	39.50	44.75	50.00
57 x 18	34.50	39.75	45.00	50.25
57 1/2 x 18	34.75	40.00	45.25	50.50
58 x 18	35.00	40.25	45.50	50.75
58 1/2 x 18	35.25	40.50	45.75	51.00
59 x 18	35.50	40.75	46.00	51.25
59 1/2 x 18	35.75	41.00	46.25	51.50
60 x 18	36.00	41.25	46.50	51.75
60 1/2 x 18	36.25	41.50	46.75	52.00
61 x 18	36.50	41.75	47.00	52.25
61 1/2 x 18	36.75	42.00	47.25	52.50
62 x 18	37.00	42.25	47.50	52.75
62 1/2 x 18	37.25	42.50	47.75	53.00
63 x 18	37.50	42.75	48.00	53.25
63 1/2 x 18	37.75	43.00	48.25	53.50
64 x 18	38.00	43.25	48.50	53.75
64 1/2 x 18	38.25	43.50	48.75	54.00
65 x 18	38.50	43.75	49.00	54.25
65 1/2 x 18	38.75	44.00	49.25	54.50
66 x 18	39.00	44.25	49.50	54.75
66 1/2 x 18	39.25	44.50	49.75	55.00
67 x 18	39.50	44.75	50.00	55.25
67 1/2 x 18	39.75	45.00	50.25	55.50
68 x 18	40.00	45.25	50.50	55.75
68 1/2 x 18	40.25	45.50	50.75	56.00
69 x 18	40.50	45.75	51.00	56.25
69 1/2 x 18	40.75	46.00	51.25	56.50
70 x 18	41.00	46.25	51.50	56.75
70 1/2 x 18	41.25	46.50	51.75	57.00
71 x 18	41.50	46.75	52.00	57.25
71 1/2 x 18	41.75	47.00	52.25	57.50
72 x 18	42.00	47.25	52.50	57.75
72 1/2 x 18	42.25	47.50	52.75	58.00
73 x 18	42.50	47.75	53.00	58.25
73 1/2 x 18	42.75	48.00	53.25	58.50
74 x 18	43.00	48.25	53.50	58.75
74 1/2 x 18	43.25	48.50	53.75	59.00
75 x 18	43.50	48.75	54.00	59.25
75 1/2 x 18	43.75	49.00	54.25	59.50
76 x 18	44.00	49.25	54.50	59.75
76 1/2 x 18	44.25	49.50	54.75	60.00
77 x 18	44.50	49.75	55.00	60.25
77 1/2 x 18	44.75	50.00	55.25	60.50
78 x 18	45.00	50.25	55.50	60.75
78 1/2 x 18	45.25	50.50	55.75	61.00
79 x 18	45.50	50.75	56.00	61.25
79 1/2 x 18	45.75	51.00	56.25	61.50
80 x 18	46.00	51.25	56.50	61.75
80 1/2 x 18	46.25	51.50	56.75	62.00
81 x 18	46.50	51.75	57.00	62.25
81 1/2 x 18	46.75	52.00	57.25	62.50
82 x 18	47.00	52.25	57.50	62.75
82 1/2 x 18	47.25	52.50	57.75	63.00
83 x 18	47.50	52.75	58.00	63.25
83 1/2 x 18	47.75	53.00	58.25	63.50
84 x 18	48.00	53.25	58.50	63.75
84 1/2 x 18	48.25	53.50	58.75	64.00
85 x 18	48.50	53.75	59.00	64.25
85 1/2 x 18	48.75	54.00	59.25	64.50
86 x 18	49.00	54.25	59.50	64.75
86 1/2 x 18	49.25	54.50	59.75	65.00
87 x 18	49.50	54.75	60.00	65.25
87 1/2 x 18	49.75	55.00	60.25	65.50
88 x 18	50.00	55.25	60.50	65.75
88 1/2 x 18	50.25	55.50	60.75	66.00
89 x 18	50.50	55.75	61.00	66.25
89 1/2 x 18	50.75	56.00	61.25	66.50
90 x 18	51.00	56.25	61.50	66.75
90 1/2 x 18	51.25	56.50	61.75	67.00
91 x 18	51.50	56.75	62.00	67.25
91 1/2 x 18	51.75	57.00	62.25	67.50
92 x 18	52.00	57.25	62.50	67.75
92 1/2 x 18	52.25	57.50	62.75	68.00
93 x 18	52.50	57.75	63.00	68.25
93 1/2 x 18	52.75	58.00	63.25	68.50
94 x 18	53.00	58.25	63.50	68.75
94 1/2 x 18	53.25	58.50	63.75	69.00
95 x 18	53.50	58.75	64.00	69.25
95 1/2 x 18	53.75	59.00	64.25	69.50
96 x 18	54			

"Yes, Sir! She's My Baby"



WIN FRIENDS— Become Popular!

YOU will never be a dull person if you play a "Sincere" Harp. It is the most popular and most desirable instrument in the world. It is the only instrument that can be played by anyone. It is the only instrument that can be played in any room. It is the only instrument that can be played in any room.

FREE

Send No Money!

Sincere Studios
24 E. 21st St.
Dept. 174
New York City

Pure All Silk
Crepé De Chine
Sales price **8.95**

Send
No
Money

You will be delighted with this smart frock. We have copied it from an expensive model so carefully that the only difference between them is in the price. Note the swing and pronounced flare of the circular skirt. You would expect to pay at least 3 times our price for a frock as smartly styled. Created in pure all-silk Crepe de Chine. Trimmed with 3 black velvet embroidered medallions and velvet piping. Half belts tie in back.

Guarantee

This lovely frock is just waiting to join the other beautiful things in your wardrobe. May we send it today? We guarantee to refund your money promptly if you are not satisfied.

Send No Money

Send best size and entire length wanted from neck in back to skirt bottom. Then pay your postmaster only \$3.95 plus a few cents postage on delivery. Order now to insure getting your selection.

BENJAMIN BROOKS CO
2455 Archer Ave. CHICAGO

Ask
for
Free
Catalog

COLORS:
Lipstick Red
Pencil Blue
Cocoa Brown

SIZES
16 to 44
Order No.
194 G 57

I Wanted a Thrill

[Continued from page 43]

of thirst?" He coughed—a raspy cough. I admitted I would like a drink of water.

"Heap much firewater," observed The Seraph tentatively. "Li'l Mouse Paleface like it?"

"I prefer plain water, if you please," I retorted primly. So that was the reason some of the men and girls were acting so strangely.

New arrivals blocked the foyer. As we struggled back toward the ballroom, my glance met that of a man who was looking down upon the crowd from the stairway landing. His powerful head and shoulders and picturesquely graying dark hair made him a noticeable figure, and his clear, steel-blue eyes rested upon the "Little Gray Mouse" as though she, too, stood out from the crowd.

As we passed beyond range of the stairway landing, I felt an odious touch upon my bare forearm. Stridently audible above the shrieking and banging of barbaric rhythm, the voice of the man who had singled me out during the previous dance ordered The Seraph, with insolent assurance of obedience.

"Fade away, kid! It's my turn with the little Wood Violet."

To my surprise and alarm, The Seraph surrendered with no more than a glare of rebellion and a weakly expostulatory, "I say, Kaznoff!"

But my new, self-chosen partner made the mistake of counting on my acquiescence. He relinquished his hold on my arm to obtain a new one around my waist, and in that instant I ducked and darted between the dancers, out toward the foyer.

Kaznoff ruthlessly broke his way through in pursuit and I fled toward the stairway, thinking to find refuge in the dressing room. Then I saw—now alone on the landing—the man who appeared so signally different from the rest of the guests at Tod's. I hesitated at the foot of the stairs, and in that moment Kaznoff's hand fell again upon my arm.

A group of half-naked girls in the ballroom doorway, whom he had pushed aside in the chase, turned to watch.

"Take your hand off!" I demanded of Kaznoff.

But he only laughed and pulled me toward him. The look of his mouth nauseated me.

"Are you hard of hearing?" a cool voice broke in, and Kaznoff and I both turned toward the landing and the figure descending therefrom. I knew the man on the stairway would protect me.

"Keep out of this if you know what's good for you," blustered Kaznoff. It seemed like sound advice to me, for he looked as strong as an ox and as savage as a hungry mountain lion.

BUT all of a sudden—no one looking on could have told just how it happened—the big form of Kaznoff lay still upon the floor.

The watching girls screamed. One ran back into the ballroom.

"Come!" ordered my champion. "Never mind your wraps. We've got to get out of here."

I needed no second bidding. As I started out, eagerly obedient, I caught sight of a gray velvet heap on a floor cushion and rescued my cape.

My companion quickly wrapped its soft folds about me and together we ran out upon the street.

"Up Fifth quick," and I was bundled unceremoniously into the cab and whirled away—with a total stranger beside me.

"Bohemians—bah!" came a disgusted but pleasantly homelike voice out of the darkness, as a dull roar followed us from the open doors of Tod's place. "They're just plain toughs. I'm here on business and had a mind to see the sights. But you—in the name of all that's holy—how did you happen to be there?"

"I—I can't tell you," I quavered. At the recollection of the utter absurdity of my projection into Tod's, I felt a hysterical desire to laugh, and did so, until the tears ran down my cheeks and my unknown escort inquired anxiously, "If I bang you on the back, would it help?"

"No, no—I'll stop."

"You mean you won't tell me why you went there," he resumed, when I had become quieted. "Well, sometime perhaps you will."

"Oh, no, I won't!" I suddenly realized that this was my fourth contact with strange men in one evening—not to mention the taxi drivers. What right had this man to question me, or talk of "sometime" as though so sure we would meet again? How could I be certain that my instinctive trust in him was justified? I had been tossed about, from one to the other, like a rubber ball. I felt soiled and weary and experienced a sudden longing for the seclusion of my own little room, where no man could enter.

"That youngster you were dancing with looks like a lung-er to me."

I interpreted this remark as an attack upon my reticence from another angle and said nothing.

"Did you go there with him?"

At the direct question I felt a faint sense of triumph. He had had to come right out with it—but it wasn't going to do him any good. Exhausted in body and spirit, the effort to keep from weeping until I should be alone made me perversely displeased with my rescuer.

"Perhaps I did—and perhaps I didn't," I retorted in a small, chilly voice.

"Hmm!" he grunted. Then, caustically, "I hope you won't object to stating your place of residence, so we can steer for it. I assure you my memory will not retain it beyond the present need."

Oh—really—that was too hateful of him! I gave my street number and sat up, stiff and straight in my corner, in frozen immobility, until the car stopped in front of Mrs. Migley's. Then, as he assisted me out upon the sidewalk I thought of the financial obligation and broached the subject shyly. "I wish to pay the driver, but—"

"Ridiculous!" he snapped. "I am going on in the cab as soon as I see you safely in the house."

"I—I am very much obliged," I said meekly.

"Not at all." He was uncompromisingly glacial.

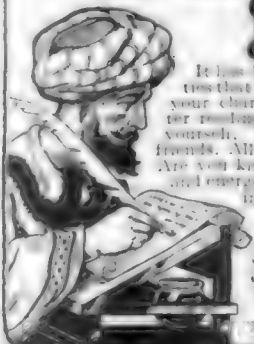
"Good night!" All my meekness had vanished.

"Good night!" His voice softened, and as I reached the steps he strode across the pavement and abruptly offered an olive branch. "My name is Bill McNair," he said.

"Oh—good night, Mr. McNair." I wanted to take hold of the other end of that olive branch but was confused by his swift change of front, and not up to the situation. My "good night, Mr. McNair" must have sounded forced, and the fact that it did not occur to me to declare my own name was evidently taken by him as a rebuff.

How could he know that I cried myself to sleep?

Learn the Truth! Your Character Revealed by Your Handwriting 10¢



Ritecraft Institute
225 W 34th St Dept 343 New York

SKIN IRRITATIONS For their immediate relief and healing doctors prescribe

Resinol



DIMPLES can be yours

Improve Your Beauty 100%
A new French Discovery that is being used by the leading beauty specialists of Paris. It is a simple, harmless, easily used device that quickly produces fascinating dimples. Guaranteed absolutely harmless.

Every woman who cares for her appearance should have this French dimpler outfit, as dimples will add greatly to her attractions. Send \$1 for complete outfit and instructions.

French Import Co., 89 Lexington Ave., New York, Dept. B7

Play a Tune In 10 Minutes OR SEND IT BACK

Anyone can play the Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin, or Guitar, in ten minutes with this wonderful new device. Works like a typewriter—just press the keys. Play by numbers instead of notes.

Amazing New Invention
No knowledge of music needed.
No expensive lessons. No weeks of tiresome practice. So simple a child can use it. Praised by prominent musicians. Thousands of delighted users. Astonish your friends with your playing. Become popular! New pleasures.

FREE BOOK
Send for FREE book, also catalog of musical instrument bargains. No obligation to buy.

FERRY & CO., 3222 N. Halsted, Dept. 191-B, Chicago

Sent for \$1.00 DOWN!



STUDEBAKER 21 The Insured Watch Jewels

The balance in easy monthly payments. The famous Studebaker 21 Jewel Watch—Insured for a lifetime: 8 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochronism and 6 positions—choice of 60 new Art Beauty Cases. Direct from the factory at lowest prices. You save at least 50%.

Chain FREE! For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Chain FREE! Write today while offer lasts.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO., Dept. R 159 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

Had it not been for the visible evidence of rich, black, velvet flung over a chair—the satin slippers and crumpled heap of silk stockings on the floor—I might have thought, in the prosaic morning light, that I had dreamed the events of the night before, so fantastic and incredible did they seem. But my memory of the man who had whisked me back to safety was a live thing—and it hurt.

But of course it did not matter, I told myself, trying in vain to put an end to futile regretting. He was evidently not a New Yorker and probably had already returned where he came from—and more than likely, to a wife and family of his own. Nice men always were married.

When, far ahead among the throng of toilers hurrying toward the elevators in the roadway skyscraper where I spent eight hours out of the twenty-four, I once glimpsed a pair of outstanding powerful shoulders, my heart gave a sudden bound. But an application of cold reason quickly reduced that ridiculous organ to subnormal, for, so I informed myself, it was undoubtedly only a chance resemblance, heightened by the mental picture so constantly before me.

SUCH self-torture left me in no condition for beginning an office day at my usual brisk pace. Merged in the seething mass of humanity, office-bound, my thoughts were reduced to the mere instinct of self-preservation.

I remained intent upon exercising that instinct until seated at my desk, for it told me, "If you're late you may lose your job—you're only an extra stenographer."

I presented a good imitation of the modern business girl, in my boyish-collared blouse, with my boyishly cut but somehow feminine hair above and, below, the smartly abbreviated skirt and light silk stockings that displayed the curve of my legs. It was with a composed and competent air, although slightly nervous in the diaphragm, that I obeyed the summons of the president, transmitted through his secretary. This request was unprecedented, and at my surprised look the secretary condescended to explain, "Of course it's not for Mr. Crayle. Our Western manager is here and he wants to dictate a report."

"Oh!" I said, faintly.
I was rather a novice at the pothooks; but between the stenographer's cubby-hole and the stately front quarters of the president, I managed to achieve a composed and competent air. Surely not the man who stood over by the window and facing the door, although, at sight of his powerful head and shoulders and picturesquely graying dark hair, the fluttering increased to an almost unbearable agitation. I wasn't mistaken. Behind my employer stood—my rescuer in the night club adventure.

"Miss—er—Mr. Crayle," a kindly, elderly man was speaking, and I mechanically supplied what he had forgotten.

"Ross," I prompted.

"Thank you, Miss Ross," smiled the president. "Will you please take the dictation of Mr. McNair?" He turned toward the figure by the window.

"Fire ahead, Bill—I'll see you at lunch," he said.

And then—Mr. Crayle was gone and I was alone with my rescuer—no, just alone with the Western manager of Crayle, Frost & Co.—and I was only an extra stenographer called in to cater to him. I had prayed for just one more chance to show myself in a friendlier light, but again my palpitating awareness of this composed man of affairs prevented natural behavior. It seemed as though he must hear the pounding of my heart. I could not trust

Lose 5 Pounds or 40 Pounds Without Diet

There is a way to fat reduction without exercise or diet. The way is easy, pleasant, prompt. It is scientific, for it deals with the cause of the trouble which usually lies in a gland.

This method is Marmola Prescription Tablets, used for 18 years. The use has grown by users telling others until people now are taking a million boxes yearly.

You see the results in every circle. Slenderness is common now, excess fat is rare.

If you overweigh, learn how and why Marmola brings people such results. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Simply take four tablets daily until you lose the fat you wish to lose. Then stop.

The coupon will bring you samples of these tablets. Also our books stating every ingredient. Also our guarantee. Clip coupon now.

All druggists sell Marmola at \$1 per box. Or it is mailed direct in plain wrappers by Marmola Co. Address in coupon.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-235 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

25c Sample
Free
Mail Coupon
Send No Money

ARTIST'S OUTFIT FREE

Write quickly for our remarkable offer. Learn NOW at home in spare time, by our easy instruction method. Commercial Art, Cartooning, Illustrating, Designing. Delightful, fascinating work in big demand. \$50.00 paid for one drawing. Hand-some book free explains everything. SEND FOR IT TODAY

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 967-D, 1115-15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

**How to make
your own
LINGERIE
at 1/2 to 1/3
the usual cost**

SAVE dollars on your underwear and lingerie by making it yourself. Complete step-by-step instructions. Only 50c. 123 pages. A wonderful bargain. Money back if not satisfied. Mail coin or stamps to
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 206-G, Scranton, Pa.

Two Books
50c

Play At Once This Hand Painted Ukulele

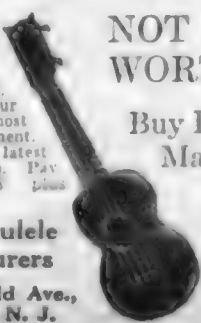
BEAUTIFUL, PROFESSIONAL INSTRUMENT

FREE NOT A TOY—
WORTH \$7.00

Buy Direct From
Manufacturers

SPECIAL \$2.98

Newark Ukulele
Manufacturers
588 Springfield Ave.,
NEWARK, N. J.



LEARN CARTOONING At Home—It's Easy

Thank—\$50 to over \$250 a week paid to good artists for work that's fun! And YOU can easily be cartooning at home—no matter if you've never held a drawing pencil. Write for interesting 11 Black describing our easy simplified method. Details of special Outfit Offer! Send postcard to Washington School of Cartooning, Room 967-D, 1113—15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fortune Telling Globe! The GENUINE CRYSTAL ORACLE answers every question—Love, Marriage, Money, Luck. Mystifying, thrilling, fascinating game and entertainment. Combination of types includes 6 inch round CRYSTAL GLOBE, 100-page book on DIVINATION by crystal, Dreams, etc. and 51 Pack of Hindu Fortune Telling Cards. Send one for postage, pay balance when delivered. PARK PUB. CO. 15 Beekman St., New York, Dept. 55.

DEVELOP BUST 14 Day Treatment FREE. My old original Three Peri Treatment, standby of women for 21 years, has made thousands happy. Only tested one that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, massage, exercise, pumps or dangerous appliances. Send 10c for 14-Day Demonstration—to cover postage. Why pay more when I give big proof treatment FREE to all except mere curiosity seekers. Dime back if not satisfied. Madame Williams Dk 10 Buffalo, N.Y.

A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE Can Easily be Yours Trados Model No. 25. Corrects nose all ill-shaped noses. Trados Model No. 25 is the only nose-shaping appliance of proven adjustment and action and guaranteed perfect do-it-yourself treatment. Over 100,000 satisfied users. Four years of experience in training thousands of women. Send for free literature. M. TRILETY, Pioneer Nose-shaping Specialist Dept. 2639 Binghamton, N. Y.

SHE REDUCED What a Relief! Virginia Grant is a social favorite now. But when she was overweight, she was unpopular, because her clothes did not fit. She tried to reduce, diet and otherwise, but was unsuccessful. Then she used Korein, and quickly lost her surplus flesh, as shown by her photograph. Men and women of all ages and weights use Korein. They report reductions from 10 pounds, easily, safely, genuinely. Korein is fully guaranteed and absolutely harmless. Get your drug store, or a testing sample will be sent FREE. Write to improve health, through reducing, safely, easily, and become the youngest looking. Fill out coupon, or write KOREIN CO., B-488, Sta. L, New York. Send me Free Test of KOREIN.

"Give my whole life to art, of course," I answered promptly. And knew that I lied.

"I want to help you." He spoke as though thinking aloud. "Perhaps your chance is here—but I don't believe it. California is the real mecca of artists—and certainly I don't want you to be here alone."

"Crystal—" he came over to me and gently held my face upturned between his hands—"won't you come back and let me help you? Your fare would be arranged for, through the office."

There it was—the same old story! He was looking upon me merely as a poor young stray he would like to help without changing the current of his own life. My little moment of power had passed.

Something inside me seemed to be slowly bleeding to death. The touch of his hands had done it. I loved the feel of him so! Ah—that was what I had wanted—all along! That was the desire I had fought against. Oh—was I just a low creature? Were all my high dreams to crumble like this?

THE bleeding thing inside welled up in my eyes and became tears—tears that in spite of all I could do, spilled out over my cheeks and splashed upon the hands that held them.

"Why, Crystal—darling—don't!" Bill McNair held me close now—as close as I wanted him to. And I clung against his coat and cried—and only cried the harder when the dying thing came gloriously alive at his unmeasured words of comfort.

"My dear—my dear—I love you so! I'd do anything in the world to make you happy."

And then, somehow, he was seated and I was on his lap, and he held my hands and talked to me and tried to convince me that he was too old for me.

"I've been tempted almost beyond endurance to take advantage of you—if I could—by making you my wife," he told me, and I realized suddenly that his composure masked an agitation as great as mine. "I'm a member of the firm and we're going mighty strong. There isn't much I couldn't do for you. But it's up to me to stand by, little girl, and see that you're as well cared for by a younger man."

At that I laughed. I tried to lie about my age, but he pinned me down and counted up the sixteen years between my twenty-two and his thirty-eight. So I found arguments of my own.

"Why, don't you see that it's you I need? It's love that makes me so terribly happy. You're thinking of me—not yourself. Oh, it's all so simple—and if you won't marry me—"

A sudden knock at the door fell startlingly upon our ears. I jumped up as though Bill McNair's knees were a hot griddle, and my terrified eyes sought his.

"I don't think it's allowed," I whispered—"and perhaps she heard—"

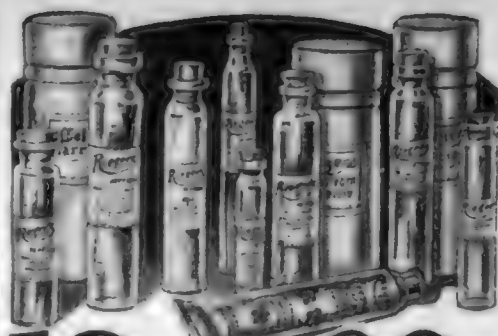
"I'll fix her." He strode to the door and opened it fearlessly.

"I thought as much," began the irate Mrs. Migley, her little black eyes trying to see everything at once. "I'd have you know this is a decent, respectable—"

"I believe Miss Ross and I have a right to discuss the plans for our wedding in any place we choose, interrupted my Billy, coolly. "Miss Ross will be giving up her room, as we leave for the Pacific Coast after our marriage tomorrow."

"Well, I'm sure I didn't know—"

"Of course you didn't. It's all right." Bill's winning smile completely dissolved the worthy woman's doubts. He softly closed the door on her departing back.



12 Exquisite Selected 98¢ Perfumes

and other Rieger Toilet Articles
Special Assortment—Regular Value \$2.50

Now Rieger offers you an unusual opportunity of becoming acquainted with the exquisite creations in the Rieger line, for 53 years the choice of discriminating perfume users throughout the world. Read this list of the charming toilet articles that have been especially selected for you to try—

Read this list	Full size package	Value of trial pkg.
Rieger's Concentrated Flower Drops	(oz. \$10.00)	.25
Parfum Reine (The Persian perfume)	(oz. 5.00)	.25
Sweet Kiss (A tantalizing fragrance)	(oz. 2.00)	.25
Parfum Reine (A wonderful new odor)	(oz. 2.00)	.25
Garden Bloom (A delightful bouquet)	(oz. 3.00)	.25
Ideal (Entrancing and fragrant)	(oz. 1.00)	.25
Golden Narcissus (So fashionable)	(oz. 3.00)	.25
Honolulu Bouquet	(oz. 1.00)	.15
Creme de Violets (Greaseless cream)	(tube .50)	.10
Golden Narcissus Face Powder	(box 2.00)	.25
Honolulu Bouquet Face Powder	(box 1.00)	.25
Golden Narcissus Sachet Powder	(jar 2.00)	.25
Total value	\$2.50	

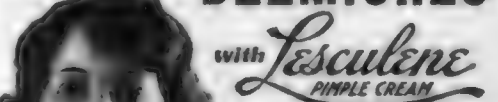
All of the above sent you for only 98¢! Full size packages at all dealers. If he cannot supply you send direct to address below. Order from above list.

Send No Money

Just send name and address (post card will do). Pay postman on delivery. We pay parcel post carriage charges. We guarantee you will be pleased or money refunded. Send today!

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872) 169 First St., San Francisco

Remove BLEMISHES



Are unsightly pimples robbing you of social popularity and happiness? Be rid of them, quickly! Lesculene—a new, amazingly fast-acting, harmless, cream treatment—does wonders in most stubborn cases of Pimples, Blackheads, Sallow Skin, Prickly Heat, Acne eruptions and all other blemishes. Gives you the smooth attractive complexion you have hoped for. Get a jar today. If your druggist hasn't Lesculene, send him for full-sized jar postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. THE LESCULENE CO., Dept. 7, HENDERSON, KY.

Free R. R. Fare

I'll Pay Your Railroad Fare to Chicago. Electrical Center of the World. All personal, practical training.

ELECTRICITY

Pays \$60 to \$200 a Week to Properly-Trained Men!

Get into this great field of opportunities. There's real money in it for you. My big Electrical Course is the result of 28 years' experience.

Spend 12 Happy Weeks at COYNE

Here you get a Complete Electrical Training on big, modern apparatus in great shops. You don't need advanced education or experience. Expert instructors guide you at every step. EARN WHILE YOU LEARN—My Employment Dept. helps you get a job to earn part or all your expenses while learning, and assists you to a good job when you graduate. Be sure to write today for BIG FREE BOOK and special Order of R. R. Fare.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

H. C. Lewis, President Coyne Electrical School, Dept. B-615 1300 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill. Dear H. C.—Send FREE Electrical Book and Railroad Fare Offer without obligating me.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

A Figure Women Wish For and Men Admire

NOT SKINNY—JUST SLENDER

Thousands of Men and Women have Used SAN-GRI-NA—
Reductions Range from 10 to 75 Lbs.



HARMLESS

No weakening diets or strenuous exercises

"Fat people are not in style, everywhere you go the slender, well proportioned figure wins—men admire it—women envy it, clothes are made for it."

Excess fat is admitted by medical authorities to be dangerous—it shortens human life—your own physician will tell you this—When fat is done away with, headaches, puffing, bloating, rheumatism, and other ailments due to obesity are generally relieved.

Why not find out today what SAN-GRI-NA can do for you—it has reduced so many people of ugly and burdensome rolls of fat—It should give you slender lines but will not make you skinny. If you know of an obstinate case of obesity, tell them about SAN-GRI-NA—It is guaranteed to reduce or money refunded.

Try it at our expense

Take SAN-GRI-NA 3 times a day and prove to yourself what it can do—no reduction over night—no miracle, but a steady, normal loss of from 4 to 5 lbs. a week should take place.

Why we do not send samples

NOTE: Many people ask for free samples but experience has proven that it takes more than a sample to show results—WE DO BETTER—we guarantee results or your druggist will refund money so the trial does not cost you a cent. Sold at all good drug or department stores or you can send direct to the SANGRI-NA CO., 1841 B'way., Dept. 80, N. Y. C.

AGENTS—11⁰⁰ DAILY IN ADVANCE

Basic—Demonstrating and writing orders for NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY for Men, Women, Children. Must wear or replaced free. All the latest in styles and colors in cotton, hosiery, socks, etc. or full time anyone anywhere should easily make from

\$30.00 TO \$90.00 PER WEEK

You simply write order—We deliver and collect—or if you prefer to deliver yourself, we give you all data (on your orders). No capital or experience needed.

WE TEACH YOU HOW

to introduce Mac-O-Chee Hosiery. We furnish samples and full working outfit. No matter what you are doing now, send for full particulars and proof of profits. Send no money. It's FREE.

MAC-O-CHEE CO. Card 6337 Cincinnati, O.

A Shapely Foot is a Joy Forever BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET

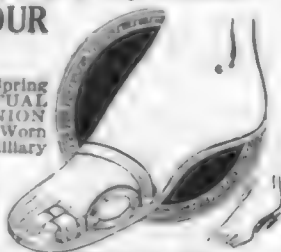
*The "Perfection" Toe Spring REMOVES THE ACTUAL CAUSE of the BUNION or enlarged joint. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use. Send outline of foot.

**Straighten Your Toes
Banish that Bunion**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties

Dept. 91 1328 Broadway New York



Write or Call

**THE COST
per tire is
Very
Low**

Puncture Proof any TIRE

with new wonder
GALACITE

in **1 minute**

in 1 minute

The greatest and most outstanding automotive invention of the past few years—banishes tire trouble forever. This wonderful new scientific discovery repairs a puncture instantly without taking the tire off wheel or rim. Actually makes any tire puncture-proof for life. Guaranteed not to injure tube, valve or tire. On the contrary, it preserves and lengthens the life of both tube and tire, often—

Increasing Tire Mileage from 10,000 to 12,000 Miles.

MAKE THIS TEST Take a hammer and drive as many nails into a tire as you wish, 10-20-100, it makes no difference. GALACITE seals the punctures instantly as soon as they are made. Stops all slow leaks and porous places. Used in all kinds of tires including low pressure balloons. GALACITE is warranted for one year, but will last indefinitely.

GUARANTEED TO DO ALL WE CLAIM

Don't confuse Galacite with anything else ever intended for the same purpose; it is new and different—a revolutionary invention, the result of years of research and experiment. GALACITE is backed by a Money Back Guarantee. It must make good—or we will. You take no risk.

AGENTS—\$5,000 to \$10,000 a Year

TREMENDOUS PROFITS. Agents and Distributors everywhere to demonstrate and sell to car owners, garages, filling stations. Work all or spare time in your own home town or traveling. GALACITE sells itself. Every customer becomes so enthusiastic that he helps you sell his friends. A revolutionary invention that will make you independent. You can also manufacture and sell Galacite puncture proof inner tubes.

ACT QUICK SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address will bring complete particulars by return mail. Get this information right now. Test it out. Get started while the territory you want is still open.

C.F. JOHNSON & CO., 19 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 220 CHICAGO

I Learned About Men From Him

[Continued from page 47]

my desk right beside Miss Bascome, with her hawk's eyes and magpie's tongue, so I slipped into the cloak-room, and stood with my back against the door, while the earth whirled round and round, and I pressed my icy hands against my burning cheeks. "You never looked more awkward—worse—in your whole life. You acted like a big awkward ninny. Win Martin!" And, though I was perfectly furious at myself, I had sat down and cried into my notes.

Well, it wouldn't do me any good to get into a fever over a perfectly strange man who probably had a dozen girls sobbing with joy when he remembered their phone numbers! Girls with limousines, and becoming furs, and leisure to be accomplished and fascinating. So, when I entered the office, hung up my hat, fluffed my hair and sat down at my typewriter, it was with my mind fully made up to a starved and lonely life of single wretchedness!

The day began just like any other, but in spite of myself, I could not conquer a nervous alertness, a waiting, as if my very soul were on tiptoe for something delightful and thrilling to happen. But toward eleven, when the private door marked "A. R. Boyd, President," swung open, as it had already done some half-dozen times, for the first time I did not glance upward. I was almost painfully engrossed in my work when Mr. Boyd, Junior, approached my desk and muttered something about the misplacement of, "one of Dad's books."

I forgot duty. I forgot to be self-conscious and prim. I forgot and looked at Ray, even though I knew down inside of me that every look was chaining me tighter to his chariot wheels.

An hour later, when the buzzer on my desk began to hum angrily, I sprang up in dismay. "Oh, I forgot to take in these papers! This is dreadful! He—he'll be very angry," I whispered, and snatching up my partly finished work, I fairly flew into the inner office, with young Mr. Boyd at my heels.

"Now, Dad, don't scold Miss Martin," he pleaded. "It was every bit my fault. I've been bothering her all morning. American girls just look so good to me that I'm a spoiled monopolist, every chance I get!"

Well, A.R. untangled his black eyebrows and cleared his throat and finally smiled.

"Nothing too good for you, my boy! We want to keep you here, now you're back!"

And he doted, and beamed, and actually winked at me. And before this I had thought him in genial mood if he remarked about the weather!

DURING the following weeks Ray took full advantage of his father's leniency for never a day passed that he didn't drop in for a chat. He told me that an old trouble with his lungs, brought on by being badly "gassed" during the war, was bothering him again, and he had dropped business for a while to recuperate. In the morning he seemed busy, though he never mentioned to me, just what he did then.

In the second week of our friendship, he began waiting for me downstairs in the lobby, and riding out home with me. Sometimes we got off and walked at the end of the line, and I had never before realized how wonderful the quiet scenery of our little suburb could appear just at sunset. And then the question I dreaded, that I had known was hovering upon his lips, came out abruptly, "May I call on you at home, Winifred?"

out
m

me, with
gue, so I
d stood
while the
, and I
burning
were awk
e. You
ny. Wit
perfectly
own and

good to
strange
girls sobb
ines, and
e accom-
I entered
my hair
it was a
starved
ness!

er, but in
conquer a
my very
ning de-
en. But
ate door
" swung
me half-
did not
painfully
r. Boyd,
muttered
of, "one

self-con-
looked at
inside of
e tighter

r on my
rang up
in these
-he'll be
ching up
flew into
Boyd at

artin," he
ult. I've
American
at I'm a
d get!"
eyebrows
y smiled.
boy! We
e back!"
actually
s I had
remarked

Ray took
lenient.
n't draw
d troubl
ng badly
bothering
business
morning
entional

rdship, he
s in the
e. Some-
ne end of
realized
of our
at sunset
hat I had
ps, can
at home

what could I say! It seemed to me I would die of unhappiness. My heart led with jealous loyalty to my beloved family. But what would this gentleman, to whom the refinements and graces of life were second nature, think of my home circle? How could I take into the living-room, where dad invariably sat in his "sock-foot" and smoked strong old pipe; where Jim and Avis played, and mother, bless her dear, tired self, always fell asleep and snored gently on the disreputable old darning-basket? I asked them to change their ways, and I would be unbearably hurt. They did think me "ashamed" of them! Avis and Jim would probably act worse than I! Oh, I couldn't. I couldn't! I didn't subject them to the criticism of an outsider who wouldn't understand and love as I did.

So I told Ray stiffly, that I'd be very glad to have him call sometime, and he came to me with a hurt, puzzled look, that struck right at my heart. Perhaps I had hurt him—it seemed inevitable that I must hurt him, sooner or later. I knew my sudden inhospitality had wounded him badly.

Ray said nothing more about calling. He stayed away for a week, and Miss Bascome kept commenting on this circumstance, and telling me how pale and worried out I was looking. Then, Saturday night, when I had given up all hopes and had gone to bed and pulled the covers over my face so Avis wouldn't know I was crying, the phone rang, and I leaped out of the cold hall to answer it. It was Ray, asking me to go with him on an all-night picnic and hike the next day.

He offered to call for me, but as usual, my courage failed me and I wouldn't let him come to the house. I told him I'd meet him at the interurban station at ten. I could hardly sleep that night. A whole day with Ray. A whole, sweet, long, quiet day, with just ourselves! It seemed too wonderful to be true! I got up at six and dressed. I fried a chicken, baked little cakes and frosted them, and made potato salad, and poured steaming coffee in the thermos bottle. I packed it as daintily as I could and set out at nine-thirty, with my baggage, I'm afraid, fairly written all over my face.

Ray was there, waiting, and in some way it was so intimate and unconventional, it took us excited, as if we really were leaving the world behind and—and—going away together—so that I went right straight up to him, and he held me, and I kissed for a long time without realizing that we were or anything but just that we were together and loved each other.

"I didn't mean to, dear," Ray whispered and squeezed my hand hard, then let it go gently, as our car slowed down for us. We didn't talk. We didn't need words. Ray put his arm across the back of the seat, so that he could occasionally pat my shoulder, while just pretending to point out the interesting hay-stack or cloud-bank. I was still trembling from his kisses, and couldn't worry about such practical things as where we were drifting, and so on.

The hike was fun, and as I watched Ray, I knew he had been an athlete in college. I made me jealous and miserable to realize how little I really knew about him, and how much I had given my love. But that wonderful closeness between us was gone. We finally found a grassy, shaded knoll and sat down as staid and matter-of-fact as when Miss Bascome would have wished!

The lunch was delicious. We ate every crumb. Ray praised, and praised me, and finally after he found out that I had picked up early to prepare it myself, "What a treat!" I thought bitterly. "You have

always had servants to do everything on earth for you. I've seen that great stone house and wonderful grounds where you were born and raised! What can you know about the life of poor folks like the Martins, who've had to live on daily wages, and patch and scheme and scrub in order to live in decency?" Someway, I couldn't believe in his sincerity. And yet, when I tried to read into his dear face anything but the most honorable thoughts toward myself, I couldn't do it. Ray was good and honest and true. Yet, why hadn't he ever taken me to public places, to parties, and surely he must have a car of his own? Why, then, did he take me on a picnic like this, when we might have motored to some delightful country inn? I hated myself for such thoughts. I knew they were foolish and unworthy, born of a girl's silly pride. Yet they would persistently obtrude themselves.

"YOU were an athlete in college days?" I asked, hoping to draw him out, and yet dreading to hear, for it could only emphasize the great distance between our stations in life.

"Yes. All that was the breath of life to me, before—" over his face crept a bitter look. It was the first reference he had ever made to his wartime injury. My heart ached in a sympathy that I dared not voice, his look was so stern and bitter. As we rested against a sun-warmed rock, I reached over the jutting ledge for a bunch of sumac, and all but lost my balance and tumbled into the canyon below. Ray's awkward attempts to catch me hindered rather than helped. "Can't expect much from a wreck," he apologized, as we crawled to safety.

"Oh, no, Ray, don't say that!" It seemed too dreadful that he should suffer over what was really a mark of his unselfish bravery.

Once more we were lost in each other's arms—forgetting everything for the moment only, to drift back to the commonplace.

Suddenly he took my hands in his. "Winifred, you can't know what your friendship has meant to me. I was starved for the companionship of a real American girl. One of my own kind. But I won't see so much of you, from now on, for I'm going to be busy. Going to work in real earnest."

"That is fine, splendid, Ray!" I cried. How brave it was of him to go on with life in the same game spirit, in spite of his physical handicap. I longed to tell him so, but it seemed perhaps indelicate to touch upon such an evidently sensitive subject as this, to him.

As he went on talking, my heart began to burst with its increasing ache, for it slowly came home to me that he was trying to say good-by. Trying to tell me, gently, that we'd always be friends—but—that was all—

We parted at the interurban station. I longed to say, "Come home with me, Ray, dear! Come home and meet the dearest family in the world!" But the words wouldn't come. Someway Ray, and not I, had been the one to put up the bars forever, between us. When I turned away and left him standing there, my heart seemed to break. I couldn't turn and wave to him, though I knew he stood there, watching me with that strange, hungry, bitter look in his eyes.

Jimmy announced one evening at supper, that he was joining a gymnasium class at the new Settlement House that had been opened in our district.

"Gosh! It's the chance't of a lifetime!" he told us. "I'm goin' to concentrate on wrestlin' and boxin'. They've got a crackerjack to teach us. A fellow who

New Self-Massaging Belt REDUCES WAIST -Easily!

Substitutes good, solid tissue for bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently you hardly know it is there.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Well Scientific Reducing Belt by means of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. You look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Method of reduction is used by athletes and jockeys because it reduces quickly and preserves their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Well Company, 877 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY, 877 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and your special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

AGENTS WANTED Costs \$1.50 Your Profit \$1.44

Ten sales daily easy. Monogramming autos, trunks, bags, etc. No skill required. Information and Sample Free.

World Monogram Co., Dept. 600, Newark, N. J.

High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street
Dept. H-8251, Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

American School, Dept. H-8251 Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
|Architect |Electrical Engineer |
|Building Contractor |General Education |
|Automobile Engineer |Lawyer |
|Civil Engineer |Mech. Shop Practice |
|Structural Engineer |Mechanical Engineer |
|Business Manager |Steam Engineer |
|C. P. A. & Auditor |Sanitary & Heating |
|Bookkeeper |Surveyor & Mapping |
|Draftsman & Designer |High School Graduate |

Name.....
Address.....

sat there
tears. I
could
dad and
nds with
lging his
d.

oor where
ound and
ndly was
ng them

I was
deeply.
nted to do
ke up to
thoughts
ery and
y myself,
anging to

n you for
and took

opped and
waved to
child did
ld might
he would
but I did

ought you

And I
criticised
u to the
e so dear,
have them

y face up

nt, dear?"

oo full to

on account
flow chest.
obnoxious,

It makes

dowry caw
with long
the floor
wn out of
meet them
al "tink-
choing till
and the
Ken's flash
markings in
gleams of
e stopped
ust before
ock, fifteen
t of what
rash of

er wonder
the near-
came back
were wide

whispered
e. But
m. "So
ng out
er hear
r? I'm
found
re a

and promptly
silver
mes that

"Ken, don't you know that this mine
the joke of the country?"

He laughed boyishly.

"Maybe. Anyway, tomorrow we'll
me back and swing a plank across that
vine; I'll bring a team and tackle from
camp. I want to explore the place a
and get some specimens."

So we went home. At the foot of the
Ken thought he saw somebody duck
and a rock, and went and looked.
re wasn't any one there. But I had
a easy sort of feeling that a moment
there had been.

For me, Ken's "tomorrow" never came.
When I got home, mother was packing.
I she tossed my other dress and shoes
me and said to put them on, that we
re going to the city that night. Her
stage-manager, Mart Carroway, had
otten her to come. She imagined that
had a position for her in one of his
aters. Now I knew why she had sung
laughed, and fixed the silver dress.
She was happy, happier than I had ever
n her. She was going home to her
ld that she never truly left when she
with father to his forests; the city.
n could see it was life to her.

But to me it was calamity.

KEN would wait and wait and wait for
me, and go away sorry and lonely.
He wouldn't know why I wasn't there.
Maybe he would think I forgot!

At that I slipped out to the back door
with some wild idea of escaping, hiding
till mother was gone, then going to Ken.
He would understand and save me. But
mother had been too wise. The back
door was locked with a new padlock.

We started for the city that night.

For a while mother and I stayed to-
gether, but when she married Mart Car-
roway, I left her and leased a little apart-
ment of my own. Soon after that came
my employment by Lachlan McMann.

He was a shrewd kindly man, with
graying hair and keen, deep eyes, who had
built a great business on his knowledge
of men and lumber; and I liked him
from the start. My position was one of
trust, and before long I came to stand
very close to him, and he to me. He
said once, on the eve of a big deal, that
it was in my power to make or break him,
and I knew, as women do, that his mean-
ing went deeper than just business. But
there was no offense in his words, for
Lachlan McMann was the soul of honor.
He became the only real friend I had
in the city.

I determined to make myself as much
as a city girl as I could, and even short-
ened my easy stride to the jerky step
others used, till Ken himself would
say I was city-born. Work helped
me forget; slowly my desperate home-
sickness softened to a deep, steady ache
and I could hide with smiles, and I began
to think the worst was past. But then
something happened that woke it all up

Returning from lunch, I found Barthel
in my office waiting for me.

He was much changed. Clothes of
luxury and a clean shave had turned the
camp bully, in looks at least, into a
gentleman of the business world. But
his black bold eyes were the same; I
knew by the look he gave me that his
beauty went no deeper than the

"Ah, chérie," he greeted me, rising,
I waited a long time for you. I
missed you."

"Oh?" said I, hanging up my hat.
Mann was not in his office.

Yes. It may not interest you, after
all. Do you remember, perhaps," he
said maddeningly, "one skunk of the

SUPPOSE You Were Offered

Diamonds at 60% of Market Price

Suppose a reason you rarely think of makes possible here
radically low prices even for finest quality diamonds. Thousands
of representative people—bankers, lawyers, merchants, others—
continually reap this real advantage. Everything sent for free ex-
amination. Of course it's no ordinary jeweler's proposition.

This 1/2 century, oldest, largest diamond banking institution in the
world, rated over \$1,000,000.00—converts into cash the diamonds on
which money was loaned and not repaid. Prices, of course, are based on
mere loan values—not market values. That's why diamonds here at
60 per cent of market price. Also from big cash deals direct with Euro-
pean cutters, to whom cash is important.

Why Pay Full Prices —When Much Less Buys the Same

See this guaranteed 3/4 less 1/16 carat, snappy, accurately cut dia-
mond, \$68.00 in 118 kt. white gold mounting. Try to match anywhere at
\$110.00. Sent at our risk and expense. Only one of the many bargains listed
with cash guaranteed loan just like insurance policy loan guarantee. Get
full details and descriptions.

Send for Latest Bargain List

Radically different from a catalog. Every
gem fully and minutely described. Any
gem sent you on approval without slight-
est obligation to buy. Write now. Market
trend is already upward. The very stone
you wish may be in this present list at
a price that will amaze you. Send this
coupon NOW.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS

Only Opposite Post Office

4146 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

References by permission—
Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A.
Marine National Bank
Union Trust Co., Pitts-
burgh, Pa. Your bank
can look us up in mor-
eotide agencies.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS

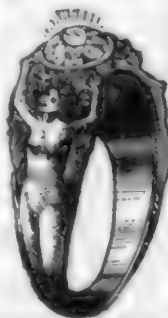
4146 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me abso-
lutely free and prepaid, your new bar-
gain list of diamonds, watches and
other jewelry. It is distinctly un-
derstood that I assume no obligation of any
kind.

Name

Address

As Low As \$60 a Carat for Diamonds



LUCK

All around you there is abundant
Success, Wealth and Happiness.
Get Your Share. The "LUCKY
SEVEN" Secret Rules are free to
all who wear this Rare and beauti-
ful Talisman Ring. On each side
of this Odd and Charming Ring is
moulded the figure of Fortuna—
The "Goddess of Luck." Ancient
belief, that her emblem brings luck
and success to wearer in Love,

Games, Business, Health and everything. Genuine
14-K Antique Gold S. Ring mounted with one carat
Blazing Blue White Mexican Im. Diamond. Guar-
anteed 20 years. Send strip of paper to show finger size
and we will send you this wonderful ring. When it
arrives pay the postman only \$3.95. Nothing more to
pay. Yours to keep, wear and enjoy forever. Wear 7
days—follow the 7 rules that we send you. If not sat-
isfied your money quickly returned. Address
Radio-Flash Diamond Importing Co., St. Paul, Minn. Dept. 57-L

Sheik-Lure

New Imported Perfume Sensation

For Both
Sexes



All The Rage

Solid—No Liquid to Spill
No Bottle to Break—Convenient

The Rage at
the Beaches
FREE
With 1st Order
Miniature
Sheik and
Sheik in
Glass Dome
With 50c
Refill

Just a touch on the skin and the haunting, romanti-
cally thrilling and lingers many days. The scent that
lures. Everybody adores it. The finest, rarest im-
ported oriental perfume. An aroma De Lure. Beau-
tiful Ruby Transparent Case with ring attachment for
lavalliere or vest pocket. The rage in the eyes
lasts many months—yes, longer than a liquid \$10
value. Send no money. Pay postman \$1.00 plus
tax and postage or send dollar bill with order. Sheik
deal fast with first order. Money back if you are
not delighted. Send coupon today—NOW.
LURE PARFUMERIE, 1010 N. Dear St., Chicago

Name

Address

Send stamps, currency, money order or check.
Remember, if not pleased your money refunded.



A Permanent Wave for 10¢

Just imagine! 15 permanent wave treatments in a bottle
for only \$1.49! At last you can save the high cost of electric
waving. NATURAL vegetable liquid leaves your hair in
lovely, shimmering, permanent waves or teasing curls, simply
radiant with health! Pretty hair deserves this treat, just as
much as dull hair needs it.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply pay postman \$1.49 on delivery
(plus a few cents postage) for the complete curling outfit.
Regular \$2.00 value.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE that you will be astonished and
delighted with this marvelous discovery. (NOTE: Do not use
for boyish bobs, as curls are not easily combed out again.)

PREMIER SALONS DE BEAUTÉ, 503—5th Ave., New York, Dept. B 7



Clip Coupon For Free Details

Develop Your Form The Way Thousands Have Done

No woman need suffer the embarrassment of flat,
flabby, undeveloped busts or thin, scrawny neck and
arms.

For Mlle. Sophie Kopel, the famous Parisian beauty,
discovered over 20 years ago a remarkable method for
developing perfectly formed figures—an external and absolutely harmless
method based on scientific principles. The results are marvelous.

In many cases full 5 inches have been added to the busts in less than two months.
It makes no difference why your busts are flat and undeveloped, this method never
fails. Behind it are 20 years of success.

Thousands of women have been made hap-
pier through this amazingly simple and aston-
ishingly effective Parisian way of bust develop-
ment. It costs nothing to learn of this method.

Simply clip the coupon and full details and
proof will be sent in plain wrapper.

Clip the coupon now

MLLE. SOPHIE KOPEL, 503 Fifth Ave., Dept. H7, New York City

MLLE. SOPHIE KOPEL

503 Fifth Ave., Dept. H7, New York

Kindly send me free details about your
famous Parisian Bust Developer treatment.

Name

Address

City



WHY STARVE YOURSELF TO REDUCE?

Why not give a chance to SILPH?
—See what it can do for you—
You chew SILPH like ordinary Gum!
Safe—Easy—Pleasant
No diets—No Exercises—
No dangerous drugs.

"Eleven doctors above our store and 7 of these doctors recommend SILPH"—Hoyer Drug Co., Bay City, Mich.

"I have lost about 25 lbs., and have been relieved from high blood pressure, from which I suffered greatly," writes Prof. Budlong of Manchester.

NOTE:—SILPH will not work any overnight miracle, neither will it take off twenty pounds in one week, but chew it regularly and see for yourself how much you can take off—SILPH sells at all good drug or dept. stores for 50c a box. If your druggist is out of it send direct to the SILPH CO., 9 West 60th Street, Dept. 36, New York City.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Silph is the name of the original and genuine. The only one we personally guarantee to be safe and harmless.

\$1.98 For This Banjo-Uke

Instructions FREE

Be the life of the party. Popularity follows the banjo-uke. You can have this one complete with strings and genuine calf-skin head for the low price of \$1.98—regular \$2.98. If you order at once we send you free instruction course showing you new easy way to tune and play Hawaiian melodies in five minutes. Teaches you twenty-five chords to play all music. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Order now and pay the postman only \$1.00 plus a few cents postage. **MUSIC STUDIOS, 1082 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill., Department 22**

DESIGN YOUR OWN HATS

Any woman or girl, over 14, can easily learn Millinery at home during spare moments.

MILLINERS GET \$25.00 to \$75.00 Week

Learn to design hats. Rush to me for your illustrated literary book containing sample lessons.

Mail Coupon Today Sure

Franklin Institute, Dept. S-830, Rochester, N.Y.

backwoods called Kennard Rolfe?"

I turned slowly to face him. No use letting him know how that name set my heart racing. I controlled my voice.

"What of him?" said I, after a minute.

"He is working a great lumber company. That's easy since the railroad came to Trail's-End. He has returned to the city and become a millionaire. And—"

"And what?" I spurred him on when he stopped.

"He is married."

"Married?" It was almost a cry. No one could know how deep that thrust went. But Barthel guessed, for he smiled contentedly.

"Yes. A girl of the city, like himself. One more worthy of him and his new wealth than—" He checked, gave me a look of sympathy strange from him. "I won't say it, *chérie*. It was he who wasn't worthy of you. He could not wait. But I—I have already waited so long—"

"Stop right there, Barthel." I commanded, finding voice and strength in the red anger that swept me. "And get out of here! I don't believe you."

He moved toward the door.

No, I did not believe Barthel.

But—what if it were true?

Fight as I would against it, for a week that doubt persisted. It tortured me till I dreaded to go to sleep at night. I grew tired and jumpy, and my work began to suffer. But I couldn't get away from it.

Had Ken done those things? Was he here in the same city with me, making no effort to find me—perhaps not even remembering? He couldn't forget—I knew he couldn't—but what if he had?

If Barthel's purpose was to shatter my new-found peace, he had accomplished it.

Just there, the cross-tie comes in again.

There was a strange thing about McMann's office. It was furnished as befitted the office of a great business executive, as much for beauty and dignity as for efficiency; but between two windows opposite the entrance there was a space of bare wall that made the whole room look unfinished. McMann had long been looking for something to his taste to fill it with. And, going in one morning to take him his mail, I saw, where that space had been, a great picture—a forest picture, with mighty trees and a tall, slender waterfall that might have been ours in the canyon, and by the shore a campfire like a low red star, with two figures beside it. One of them had a white coat. I might have been looking through a window at the country I had left.

I guess I forgot, then, where I was, and my new character of city girl. I know I crossed McMann's office with my old gliding stride, and stopped before that magnificent thing, breathing deep, as I used to when the pines smelled sweet after a storm. Until he spoke, I didn't know McMann was standing at the far side of the room when I entered.

"You step like a girl of the woods," he said casually. "Ever seen the big timber?"

In twenty minutes I had told Lachlan McMann everything: Barthel, my friendship with Ken, father's death, my coming to the city. He listened to me with rare understanding, and when I had finished, he took a letter from his desk and showed it to me.

"This is from a man I think you know."

All I remember of that letter is the engraving on it: "North Star Lumber Co., K. Rolfe, President," and below, the slogan: "Honor Bound to Serve." And the trademark was—two logs lashed together with a silver cross-tie!

So it was all true, what Barthel said. . .

I didn't want to believe it—don't think that of me. But if Ken had taken the mine and the timber, how could I help but believe? In the woods, our world is our bond. A man who will lie or steal will do anything.

I WOULD have liked to put my head down on McMann's desk, then, and cry. But pride held me back. Wild things like solitude for their grievings. So I just sat and stared at the letter, feeling the blood drain from my face, waiting till I could trust myself to speak. And presently I realized McMann was talking to me.

—the finest, squarest man in the game, Rolfe is. He'll go straight to the top, and when he gets there, the big fellows up there will stand up and cheer him. I'm glad he's struck it lucky at last. He wrote me awhile ago he was just waiting for that to—"

"Get married?" My voice only quivered a little, but McMann noticed and gave me one of his quick, keen glances.

"Yes," he said; and then, quite abruptly, he changed the subject.

"Miss Harriman, you've been looking pretty tired and nervous lately. I've noticed it for quite a while. I believe you're homesick. How'd you like to take a week or so and go back to Trail's-End for a rest?"

Two days later I walked again along the old short-cut to the canyon. I had left my traveling bag in Trail's-End, now a regular town with a railroad, a hotel and a movie-theatre; and I had a light pack on my shoulders. The pine-sweet air tasted so good to me—as water must to a man who has been lost on the desert—that I intended to sleep out under the stars, with nothing but sighing pine branches between me and the sky. Surely I would sleep well there!

I said Trail's-End had changed. At our river I found another change. Where the log-bridge had been, there was a new one of steel, a massive, beautiful thing that would last while the rocks lasted. I crossed it slowly, and on the other side on a steel plate I found the inscription: "K.R., 1924."

Ken's work. What more had he done? I looked up at the skyline, half afraid to see it bare of pine; but there they stood, just as always, and safe in the knowledge that I wouldn't meet Ken—I was in the city—I hurried over to our old cabin on the hillside. But one look told me it was no longer our cabin. It was tighter, snugger, with white curtains at the windows, a bowl of wild roses on a table. Who could be living here? Suddenly I knew. Ken was married. This must be his home.

I went hastily away from the cabin then, and wandered off among the pines toward the Cave. It was still early morning, and I wanted to see Ken's "mine." Afterwards—

After all, what difference did it make? So I came to the Cave.

A path had been cut up to it; otherwise it looked just as we found it that first day. It seemed deserted. I dropped my pack behind a boulder and started up.

Halfway there, I looked up again, and there was some one standing on the rock by the Cave—some one with a white mackinaw.

Ken here? Barthel said he was in the city!

I couldn't trust myself to meet him now now—not there. I would go back.

Turning, I paused for a last look at that dear figure, so far out of my reach,—and saw some one else on the


Adjusted to the Second
Adjusted to Temper-
ature
Adjusted to Isochro-
nism
Adjusted to Positions
21 Ruby and Sapphire
Jewels
25 Year Gold Strate
Case



21 JEWEL BURLINGTON
A masterpiece—so accurate that the men's watch is in use on practically every vessel of the U. S. Navy. And the Burlington line is complete—with styles and designs for everyone!

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
This aristocrat among watches is sold on easy payments at rock bottom prices. Write Today for the "Burlington Book" picturing in colors the most complete assortment of watch styles and designs ever shown under one cover!

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. B-206
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



Mystic Dream Book Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interpret dreams for your friends. Tell them when they will marry and whom, and other interesting phenomena. Tells "fortunes" by cards, tea-cups, palmistry, etc. Lists "lucky and unlucky" days. More amusement in this 200-page book than \$1 would buy anywhere. Regular \$1 value. Send only 40 cents, coin or stamps that's all. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE LUCKY COIN FROM CHINA with every order
MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12,
Varick St., New York, Dept. 55

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dreams. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, ointments, soap, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 3B, Chicago

Make Money at Home

Women wanted everywhere to fill places in our national organization of Specialists in Permanent Waving, Marcel Waving, Water Waving and Hair Cutting.

OUTFIT GIVEN No previous experience needed. We teach you quickly by mail and furnish professional outfit. Write for free booklet. No obligation. Beauty Art Society, Dept. 16, 10 W. 33rd St., New York City.

Harvey Thomas Theatrical Agency School

59 East Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. S

Amateur and Professional 25.00 to 50.00

STAGE DANCING partners furnished.

Teacher's course, four routines 50.00.

Home Study Course

Buck and wing, soft shoe, waltz, e-log, ballet, tango, and Charleston. Lessons 1.00 each or three for 2.00. Send stamps, money order, check, or currency.



Start a Movie Show
SMALL CAPITAL STARTS YOU
Big opportunity to become independent. No experience needed. We show you how. Our easy payment plan makes it easy to start. We equip you complete. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Write today for free catalog.
ATLAS MOVING PICTURE CO.
636 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 78, Chicago

SLENDER ANKLES \$3.75 CAN BE YOURS

PEOPLE ADMIRE DAINTY ANKLES

Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slender shape by new discovery of special processed rubber.

LENOR ANKLE REDUCERS
Ankles Actually Look Thin While Getting Thin
Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No stripes of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. Send \$3.75 and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.

LENOR MFG. COMPANY
583 5th Ave., New York, Suite H-C-7



THICK ANKLES SPOIL YOUR APPEARANCE

cliff twenty feet above Ken. It was Barthel; no mistaking those massive shoulders of his. He was coming down cautiously. He reached the ledge. I saw him start a slow advance on Ken from behind. And for the first time in my life, cold fear gripped me.

Ken—in danger!

Never stopping to think I'd only be saving him for somebody else, I flung myself headlong up that cruelly steep trail, climbing as never before, slipping perilously, but keeping on till I could look over the edge of the rocks on the Cave ledge. I looked once, then, choking for breath, dropped flat so Barthel wouldn't see me.

I was too late,—Ken lay motionless in the middle of the ledge, quiet face to the sky. Over him stooped Barthel, smiling contentedly. I bit back a scream as he raised the stone he still held as if to strike again; but he only tossed it aside.

"Not yet, *mon petit*," he said whimsically. "There're some little things—my job you took, my girl—if she loves you, I'll teach her better—this mine you stole—that I want to talk over with you before you go."

Still chuckling to himself, Barthel stripped off Ken's white coat, dragged him to a stunted birch stub, and pulling him on to his knees, bound his hands together behind the tree. As Barthel walked away, I saw he had used the cross-tie.

Barthel picked up Ken's mackinaw, and sauntered to the cliff edge with it, stroking the priceless fur with his big fingers. With a half-formed plan in mind, I drew myself quietly on to the ledge. If only Barthel wouldn't look! But a stone rolled under me. Barthel started, turned. At the same instant I saw a quiver of tensing muscles ripple over Ken's lax body, and his eyes flickered open.

KEN let his head hang as before, and closed his eyes. But his body was a bit straighter against the tree, and I knew he was working with the knot that held him.

Somewhat I must hold Barthel's attention till Ken could free himself. I stood up, and the logger saw me.

"So you came, *chérie*. I knew you would." He dropped Ken's coat and swaggered toward me. Again hot anger gave me strength. I ducked under his arm and ran the length of the ledge.

"Catch me," I called over my shoulder. With Ken bound to the tree, I was in Barthel's power. I could only pray that Ken could free himself in time.

Barthel leaped to accept my challenge. For twenty minutes I laughed, and flirted with him, and kept out of his reach; and not once did he glance at Ken.

I began to tire, at last. The city had softened me—I hadn't my old endurance. Twice Barthel nearly caught me. Ken apparently had not moved.

"No one can get out of the cross-tie—"

Why did I have to remember those words just then?

I stumbled. Barthel reached for me, and I tried to slip by on the open side of the ledge. It was a mistake. He dodged back instantly, and I knew he had cornered me. He was between me and Ken. Behind me was the straight drop down the face of the cliff. Barthel backed me slowly toward it. Only one step left—

Then, gathering every bit of courage I had left to fight down that new, strange feeling of fear that held me, I played the last card I had. I lifted my head and met Barthel's hot, eager gaze squarely,

WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS

They vanished so quickly I was astonished at the wonderful results ~

By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this wonderful secret discovered in Egypt, which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian Beauties. I tried it—results were amazing—I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and worry lines faded away. In 3 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

This Priceless Secret Yours

Why look old? Why allow wrinkles, blackheads or pimples to mar your appearance when they can be harmlessly removed as if by magic? No massaging—no painful electric treatment—no harmful lotions. Jean Beautifier will amaze you—bring back new youth to your face. Try it!

Special \$5 offer Now \$1.69

only one jar to a person
Our Laboratories have secured a limited supply of these costly ingredients. 10,000 \$5.00 jars of Jean Beautifier at this special offer to introduce. Just pay postman \$1.69 to cover laboratory expense plus a few pennies postage. If after third treatment you do not notice a decided improvement, return balance and we will refund your money. Don't miss this amazing offer. Just send name and address TODAY! (Send cash with foreign orders)

Jean Laboratories 626 G. S. Paulina St. CHICAGO ILL.

SEND NO MONEY

Genuine Full Cut Diamonds No Chips

Terms If Desired—6 Months to Pay. Outside U.S. Cash with Order

\$25 No. 6132—Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring. 2 Genuine Diamonds 4-100 each. **\$25**

14-Kt. White Gold Top. Gold Emblem (any Lodge) or any initial (Old English) yellow or white Gold, inlaid in Genuine **HOPE RUBY** Also, in Black Onyx

No. 6598—Ladies' Ring. Genuine Black Onyx with Genuine Full Cut Diamond. 14-Kt. White Gold. **\$15**

No. 6599—Any initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K. of C. emblem instead of initial if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Catalog
Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.
"The Mail-Order House"
Dept. 102
501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 6598—Any initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K. of C. emblem instead of initial if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Catalog
Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.
"The Mail-Order House"
Dept. 102
501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 6598—Ladies' Ring. Genuine Black Onyx with Genuine Full Cut Diamond. 14-Kt. White Gold. **\$15**

No. 6599—Any initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K. of C. emblem instead of initial if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Catalog
Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.
"The Mail-Order House"
Dept. 102
501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$2.75. Address: M. Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

3 Drafting Lessons Actually FREE!

to prove you can learn at home in spare time!

We have invented a new, simplified way to teach Drafting—the first real improvement in Drafting home-instruction in history. We want you to see it, try it—without one penny of cost or obligation. We want to show you how we get away from the *copying* methods used in the past. See how we make you *think*, solve problems, do actual drafting room jobs *from the first lesson!*

I will make this contract with you:

When you enroll for our home-training in Drafting, we agree to give you:

1. Complete Drafting training, by the new Practice-Method.
2. Professional Drafting Outfit, as illustrated.
3. We will help you get a good Drafting position at a substantial increase in pay.
4. Or we'll refund every cent of your money.



O. C. Miller

The American School, a million dollar No-Profit Educational Institution now offers men a double service—training for a specific job, then finding the job. For one small price, on terms of only \$5 a month, you are now assured of definite benefits, both in position and salary.

Coupon brings complete details of this sensational offer!



Job Service Free to Students and Graduates:

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL now offers its students and graduates, without cost, the services of an efficient Employment Department which keeps in touch with the employers of Draftsmen all over the United States. We have placed hundreds of men in good Drafting positions. We have made this training so complete, so practical, so easy to master, that our students are bound to make good. And, so, because the demand for real Draftsmen continues to exceed the supply and because this training actually prepares men for good Drafting positions, we back it with a Free Employment Service, free to employers, students, graduates.

Chief Drafting Engineer

American School Drexel Ave. and 58th St. Dept. DB 251 Chicago, Ill.

Professional Outfit Given

Fine, imported instruments help you learn Drafting easily and quickly. These standard quality, full size instruments, including board, table, triangles, T-square, ink, protractor, etc., given without extra charge to students.

Draftsmen WANTED!

70,000 fine jobs advertised this year, many at \$60 to \$125 a week. Get ready to fill one. Get out of the rut. Make something of yourself. Plan your future in Drafting. Even if you have only common schooling, even if you know nothing of Drafting, we guarantee to make you a real Draftsman or to refund your money! Special surprise offer right now to the first 500 men who answer this ad—reduced price, easy terms. Coupon brings complete information.

A new, rapid, simplified way

This new "Job-Method" gives you actual drafting-room jobs in a new one-step-at-a-time way. With pictures which you can understand almost without reading the "lessons." And that is why American School-trained Draftsmen can qualify for a good job at big pay when they graduate.

5 HIGHWAYS TO SUCCESS!

The big money in Drafting goes to men who specialize in Machine Design, or Electrical Drafting, or Architectural Drafting, or Structural, or Automotive. It isn't enough merely to know general Drafting practice. You must know how to calculate and design and plan original work. You need many Engineering subjects to fill the kind of a Drafting position that pays \$60 to \$125 a week. The American School now includes this specialized training in its Drafting course.

COUPON

Brings 3 Lessons Free

Get them. Test your own ability to learn Drafting and get ready for a fine job and big pay. Coupon also brings surprise offer, and complete information about your opportunities for success in Drafting. **MAIL IT TODAY!**

Chief Drafting Engineer
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. DB 251
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago
Rush 3 Free Drafting Lessons, surprise offer, complete information, money-back guarantee, etc., to prove I can become a real Draftsman at home in spare time.

Name.....
Street No.....
City..... State.....

let him see in wide eyes and ready lips the love I had for Ken—but Barthel thought, as I meant him to, that it was for him. He backed a step, in sheer wonder, and when I slipped my hands up to his shoulders, he drew a great gasping breath, and reached out to take me in his arms.

IF IT had come to the final test, I don't know even now if I could have let him take me. But my bluff wasn't called. For just then something snapped, and Ken staggered up, and then threw himself across the ledge and upon Barthel in just one motion. Barthel whirled to face him.

For a moment I teetered dizzily on the edge of space, then caught myself and ran to safety in the cave entrance. My part was done. It was Ken's turn now.

And he was lightning itself. Never have I seen anything alive, move so swiftly. Heavier and more powerful though he was, Barthel had no chance against him. In less time than I can say it, Ken had backed him over the cliff, and he clutched and fell, just as I had almost done. There was a rattle of sliding rocks, a thudding crash, and silence!

Swaying a bit, Ken turned, held out his arms. But I shook my head. I was remembering. We had each saved the other, but—he was not mine; could not now ever be mine.

"No, Ken. You're—married—now," I said miserably, answering his surprised question.

"What!" The astonishment in his tone set me hoping again, useless though I knew it was. "Who told you that—Barthel?"

"Y—yes," I had to say.

Ken took me by the shoulders, made me look at him.

"Little partner, why did you believe him?"

"I had to, Ken," I almost whispered. "The mine—the timber——"

Ken laughed at that, his deep, vibrant laugh, and the next instant his arms instead of Barthel's were round me, pulling me close.

"Why, little partner," his words fairly tripped each other, "I kept your half for you—the money's in the bank now in your name. I'm cutting timber on my own tract north of here. I didn't know where you were, but I knew—I thrilled to the break in his voice—"I knew you'd come back some day, so I got your—our cabin ready. Two days ago I heard you'd left the city, and followed."

The truth of it was in his eyes, starry and dark as deep pools. I leaned against him and cried, hot swift tears of pure relief, and Ken stroked my hair, and said sweet, comforting things that wouldn't mean much to you if I told them. Truly the city had softened me!

Then we suddenly realized that Barthel was somewhere in the depths below us. We looked over the ledge, and we could see his form wedged in between two jagged rocks. By the time we reached him, he was writhing in agony. His legs were doubled under him, and a dark red stain formed a blot on his shirt. His eyes fluttered.

"Your father—I kill—I—sorry—" he whispered hoarsely. Then his head fell back and he lay still.

Barthel had paid the extreme penalty at last for his ghastly deed. My father was revenged.

The great Lost Lode turned out to be a fault, and we only mined enough silver to furnish the dinner service for our cabin. But Ken and I are supremely happy.



KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois
I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Marvelous Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

Signed Edward J. Cook

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolsenbach
Notary Public

A Chicago representative of this paper witnessed a similar demonstration of marcelling.

Marvelous New Method makes any hair naturally curly in 30 minutes

No more "appointments" . . . No more tiresome treatments . . .

No more "wave" expense . . . No hot irons to dry out your hair

Now you may have as lovely a marcel as the finest beauty parlor possibly can give—in your own home—when you want it, and at a trifling cost.

WHERE is the woman, in this busy day, who can afford from her little leisure all the time it takes to make appointments, arrange her convenience to suit someone else's schedule, go through the usual experience of waiting many minutes, and then submit to a long drawn-out process?

Women will do that, to have their hair marcelled, so insistent is the real need for loveliness.

But that exasperating method is no longer necessary. It is rapidly becoming obsolete—wherever this amazing new invention called the Marvelous Marcellers makes its way. *Just 30 minutes with the Marvelous Marcellers, once a week—in your own home—and your hair is always at its wavy loveliest and best.*

**A \$1.50 marcel any time
for a few cents**

Moreover, how many women really can spare the money, \$1.00, \$1.50 or more, for waving done the ordinary way? Isn't it a fact that even on a liberal allowance, these inroads are too heavy, with the usual result that you forego many a marcel that you know you ought to have?

Here again, the Marvelous Marcellers are literally one of the greatest boons ever conferred on womankind.

The woman who owns a set of Marvelous Marcellers may keep her hair at all times in the full glory of its beauty, at a cost of a few cents for each complete marcel.

**And the menace of hot irons
eliminated forever**

Finally, this invention is the most protective of hair quality, texture and lustre ever introduced

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Marvelous Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Marvelous Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

into modern hair culture.

It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers"—with dangerous curling irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp—with all the muss and fuss of the old-fashioned water-waving combs.

In eliminating the hot iron peril alone, the Marvelous Marcellers are worth their weight in gold to any woman who prizes the natural health and beauty of her hair.

**Your mirror will tell
you this is true**

Nothing that we could say about the results which thousands of women today are obtaining with the Marvelous Marcellers would tell so complete a story of their value as the photographs above. Note them well. Then read carefully the sworn affidavit of one of Chicago's most reputable photographers, as to the circumstances under which those photographs were taken. They could be duplicated anywhere—and are being duplicated everywhere the Marvelous Marcellers are in use.

Marvelous Marcellers will give you any kind of marcel you want—shingle bob, Ina Claire, Horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. They will do this whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short. Regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will give you the most beautiful marcel imaginable. We guarantee this absolutely, and you are the sole judge of your own satisfaction with them.

**Our most liberal, limited-time
offer to you**

In order to establish this revolutionary invention in the favor of women all over America, we offer the first 10,000 sets of Marvelous Mar-

cellers at a price which hardly covers the cost of making, packing and advertising—only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage!

This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, and a complete set of Marvelous Marcellers. Nothing more to buy. Just dampen the hair with water and place the Marcellers in your hair according to directions.

Take advantage of this special offer right away, because it may be withdrawn at any time.

**Send no money—
just mail the coupon**

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 15 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon *today!*

Maison de Beaute
711 Quincy Street, Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute,
711 Quincy St., Dept. 9, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart, and set of Marvelous Marcellers. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 15 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.00 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



The Siren Lure of Dark-Veiled Eyes!

.... Swift and
unforgettable —

darts the irresistible glance of the sorceress! Haunting romance lurks in the shadows of her lovely eyes. It is the heavy sweep of long, dark lashes that invests her eyes with velvety depths and unforgettable lure.

There is no beauty of skin or feature equal to the witching glance of a dark-fringed eye. No other charm has the instant appeal of soulful eyes under shadowy lashes.

Your eyes will take on this expressive beauty if you darkened your lashes with WINX—a light touch or two and they appear as dark and luxuriant as a screen star's!

Harmless and waterproof, WINX liquid dries instantly and cannot rub off or smear. At all drug or department stores or direct by mail. Complete with brush attached to stopper of the bottle. 75c, U. S. or Canada. Black or brown.

WINXETTE (cake form) complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, 50c. Black or Brown.

ROSS CO., 249-G West 17th St., New York

Offer! Enjoy the thrill of radiant beauty. Mail the coupon at once with 12c for a generous sample of WINX. Another 12c brings you a sample of Pert moist Rouge, the rouge that is waterproof and won't rub off!

WINX

Waterproof



ROSS COMPANY, 249-G West 17th Street, New York
Enclosed find 12c for a generous sample of WINX.
Another 12c brings a sample of PERT moist ROUGE.

Name _____
Address _____
City and State _____

Please PRINT name



THE CUNEO PRESS